

The American LEGION

M O N T H L Y

OCTOBER 1931

25 CENTS





More hands are pumping
ETHYL GASOLINE
than any other motor fuel

EVERY fifth hand you see pumping gasoline is at an Ethyl pump. On the market only eight years, Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest selling motor fuel in the country.



For instance: On Route 42 between Cincinnati and Cleveland a recent survey showed 589 Ethyl pumps, more than one-fifth of the total 2359. The next largest selling gasoline on this road had 211 pumps.

Nothing could have brought this about in so short a time except the simple fact that Ethyl is *more* than gasoline. It is *good* gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that *controls combustion*.

Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts (that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating) Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure.

Millions of car owners, driving cars of every size, age and make, have found from experience that controlled combustion makes their cars run better.

Try Ethyl in your car and see the improvement it makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red. © E. G. C. 1931



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.



A WARNING to men who would like to be independent in the next five years

YOU CAN tell a \$30 a week man how to make \$40 a week.

You can tell a \$50 a week man how to make \$75 a week.

But you can't tell a \$5,000 man how to make \$10,000. He's got to know.

Between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year is where most men of talent stop.

Health, youth, good appearance, brains will carry a man far in business.

But you cannot draw forever on that bank account unless you put something else in. Somewhere between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year you will stop dead.

Those who go on add something to their equipment at the same time they are drawing on it.

Profound changes are taking place in business—this year, this month, *now*. The man who sees in these changes his opportunity for independence and power is the man who will make his fortune in the next five years.

BUT this opportunity, like all great opportunities, is fraught with danger. Business today is new and complex. The old rules will no longer work.

A whole new set of problems is presented by production.

Foreign markets have become a vital issue. An entirely new conception of selling is replacing the old hit-or-miss way.

The man who would take advantage of opportunity today dare not grope. His experience is a dangerous

guide. He has no time to figure out all the possibilities and pitfalls. He lacks contact with the big, constructive minds of business.

How can he seize the *opportunity* and escape the *dangers*?

FOR two years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been laying the foundation of a new Course and Service for the leaders of tomorrow.

The ablest business minds—the men

**Men who are
satisfied with
\$5,000
a year
will not be interested
in this Announcement**

who have had most to do in shaping present-day tendencies—have contributed greatly. Read the names of just a few of them:

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THOMAS J. WATSON, *President*, International Business Machines Corporation.

HON. WILL H. HAYS, *President*, Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.; formerly U. S. Postmaster General.

BRUCE BARTON, *Chairman of the Board*, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc., Advertising Agents.

FREDERICK W. PICKARD, *Vice-President*, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Inc.

DR. JULIUS KLEIN, *The Assistant Secretary*, U. S. Department of Commerce.

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *President*, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

HUBERT T. PARSON, *President*, F. W. Woolworth Company.

DAVID SARNOFF, *President*, Radio Corporation of America.

COLBY M. CHESTER, JR., *President*, General Foods Corporation.

Men who are satisfied with departmental jobs and small earnings will not be interested in this type of training. It is offered to the kind of men who want to become officers of their companies or go into business for themselves.

Representing the condensed experience of the best business brains in the country, it offers real help to executives in meeting the difficult business conditions of today.

ABOOKLETHas been prepared which tells about this new Course and Service. Its title is "What an Executive Should Know." It should be read by every man who faces the responsibility of shaping his own future. It is free.

We will send you this booklet if you will simply give us your name and address on the coupon below. But we do not urge you to send for it. If you are the type of man for whom the new Course and Service has been constructed, if you are determined to take advantage of the rich opportunities of the next five years, you will send for it without urging.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 530 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada, address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me "What an Executive Should Know," which I may keep without charge.

NAME.....

BUSINESS
ADDRESS

BUSINESS
POSITION

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

OCTOBER, 1931

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The American LEGION MONTHLY



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AMONG NEXT MONTH'S FEATURES

"ZDRAVO!" What is it? It's what a polite Slav says when you sneeze, just as a polite German says "Gesundheit!" or a polite Frenchman "Bon santé!" It's also the title of a new story by R. G. KIRK about the men who go down under the surface of West Virginia to bring up coal. . . . And, for further lively fall fiction, Part Two of IRVING BACHELLER's story of the days of WASHINGTON, "The Master of Chaos," wherein swords flash in the firelight and people get cut. . . . ARTHUR VAN VLISSINGEN, JR., proves again the adage that it's the little things that count in "No Bigger Than Your Hand," which tells how big ideas produced the thousand tiny gadgets—safety-pins, paper-clips, can-openers, and such—that we use every day without a thought of the necessity that produced them. . . . ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR., in "The Birds in Their Courses," shows how the United States Government is trying to solve the mystery of migration and tell you what has become of last summer's robins. . . . A man may be down and still be good for a touchdown, SOL METZGER will tell you in "Handicapped Aces of Sport".

A Soldier Looks at Ships

FREDERICK PALMER resumes next month the role of observer and commentator after twelve issues on special duty as the author of "When Mr. Baker Made War." Reviving his department, "A Personal View," he finds a most important contemporary text in the present condition of the United States Navy. What he has written on this subject will have special interest in view of the observance of October 27th as Navy Day.

Mr. Palmer, dean of American war correspondents, militarily speaking has been everywhere and seen everything in the last thirty-five years. He covered his first war, the Greco-Turkish ruckus, in 1897 at the age of twenty-four years. He was in the front line of the Klondike gold rush as a newspaperman and his next big assignment was a tropical one—Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. Returning with Dewey "around the world" in 1900, he started, in the following year, another round-the-world excursion which took him back to the Philippines and into China in time to be present at the relief of Peking. In 1903 he covered a Central American revolution, closely followed by an insurrection in Macedonia. During the Russo-Japanese War he was with the first Japanese Army in the field. In 1907 he went around the globe with the American battleship fleet. The year after that he was in Central America, and in 1909 he was in a ringside seat for the Turkish Revolution. Then followed the Balkan Wars in 1912 and the World War in 1914.

For some time he was with the British Army and Fleet as the sole American accredited correspondent. In 1917 Mr. Palmer joined the staff of General Pershing and saw the A. E. F. in action on every front.

Colonel Palmer is the author of some fifteen books, four of them novels. His personal impressions have been published in the Legion's official magazine since 1923.

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In reporting change of address be sure to include the old address as well as the new.

Biggest news of the year!

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA A NEW LOW PRICE

AN unprecedented reduction from the standard price of the New Britannica is now publicly announced.

This reduction is possible because long before the regular fall printing went to press, a careful study was made of a plan to meet the conditions of this unusual year boldly and successfully—a plan based upon a faith in the essential soundness of the American economic structure.

After weeks of investigation and thoughtful planning, it was found that the manufacturers could make substantial savings in the cost of paper, binding material, printing and overhead, provided we ordered a printing equal to the largest single printing ever made by the Britannica.

Day and night since early summer, therefore, giant presses have been turning out thousands of volumes and we have now completed a printing equal to the biggest single impression of the new Britannica ever made.

The resulting economies are passed on to you. *You pay less, because we printed more.*

Chief Justice Hughes—
"Comprehensive and authoritative. Nothing has been left undone to make it thorough and complete."

General Harbord—
"No modern American home can afford to be without this valuable reference work."

We believe that many thousands of keen, progressive and prudent people who have always wanted the Britannica will now buy it.

We believe that this printing—large as it is—will be sold out in a comparatively short time, but we frankly don't know whether business conditions will ever make it possible to duplicate this unusually low price again. *You can't afford to delay.*

Send at once for particulars. Now is the time to get full details about the new low prices.

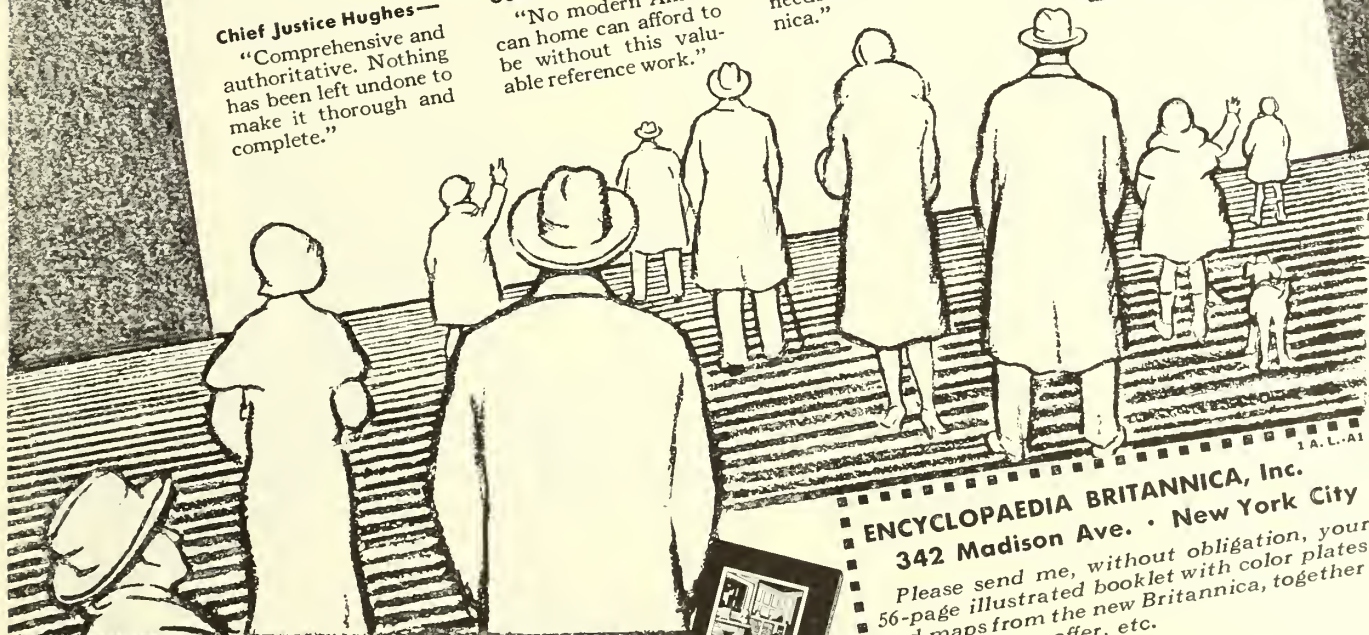
Tear out the corner blank below and you will receive by return mail a large, beautiful, 56-page booklet, rich with color plates, maps and sample pages. It contains a full description of the Britannica and how you can make it your most useful possession. *Send the coupon for the large booklet today.*

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Our Thrift Plan of purchase favors the pocket-book. Only \$5 down is required to bring the set to your home for immediate use. The balance is payable in a few monthly installments of \$5 or more, as you wish.

Emily Newell Blair—
"The homemaker needs this new Britannica."

Emil Ludwig—
"A pantheon of the living, and a great harbor of modern science and research."



What You Get—The 24 large volumes carry 35,000,000 words written by 3,500 authorities and are richly illustrated with 15,000 pictures, many in full color, and with 500 maps—the whole, indexed with 500,000 separate entries.

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When Mr. and Mrs. Go SHOPPING

By
I.A. Hirschmann

Illustration
by
Harry Townsend

DOES \$1.98 mean two cents less than two dollars to you, or a dollar and some loose change?

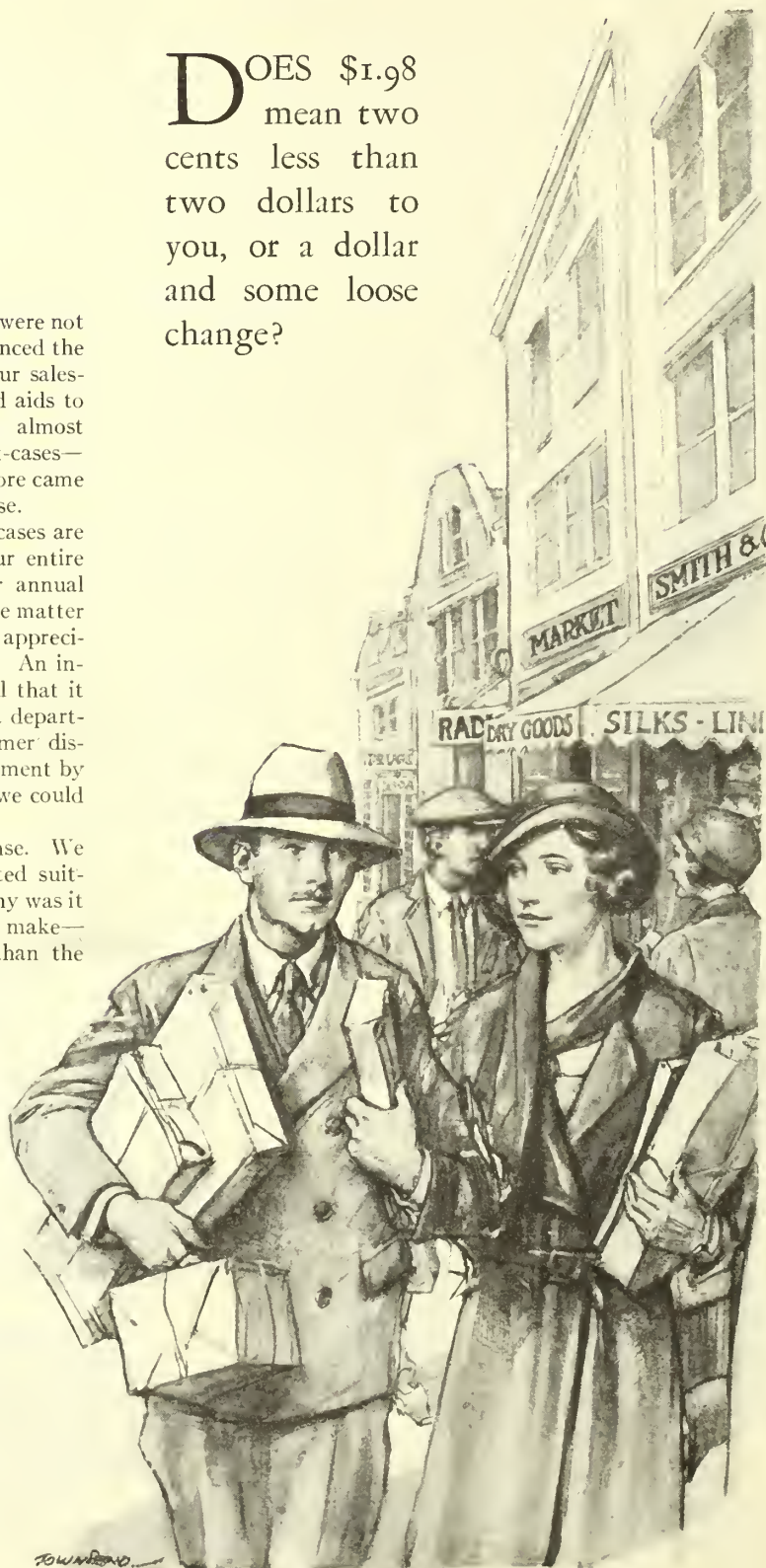
THE fitted suit-case business was bad. The goods were not moving. So we recast our advertising. We enhanced the allurements of window displays. We coached our salespeople and reduced prices. But these time-tried aids to retail merchandising distinguished themselves by an almost complete lack of success. We could not sell the fitted suit-cases—and keep them sold. Most of those that did leave the store came back like bad pennies, to be exchanged for something else.

Now in a large department store like ours fitted suit-cases are a small drop in the bucket. We could discontinue our entire luggage line without doing any great violence to our annual statement, but this thing was far more important than the matter of actual dollars and cents involved. As merchants we appreciated that we had got off on the wrong foot somewhere. An inherent error had been made, and we should be grateful that it affected an item so relatively unimportant, because in a department store nothing is wholly unimportant. A customer dissatisfied with a suit-case might judge our entire establishment by that disappointment. It was up to us to discover why we could not sell the fitted suit-cases.

Our first discovery was comforting in a negative sense. We were not the only merchants having trouble with fitted suit-cases. Business was bad in the line everywhere. Well, why was it bad? We examined our goods. They were of standard make—good materials, good workmanship and worth more than the money we were asking. And as for the fittings—personally I did not see how the most exacting could have wished for more. They seemed to meet every possible requirement that might confront a traveler. One could have kept up appearances on the Painted Desert with one of our fitted suit-cases.

From our customers' list we selected at random the names of eighteen women who agreed to compose a "coroner's jury" to pass on the "corpse," fitted suit-case, and determine the cause of his demise. These ladies came in to the store and heard our tale. They viewed the "body." Their verdict was unanimous. Being immured on the Painted Desert is a contingency against which the average American woman does not believe it worth while to prepare. The fittings in the suit-case were too elaborate. The case was cluttered up with things for which there was no use. The manufacturers had added too many things. Their guess was as wrong as anything could be. The jury went over the bag and decided on the fittings that a woman needs and uses when she travels. Twenty-one gadgets were reduced to seven.

I took this verdict to the (Continued on page 78)



"Sure..I'll Tell You,Bill, How I Got this Government Job!"

"H A V E N ' T seen you for a long time, Bill. I travel around quite a bit now—in this government job. "How did I get it? Well, I'll tell you, Bill. Right after we got back from France I got a job in a factory. It didn't 'pan out.' They got some kind of new machinery and a lot of us were let out. Boy, I was worried! "But Uncle Sam has certainly fixed everything okay now. I got \$1,850 a year to start and I'm now earning \$2,700.

I'm All Through Worrying Now

"Until I got this Railway Mail Clerk job I was always worrying about money. Nowadays I never give a thought to lay-offs or slack times that have other fellows scared. Increases in pay come regularly when you're with the government. You don't have to do any boot-licking either. Everybody gets the same square deal.

"Every year, Bill, I get 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. And we went on 44-hour week schedule July 1st. Mighty few fellows who are not in the government service get a break like that. Best of all, Bill, you don't have to keep worrying about the future all the time, wondering whether some day you're going to be 'living on your relatives and all that sort of thing. Your retirement pension takes care of you.

As An Ex-Service Man I Got Preference

"I suppose I'd be worrying myself sick right now, just as you are doing, if I hadn't happened to get hold of a booklet written by a fellow in Rochester named Arthur R. Patterson. It was through the help he gave me that I got my government job so quickly. I didn't know a thing about it when I first wrote to him. I didn't even know that we ex-service men get preference!

"If you are 'shaky' about your job and wondering what's going to happen to you, I suggest, Bill, that you write to Arthur R. Patterson in Rochester right now. I forget the name of the booklet he'll send you, but it's good sound stuff. "Well, so long, Bill, we pull out of here in a couple of minutes and I have to get going."

* * *

The title of the booklet which this Railway Mail Clerk refers to is "How to Secure a Government Position." If you are a veteran, 18 to 50, this booklet will tell you how to get the government



job you want—and a lot of other interesting facts about jobs with the government.

Page 4, for example, tells what Uncle Sam pays. Page 10 tells all about the vacations. Page 12 explains how you are prepared quickly and how, if you don't get the job within a certain time after passing examinations, this help costs you nothing. Page 18 tells about

the automatic system of giving you yearly raises.

There is no obligation of any kind in sending for this booklet. The only suggestion is that you get ready NOW for the next Railway Postal Clerk examination! So mail this coupon at once—and get going toward something that stops you from worrying about 'hard times' and losing your job. Mail this coupon today. Address A. R. Patterson, PATTERSON SCHOOL, 6310 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

PICK YOUR JOB--I'll Help You Get It!

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

\$1850 to \$2700 a year

Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. Paid all the time.

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15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Eligible to promotion to higher paid positions.

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POSTMASTER

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A. R. Patterson

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PATTERSON SCHOOL,
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Rochester, New York

Please send me your big free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1,850 to \$3,300 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____





You May Have It and You May Not,
But Don't Fly if You Lack It

WING SENSE

By Bernt Balchen

experienced fliers to take chances. Often, without realizing it, they take risks that would be looked upon by the hardened veteran as suicidal. The result is that most of the credit for the showing that has been made in accident reduction must go to air lines that are on a basis of scheduled operation, under experienced supervision, and employing competently trained pilots. On the other hand, the accident ratio has increased in other classes of flying, due entirely to too much enthusiasm and too scant consideration of the risks of flying by these irresponsibles.

In 1928, figures of the Aeronautics Division of the Department of Commerce show, there was one accident in every 121,000 miles flown over airways under scheduled operation. By 1930 the rate had been reduced to only one accident for each 426,000 miles flown. Under the classification of "miscellaneous operations," however, the accident ratio increased from one in every 75,000 miles flown in 1928 to one in every 50,000 miles flown in 1930. Pleasure flying accounted for 42 percent of them; stunt flying, 38 percent; student instruction, 16 percent.

Excuse for the increase of accidents in pleasure flying is scant, because improvement in equipment has been considerable. Four years ago a motor that would run a hundred hours continuously was considered to be a good one. Now one that won't run a thousand hours has something wrong with it. Aerodynamically the improvement in planes has been almost as great as in the power plant. Better instrumentation is also one of the important

factors. The human factor, nevertheless, still occupies too big a percentage in the flying and manipulating of an airplane.

Some observers look confidently to the day when every back yard will have its hangar. That day may come. Personally I doubt it. But whatever of that, very soon will come an even greater increase than already attained in the safety and dependability of operation of established air lines. The day is not distant when planes will hum out of airports on the minute on a set schedule, regardless of weather.

This will inevitably come through better marked airways, installation of beacon lights, radio beams for guidance through difficult regions, fully as much as through improvements in planes, engines, increased experience and

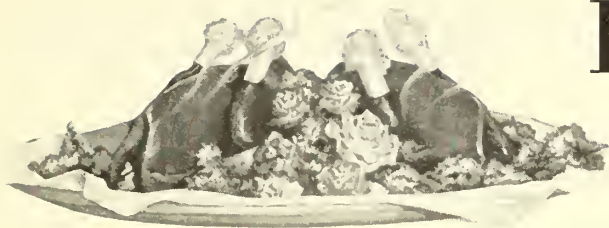
(Continued on page 62)

THE easiest, not the wisest, course in the presence of danger is to ignore it. In flying there will always be an element of danger. We shall never get anywhere by just forgetting about it. Already, travel by air can be as safe as travel by rail. But it is well to remember that block signals, air-brakes and the hundred-and-one refinements in equipment and control by which the modern railroad promotes safety all came by honest recognition of the danger element in rail travel and by persistent effort to overcome it.

So in aviation, most of the progress toward increased safety has come by recognition of the risks, by squarely facing them, by intelligently dealing with them. It will continue to come in the same way.

Constructive recognition of the risks of flying with a view to overcoming them ought to be even more characteristic of the present development in aviation than in fact it is. Accidents have been reduced. But too much of a tendency still exists among in-

"IN AVIATION most of the progress toward increased safety has come by recognition of the risks and squarely facing them"



Duck for Dinner

*may depend upon
whether you shoot
Super-X*

A lot of shooters are saying that duck shooting is becoming more difficult each year . . . That more and more shots are at the longer ranges—and, judging by the ever-increasing preference for Super-X shells, they're right!

The famous Super-X long-range shell—the load with the Short Shot String—increases your chances of sitting down to a meal of steaming roast duck at the end of a cold day in the blind.

Before Super-X was developed the shot pellets of ordinary shells strung out along their line of flight from 15 to 40 feet. Much of the load was wasted because many of the pellets lagged behind, too late to reach the swiftly moving bird.

Super-X brings down more ducks, with fewer cripples, because the stringing out of the shot is cut nearly in half. Through WESTERN's invention and exclusive use of a special scientific instrument—the FLIGHTOMETER*—the killing density of the Super-X load is practically doubled. At 60 yards approximately 80% of the effective pellets are bunched within a space of only 8 feet.

For sportsmen who want a super-fine load for duck, goose and turkey shooting, Super-X is also offered in a special load with golden Lubaloy (copperized) shot. It gives even shorter shot strings and longer effective range than the best chilled shot loads. Super-X Lubaloy shells should not be used for ordinary short-range shooting.

*The FLIGHTOMETER, the only instrument of its kind in the world, has been in use in the WESTERN laboratories for more than nine years. It accurately records the exact position of the shot pellets as they fly through the air at any distance from the gun.



CONTROLLED SHOT FLIGHT ~ a feature of all Western Shells.

In all WESTERN shells the stringing of the shot along its line of flight is definitely controlled, not left to chance. For every load there is a length of shot stringing which will give greatest effectiveness. Through the use of WESTERN's patented FLIGHTOMETER* the shot string of every Xpert, Field and Super-X shell is held to the standard found best for each purpose. It results in more hits in every box of WESTERN shells. Let us send you free literature describing WESTERN's exclusive ammunition developments.

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Western Super-X

SUPER-X LONG-RANGE .22's will give your rifle a new lease on life. They are the greatest small-bore game and target cartridges ever developed! 50% more Power. 26% more Speed. Even more in some sizes. Double-Action powder! Safe to use in any standard rifle.



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Progress brings great successors to the war-time cars you knew

PROGRESS has enhanced the Dodge Dependability you knew so well in the service.

And progress has given Dodge cars a new pace, a new spirit in performance that you cannot begin to appreciate until you actually experience it behind the wheel.

Drive a Dodge Six or Dodge Eight. Feel the gliding smoothness, the effortless ease you get with Dodge Dependable Free Wheeling combined

with Dodge Easy Gear Shift and controlled by Dodge Internal Hydraulic Brakes.

Learn what Dodge Low Center of Gravity means —what it contributes to steady security on the road —the full meaning of silent Mono-Piece Steel Bodies and sturdy Double-Drop Box-Center Frames.

There's a world of things that are new and fine in the new Dodge cars. They make Dodge value greater than ever. Accept no less in the car you buy.

New Dodge Six \$815 to \$850. New Dodge Eight \$1095 to \$1135. J. O. B. Factory. 5 wire wheels at no extra cost.

DODGE TRUCKS . . . EVERY TYPE—STANDARD AND HEAVY DUTY (1½-TON STANDARD CHASSIS \$595)

A Stirring Panorama of the Days
When America Was in the Making

The MASTER *of* CHAOS

A Novel by
IRVING BACHELLER

Illustrations by
Harold Von Schmidt ~~~
Decorations by
Herb Roth

CHAPTER ONE

In Which a Young Patriot Gets
Out of Boston By a Method
Called Snoaching and Joins Wash-
ington's Army

IT WAS midnight of the third day of July, 1775. The bells of Boston were ringing. They were like the drums of Dunbar, heralding a turn in the long tide of history. They flooded over the army lines and flung their spray into Cambridge and Roxbury. In a moment nearer bells answered the solemn shouting of those in Boston. Through the darkness their message flew out on the westward roads and up and down the shores.

Burgoyne, Howe, Clinton and Gage, at the Commander's house in Boston, were lingering at the supper-table bending over their maps while a Negro slave refilled their glasses with champagne. They had had a merry evening and were now considering the details of a movement. In a near room a number of young ladies and gentlemen were dancing to the music of a violin. The god of love and the god of hate were busy in that house.

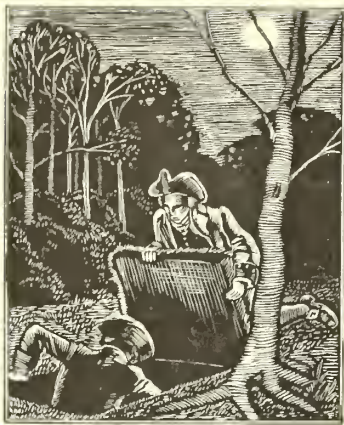
At the first sound of the bells the great men of the English army turned from their maps and listened.

"It's those damned, stealthy, hell-cat rebels, who have put the impudent, mock proclamations on our houses at night," said Gage. "There'll be some hanging done in this town before I leave it."

"My dear General, don't let them worry you," Howe calmly answered. "They're celebrating

"The bells call me and I must go," Colin said





Patience Fayerweather and the big, merry-hearted athlete, Colin Cabot, just out of Harvard College.

The gossip had been caused by obvious external and internal differences in this couple. The exclusive Betsey Faneuil had said that the two were as unlike as a sheep and a goat, and everyone knew that Colin was the goat. Pat, as she was called by her friends, was the acknowledged belle of Boston. Many gallant youths—even the handsome son of General Gage—had sought her favor. Inherited wealth and the successful use of it had given her father an influence felt in all the colonies and even in England. A born aristocrat, he did not share the resentments of the crowd. He had sided with the King, who had helped him in the buttering of his bread.

Colin Cabot was the son of an obscure farmer. His face was interesting but not handsome. It was a strong, inviting face that often wore a friendly smile, but it lacked the graces of outline that come of a wide background of gentle breeding. Still, he was a distinguished person, set apart by his stature—a straight tower of bone and muscle six feet and an inch tall, deep and broad from neck to waist. He had a mind as strong and agile as his body. At college he was honored for good scholarship and unrivaled prowess in athletic contests. For two years before the British army arrived he had been in "The Train" with Knox's Boston Grenadier Corps. He was well prepared for service with gun, sword or sabre.

Now in Boston scholarship and good manners were of great account. Yet many had these credits who had not his popularity. If we may believe Samuel Langdon, he possessed "an understanding far beyond his years, a natural courtliness of manner and the rare gift of grace and humor in the use of words." No doubt these qualities had cleared his way to the favor of the best people and to the heart of Patience Fayerweather. At this latter goal an enemy of the King was sure to be challenged. The devotion of the young couple to each other being established, opposition had only served to strengthen it. Their will was stronger than the bars in its way. The bars broke. Elijah Fayerweather bowed to one of the greatest of all tyrants.

"Tainted" by the politics of the young man, Pat was frank in her sympathy for the rebel cause. She was no reed in the wind. Her father had accused the girl of being as stubborn as a bear with a cub. The two were to be married in October and the young man was to find his life work in one of the great shipyards of Mr. Fayerweather.

Suddenly the Minute Men and bloodshed and the gathering of two armies! What was ahead for the colony and for the wealthy conservatives like Mr. Fayerweather? Would the young reprobate abandon his poetic dream of superfluous "liberty" and keep his feet in the old, well-trodden paths? In them was the glittering promise of wealth and happiness. So far he had calmly listened to the arguments of his prospective father-in-law and held his peace. He was in a situation that tries the soul of a man.

The sound of the bells had been his turning point. He and his sweetheart were dancing together. It was a critical time and such a clamor carried a note of alarm. It halted the music and the feet of the dancers. Colin looked down into the troubled, brown eyes of his sweetheart. He was a member of Paul Revere's com-

mittee of patriots and had lately conferred with the young copersmith.

"The bells call me and I must go," he said. "We of the new faith know what it means."

"What does it mean?" the girl asked.

"It's a signal agreed upon. Washington has come to take our army. He will build up a new nation. I must go. Here, I am like a rat in the house. They will want to be rid of me."

What differing effects in the magic of those bells! For these two it had turned merriment to sadness. A shadow had fallen on their faces. She looked up at him in silence. Her strong will recovered its command of her emotions.

"My dear one, go if you must," she said. "I know your heart. I would not hold you back."

They entered the general's room to present their thanks and compliments and a plea. So it happened that a very little matter fell into this great hour of history and halted the chariots of empire. It was a small obstruction to be quickly put aside. As the young man gave his hand to Gage he said:

"General, I am already much indebted to you and I am minded to ask of you a favor relying wholly on your chivalry and generosity to grant it—a pass through the lines."

The general, not suspecting the full import of his plea, quickly asked: "When to return?"

"When peace will permit me to enjoy your friendship. Meanwhile I can give no information of the slightest value to your enemies."

The general frowned. There were notes of indignation and amusement in his voice when he flung at Colin this almost crushing indictment of the boy's good sense.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to leave one of the fairest, sweetest maidens in all the world, and a promising career, to join that ragamuffin host who are now only half fed and will soon be starving? They are without an organized government to arm, equip and feed them. We have only to wait for starvation to scatter this band of peasants. Moreover, they have no training in real warfare, no capable officers. The soldiers are all poor men. They must be paid or their families will starve. Who is to pay them? And what can you expect from the officers in that ludicrous army? They are farmers, blacksmiths, tanners, tavern keepers, ploughmen, shoemakers, pretending to be gentlemen."

"I DO not know, sir, but I know this. The good man must go where his soul leads him and, if need be, leave all that he holds dear."

The general turned to the young lady: "What have you to say about this?"

"My dear General, I hope that you will grant his plea. If I loved him less I would not ask it."

The general smiled. There was a touch of playfulness in his words to Colin:

"Young man, look at her. Would you hazard such a prize? Every gallant youth in Boston will be trying to win her. In her color, face and form is the magic which at times has changed the map of the world. Long-lashed brown eyes, dark auburn hair with strands of gold in it, a fair skin, a Greek profile, a mouth shaped for the giving of joy to men. What shall I say of you?"

Extravagance was always to be expected in the gallantries of an English gentleman, yet he spoke in the manner of one expressing eternal truths.

She was smiling when she said:

"My dear General, I wish it were as easy to believe you as it is to love you. It is not the fashion here to praise young people. My mother says it spoils them. I find it

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Washington left his companions and walked
along the line of new defenses with Old Put

good fun to be spoiled. Continue to scold him a little more."

The general was laughing as he said:

"If this young man has never told you how lovely you are I'll have him court-martialed and put out of the way of his rivals."

"Oh, he has done his best to spoil me. He couldn't be a better lover, sir."

"Good! He must be quite a man after all."

He turned to the young lover, saying: "Boy, I will not aid your plan of self-destruction. If you put your mind at work you will thank me."

Young Harry Gage—a tall, handsome youngster with dark hair and eyes—shook Colin's hand, whispering: "Sorry, old fellow! I wish that all my rivals could go to the American army."

"Don't let your mind wander like a lost dog or some one will take it to the madhouse," Colin answered with a smile.

The scene had lasted scarcely five minutes. The boy and girl set out in the Fayerweather chaise. On their way to her home the young man told her that he would be leaving Boston that night, adding:

"I am sure that before the summer ends the King will have come to terms."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "My father says that hell is going to move to Cambridge."

"If it does we shall not be selfish with it. I have quite another fear in my heart."

"What fear?"

"Gage's son is deeply in love with you. The Commander of the Port is a great man and—well, I have only a few friends to recommend me. I couldn't blame you if you gave me up."

"Don't fear. I love *you* and I could love no other man. I can almost say that I hate Harry Gage."

Their lips met and they parted with tender promises and cautions. That slow-footed year of 1775 saw many a like parting at gate and doorstep. It was a hard year for young lovers.

The Fayerweather chaise took Colin through a dark, moonless night to his lodgings. The vehicle had driven away and Colin had entered his gate when a man sprang from the shelter of a low-boughed tree in the dooryard, where he had been lying, and approached him, saying in a whisper:

"It's Revere. Come under cover with me and tell what happened at Gage's house."

They were scarcely seated when they heard footsteps coming



on the plank walk. In half a moment two men halted by the gate. One of them spoke in a low tone to the other.

"He lives here. He's the bellwether of the flock—tall, well-dressed and about twenty-four. After tonight keep an eye on this house. When he leaves it follow him."

They went on.

"British guards!" Revere whispered.

Colin gave a brief account of what had followed the bell ringing.

"Go up to your lodgings and put only a few needed things in your leather cow, and we'll get away. Be careful how ye sneek the door."

Colin hurried to his room, packed a small bag and stealthily made his exit. The two set out for Windmill Point through streets silent and deserted, keeping their feet on the dirt, for the planks were noisy. They followed the winding, dusty thoroughfares to the water. They had passed one man who had only stopped and looked at them in the darkness.

At last they entered the gate of Ebenezer Snoach, the fish merchant. His boats were coming in from the north every week loaded with cod, haddock and other edible fish—now the main support of the British Army and the inhabitants. He was, however, a secret, steadfast hater of the King, whose laws had limited his operations and put a tax on every fish he brought to market. For fear of losing his business he smothered his resentment and

"At last they was so many we couldn't bayonets which they was that nigh we didn't

kept his boats on the water, but under cover he did all he could to aid the cause of freedom. Knowing this, the Yankee gunboats, which had captured many a cargo bound for Boston Harbor, were not inclined to interfere with Snoach's commerce. He had been for them a source of valued information.

He had built his house on a mound overlooking the sea so that his spy glass commanded the harbor. Thus he could discern his boats in the offing and be ready to receive them at the wharf below. The slope leading up to the house, now dark and silent, was covered with a spinney grove copse that spread over the level ground to the road fence.

THE two young men had scarcely opened the gate when they heard footsteps less than a hundred yards behind them. Revere drew his companion into the thicket a bit away from the staired walk that led to the house-door and whispered: "Don't speak or move. We'll listen here a minute."

The footsteps were coming near. Noiselessly the gate opened. They heard a voice speaking in a low tone: "This fish monger is a sneaking rebel. The chief says that he's been helping the rebels out of town. We have tracked suspected men down this road. They vanish. We see no more of them. It's a mystery."



snuff 'em out. They charged with their
have time to reload afore they was on us"

Another man spoke: "I'm going to call old Snoach out of bed and see what company he's got there."

They climbed the flight of steps and rapped at the door. Soon it opened and the hidden men caught the glimmer of a lighted candle.

"King's oficers, an' at yer sarvice!" a man's voice exclaimed. "What ye fishin' for at this hour o' the night? Come in."

Colin heard the men enter and the closing of the door.

"Now follow me," said Revere as he led his companion on a winding journey through the thicket over a deep carpet of pine needles. "We must vanish. They are searching the house and they will not be satisfied until they have lighted their lanthorns and beat the thicket."

The trees were close and their progress slow among the little pines. Revere seemed to be able to find his way by feeling the slender tree stems. In a moment he began to feel the ground.

"Stand still," he whispered as he lifted some heavy object. "Now kneel on the ground and feel ahead of you for the edge of the pit. I'll step aside so you can let yourself down. It's only about five feet deep."

Colin lowered himself into the pit where he stood on a soft mat that covered its bottom. Revere followed, saying: "Now sit on

yer heels a minute." Then with great care he adjusted the cover above his head.

"Now ye can set and stretch out your iegs comf'table while I show ye the first stop on the road to Washington's Army."

He took from his pocket a box containing flint and tinder and soon had a short candle burning. Its light revealed a little cavern some five feet deep, three feet wide and four feet long, sided with rived timbers driven into the ground. Its roof was a strong iron grating to which a waterproof mat was made fast by strings. The top of the mat was covered with pine needles held in place with pitch. The roof was made flush with the slope above to prevent leaks in rainy weather.

"I cannot understand how you found this place in the darkness," said Colin.

"**D**ONE it often and I've got eyes in my fingers," the other whispered. "Just above the right spot there's a little patch o' sky."

Where they sat voices and footsteps in the house were distinctly audible. Again Revere whispered: "We'll stay here till they come out. Ye could hear a cat's foot above us."

A small curtain hung on a side of the pit. Revere lifted it and another feature of this strange bit of engineering was exposed to the newcomer—a round opening, large enough to admit a man, sheathed with straight staves like those of a barrel. There was a

brace across the end of it to which a rope was tied. Revere held the candle so that Colin could look into the wooden tube slanting upward at an angle of some thirty degrees.

Revere explained: "The Young Patriots of Boston did all this digging. Snoach's cooper working in the cellar above made the barrel in six foot lengths. We shoved them down as we made room for them. Since the war began no suspected man has ever been seen entering or leaving Snoach's door. Dark nights we take to the bush and stay under cover till he's ready to move us. When the way is clear we haul ourselves up by that rope. We call it snoaching. I'll go first and when I give the rope a yank you follow me."

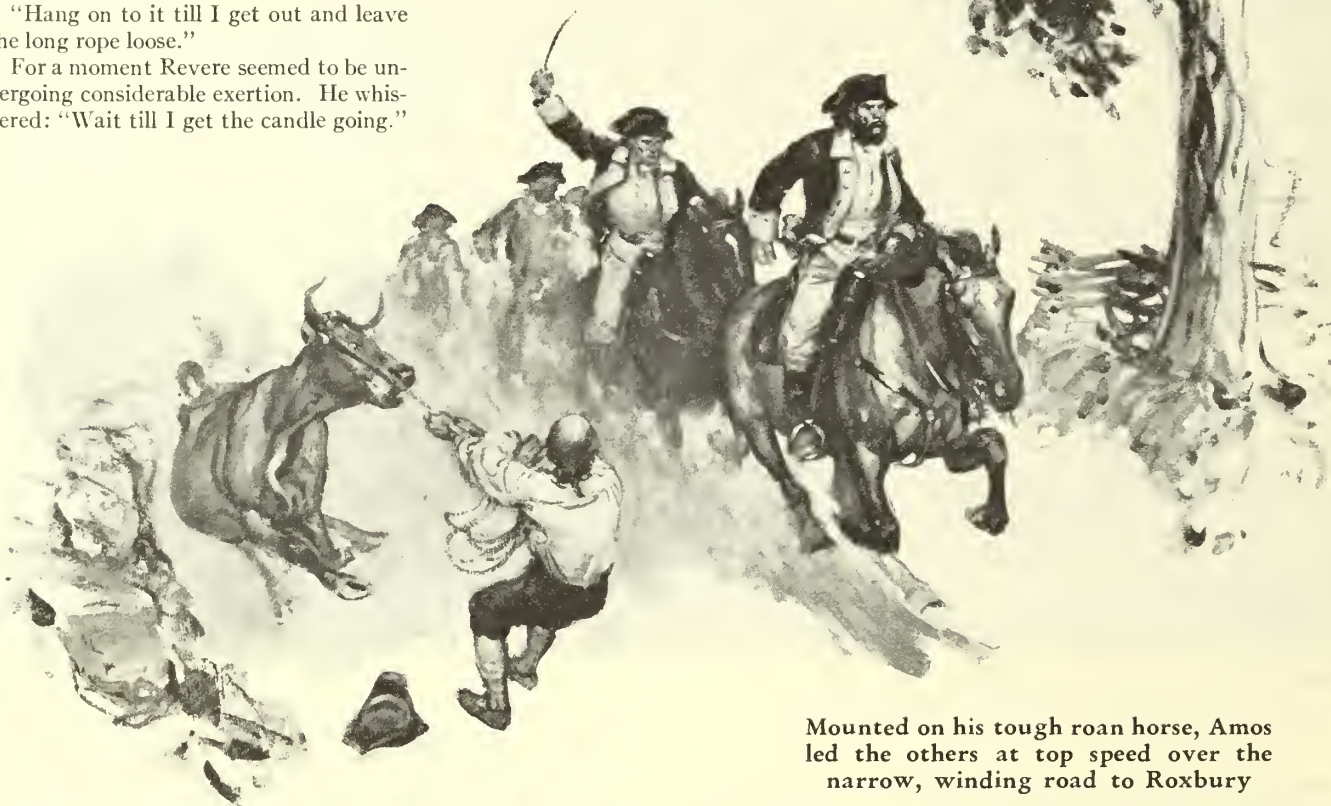
They heard the King's officers leave the house and come down the steps and begin to beat about in the thicket. They soon abandoned the hopeless task and went away. The two young men listened to their footsteps receding in the distance. Revere fastened a string to Colin's bag and wound it on his left wrist. He put out the candle and began his upward climb in the barrel with the bag in tow. Colin got the signal and followed. In a moment he was up to the feet of his leader.

Revere whispered: "Now feel for a rope on the right side of the barrel. Have ye got it?"

"Yes."

"Hang on to it till I get out and leave the long rope loose."

For a moment Revere seemed to be undergoing considerable exertion. He whispered: "Wait till I get the candle going."



Mounted on his tough roan horse, Amos led the others at top speed over the narrow, winding road to Roxbury

Presently by its light Colin crept out upon the rock paving of a cellar bottom. Revere covered the opening with a flat slab of stone, some two feet square, in the center of which was an iron bolt that held the climbing rope. The square stone joined the wall and floor in a perfect fit. The sunken bolthead was covered with cement of the exact hue of the stone. It was a cunning door to the house, but it was only one of many exits. The candle light was extinguished at the top of the cellar stairs.

The fish merchant and his wife had no children. Revere rapped softly at their bedroom door. Snoach came out in thick darkness, saying in a hoarse, complaining whisper:

"You brats don't give me ary bit o' rest. Is it Revere?"

"Yes. And I remind you that Washington don't come every day. Our best soldier is on his way to Cambridge. Colin Cabot is with me."

"Cabot, I've hearn o' ye, boy," said Snoach. "Give me the feel o' yer hand. I'll send a boat up the shore with ye right away."

So Colin had the novel experience of meeting a man utterly hid in darkness.

Snoach's salting and smoking plant was near. One approached it from his door through a narrow alley in the thicket. The fish merchant dressed hurriedly. Colin went with him through an atmosphere heavy with the odor of smoked fish. The large room they entered was in darkness. Snoach groped about until he found an empty barrel. He led the young man to its side and asked him to get into it and not to show his head above its top when the lantern was lighted. It was a large barrel with ample room inside for Colin and his small bag.

While working with flint and tinder, Snoach said: "I'll send ye barreled up with a load o' smoked fish to Norton's P'int. With this breeze an' the flood tide ye'll git there afore sun-up. Off the P'int the men'll roll ye overboard an' the river current

an' the tide'll take ye on to some part o' the beach at Winnisimmet.

"When it touches the shore get out o' the barrel and put off on the road to Marblehead. There's a big, dead pine at the end o' the road. The light'll be dim but ye can't miss it. There are some floatin' British batteries a mile to the west in the mouth o' the two rivers but the shore at Winnisimmet is unguarded, sir. At the top o' the first line o' bluffs is the big wooden house o' Israel Woodbridge. Stun' chimney an' half a dozen gables. He'll take care o' ye an' put ye on yer way, sir."

The lantern lighted, Snoach began to move barrels of smoked fish to the head of a long, sloping spinway down which they rolled to the hands of the loaders at the end of the wharf.

This done, he said to Colin: "There'll be a guard on the dock, sir. I'll have to roll ye down as if ye was a barrel o' fish an' not a human bein'. If convenient, ye may give me a pound to pay the fiddlers. There'll be five a-playin' for this dance."

Snoach stood over the barrel, as he critically examined its head, so that Colin got a look at his benefactor—"a tall, brawny sea-god, his weathered face covered with a thin, scraggy, blonde

beard, his great arms bare to the elbow. A son of the mighty deep, whose fruits he gathered, he personified a power beyond that of armies. It may yet win the war for us."

"Here are two pounds and my hearty thanks go to you with them," said Colin.

"Much obleeged, sir. Ye're a gentleman an' no mistakes an' good luck to ye, sir. This is the roof o' yer little cabin. Here's a bit o' rope fast to a staple in its center. Ye hang on to that, to hold it down in bad weather. When safe on board ye can give yer lungs an' airin'. Out in the breeze ye can straighten yer legs an' be comf'table. Afore they roll ye over the boys'll pour pitch around the edge o' the barrel head to make it watertight. Hold her snug till ye touch shore. There's small holes near its center. They'll give ye air. When ye make port, take the barrel head with ye an' give it to Woodbridge."

The gay young patriot rolled down the spinway like a barrel of fish and was tumbled aboard and stored on deck, right end up, with less important merchandise. He rode at ease half an hour or so standing erect in the darkness. Then he had to lower his head. The cover down, its edges were served with pitch. The barrel, lifted to the gunwale, fell into the bay and began its tossing journey in the hurrying tide.

For some time he could hear the voices of the fishermen. He was riding in the curious craft not more than twenty minutes, he reckoned, although the term of his imprisonment seemed very long, for the air was close and his posture far from comfortable. At last he bumped the sand in the shallows at Winnisimmet. He heard two voices—young and gentle voices. They were near him. Some person was out in the shallow water trying to roll the barrel in with a stick. Impatient to be released, Colin decided to take the chance of showing himself. He pushed the head from its place and with hands on the chimes shot out of the barrel into the shallows. A boy and girl a little younger than he stood near, in bathing costumes. They were not astonished. Daylight was coming. "The girl had a face and form not easily forgotten," Colin writes. "They were fair—very fair to look upon. I was like a wet dog."

"Are you bound for Cambridge?" the boy asked with a friendly smile.

"Yes."

"I am Emory Woodbridge and this is my sister Nancy. We come here every day at flood tide for a swim. Our house is yonder on the hill. Go through the pine bush to the road. My father will help you. I'll take care of the barrel head."

The boy rolled the barrel into deep water as Colin with his bag set out for the road, wondering at the strange water wisdom of Ebenezer Snoach. Mr. Woodbridge welcomed him and put him to bed above stairs, where he slept until he was called about two o'clock for dinner, at which he sat beside the plump, blonde, blue-eyed Nancy.

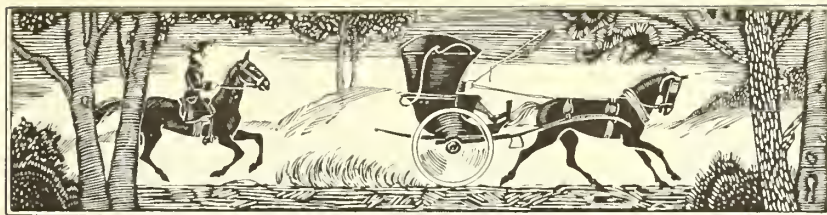
"I know all about you," she said. "You are a good lover. My school friend, Pat Fayerweather, has told me the story."

"Oh, that story!" he exclaimed. "Thinking of it kept me happy in the barrel. It would put life in a smoked fish. It was a barrel full of happiness that landed near your pretty feet."

They had a merry visit and their theme was mostly Pat.

He rode away with Mr. Woodbridge soon after dark, and having arrived at his home he made this entry in his diary:

"Nancy Woodbridge is a vivid memory and some young fellow who is snoached out of Boston will be sure to fall in love with her."



Young Cabot spent three days with his family and "rid his mother out for an airing every day." Then, mounted on his bay mare, he proceeded to Cambridge with his sword, firelock, and

pistol. He went first to his friend, President Samuel Langdon of the famous college, who gave him almost a father's welcome, saying, "I suppose that you have come to enlist?"

"Yes, sir, and I have a letter to Washington."

"I will go with you."

Immediately they set out for the headquarters of the Army in the big square mansion, long a familiar object. Washington was at his desk. The President of the college introduced the young man, summing up in warm words his history at Harvard as if conferring an honorary degree.

"A good student, of an excellent disposition, a born athlete, the best wrestler, the best fencer, the fleetest runner of his time at Harvard." These were the phrases he employed. Washington listened with dignity and a benevolent smile. In a letter to his mother is Colin's description of the person of the Commander-in-Chief:

"'George Washington of Virginia.' Those words have been flying around New England since John and Sam Adams returned from Philadelphia. Who has not heard of his wisdom, his 'noble spirit,' his modesty, of his coat torn to rags by bullets in the French and Indian War? I feared it was like the talk we have heard on the King's birthday, and was prepared for disappointment. But he has conquered me. I am like a man thrown and stunned who is trying to think how it happened.

"He is a big man—at a guess two inches taller than I—broad at the hip and shoulder. Big bones, big hands, big feet, long arms, rather slender waist for one of his size. Yet all this is the smallest part of him. His head is no better shaped than others you have seen in Boston, but I swear I have never seen one so well set. I wondered why I felt a kind of awe in his presence. But I am sure I know now.

"The big thing is inside of him. It reaches out and touches you when you look in his eyes and when he moves his hands. It hits you again when you hear his voice. There are three words that come to me as I think of him. They are *power, vitality, kindness*. I think that he has a mind as strong as our best pair of oxen and that God is driving it. He said little and our minister could have said it as well as he did. He has a good natured face, a bit weathered, with a pock mark here and there—not handsome. His straight nose is a shade thick and large. His deep-set, blue-gray eyes are wide apart and they look down into you. His brownish hair, brushed back and powdered and falling in a queue, was a

comely detail. His mouth is a trifle too large and very firm when closed. Yet, when he stood up, straight as an arrow, and smiled at us, he was magnificent. It's a big, full word not carelessly chosen. He wore his riding boots. His blue-and-buff uniform with golden epaulettes and buttons was spotless and well fitted. A broad blue sash spanned his breast from waist to shoulder. From shoe to ruffles every detail in his dress was admirable. Still it was not his look or his manners, genteel as they were, that reduced me to a sense of smallness. It was the man under it all. I felt as I did the day I looked up at the big mountain in New Hampshire, uncomfortably little. He has doubled my faith in

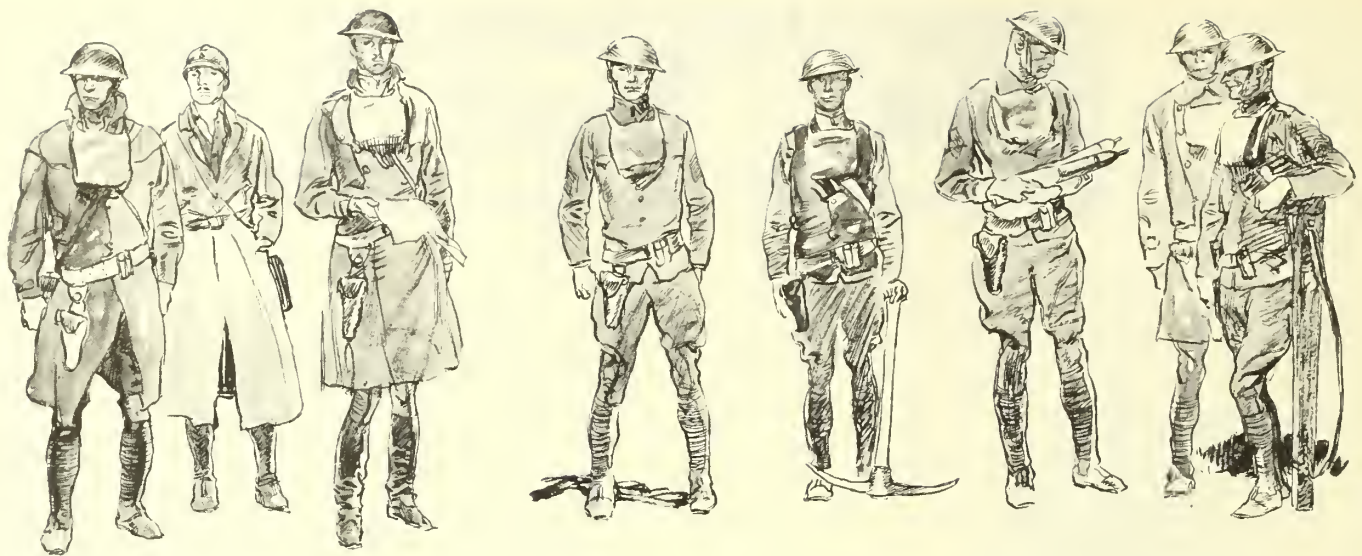
our cause and in our ultimate victory."

The preliminaries being over, the learned President said:

"General, you have had time to survey the Army. May I ask for your impression of it?"

"It is a disorganized mass of ill-clad, (Continued on page 52)





Capt. Idus
R. McLendon

Lt. Henri
Dominé

1st Lt. Frank
M. Mitchell

Sgt. Alex
L. Arch

Pvt. Louis
Varady

Sgt. Lonnie
Dominick

1st Lt. Ralph T. Heard
Instr. Sgt. Thomas L. Wurster

The FIRST

THE story of the first shot fired by the A.E.F. has been told many times, but it is here told in print for the first time by the officer who commanded the battery which fired it—C of the Sixth Field Artillery. Captain (later Major) Idus R. McLendon, who writes this authentic and important contribution to history, was himself severely wounded in the Argonne a year later, and his battery was turned over to Captain Herbert Morton Stoops. Captain Stoops had been an illustrator before the war and he is an illustrator still—one whose work is familiar to more than a million readers of *The American Legion Monthly*. Thanks to these striking coincidences the *Monthly* is able to present this month, in addition to Major McLendon's narrative, a lifelike painting of the event (reproduced on the cover) by Captain Stoops, based on data supplied by Major McLendon and on Captain Stoops's own recollection of the battery's personnel. In addition Captain Stoops has sketched from memory the members of the battery. No photograph or even a sketch of the historic event was made at the time, so that Captain Stoops's cover painting is the nearest possible approach to an authentic portrayal of the firing of the first shot.



Pvt. Joe Griffor, guidon bearer

ON OCTOBER 10, 1917, the American artillery which had been in training at the French camp at Valdahon began the final stage of its long journey to the battle front. That journey had begun months before on the Mexican Border, five thousand miles away over land and water. The day was typical of northeastern France at that season of year—raw, gloomy, with mud under foot and leaden skies overhead dissolving into a drizzle of chilling rain.

Down the main street of camp a column of guns and caissons went rolling along. Before the barracks lining the street on either side stood knots of men, heedless of weather, with attention riveted on the marching column. A spirit of gaiety enlivened the men—the gaiety of eager, irrepressible youth which mud and rain could not dampen. For two months they had studied French guns, cursed French horses and chafed at an endless round of classes, drills and hikes. At last school was out



Sgt. Frank
Grabowski



Sgt. Edward
Warthen



Corp. Robert E. Braley
Ch. Mech. Anton Chojnacki



Pvt. John Wodarczak
2nd Lt. Arthur P. Braxton



1st Sgt.
Joseph Kane

SHOT

*By Idus R.
McLendon*

and the full-fledged cannoneer graduates were off to the real war.

"So long, boys, here goes the battery that'll fire the first shot for the artillery!"

So spoke a cannoneer of the departing battery, a battery which had followed Scott, Grant and Shafter through campaigns which had shaped the course of our country's destiny.

"Maybe you will, buddy, but you haven't done it yet! We'll be right on your heels!"

A man of Battery C of the Sixth Field, the battery which had gone with Pershing through Mindanao and into Mexico, had snatched up the gauntlet hurled down by a much older rival.

It was a flash of the undying rivalry between batteries, a rivalry born of that pride of tradition which inspires and drives fighting men with more relentless force than mere personal hatred of an enemy ever does. Behind the same red guidons which past generations of soldiers had borne these boy crusaders from the New World were starting out over Europe's historic highways to new fields of glory. It was the beginning of another lap in the eternal race for honors.

Other batteries were scheduled to leave camp at intervals of four hours. At six o'clock that night Battery C of the Sixth Field took up the march. Pitchy darkness had already fallen and the drizzle had thickened into a steady downpour of cold rain. Ahead lay a march of twenty miles to the entraining point at Besançon—the ancient Vesontio of Caesar's Gallic campaigns. The battery was due there at midnight.

Twenty miles in six hours would have been an easy march under normal conditions, but this was a night that put discipline and physical powers to a high test. Night movements invariably have their own peculiar troubles anyway. It was an unfamiliar road, and the darkness had swallowed completely all milestones and sign-posts, so that distance covered had to be estimated by lapse of time and gait assumed. The clatter and rumble of a column a quarter of a mile long drowned both shouted commands and whistle blasts. The lead drivers of each team could only follow the gait and direction of the carriage in front, guided by a sixth sense of contact or nearness. Frequent jamming of teams and carriages and long gaps between them were unavoidable.

Occasionally a gun or caisson whose drivers had given too much of the road to a passing automobile slid into the ditch and the combined strength of both horses and men was needed to pull it out of the greasy mud. Banks of fog clung to the earth and shut out the big white road at our horses' feet. Riding blindly forward at a brisk trot, barely able to see his own horse's head, a lead driver near the middle of the column rode into a wheel of the carriage in front. Horse and rider went down, tripping the other horses of the team, and in a few seconds several oncoming guns and caissons were piled into a struggling mass of men and animals. Out of the mêlée were dragged one driver with both legs broken and several badly injured horses. Incidentally much precious time was being lost which could not be made up.

Groping through the tortuous streets of old Besançon, we arrived at the railroad yards far behind our schedule. An irate staff colonel, there to inspect each battery upon arrival, was much alarmed at our delay.

"You'll never make it," he rasped out. "You are lost. Your train will move precisely at four o'clock whether you have a single gun or horse aboard."

Military train crews, I was to find out, took their orders from the railway authorities and not from the officers in command of the troops they carried.

"Your animals are in frightful condition," railed the inspector. "I shall have to report you for rotten march discipline!"

HOW he could see so well in that Stygian darkness was a mystery to me. There was not a light in the yards, due to the danger from enemy bombing planes, and we had to feel our way about. I began to fear that the Old Man, as the battery commander, regardless of age and experience, was always known to his men, was going to be the first victim in this war.

Wretched and exhausted though they were, those nags put up a stiff fight against being led into the still blacker darkness of the box cars. Many of them had to be thrown, hog-tied and dragged inside by the men.

We needed every minute of the time which remained for loading. Seven hours in wet saddles and on springless caissons, preceded by a day filled with feverish preparation had weakened the



The first-shot gun, from a Signal Corps Photograph made in January, 1918. Sergeant Arch is at the left. The mounted officer is Captain Mc-Lendon. The tassel on his hat is really the top of a tree in the background

stamina of the best. All were wet to the hide, numb with cold, and hungry. An instant's repose in sitting posture or leaning against a wheel or wall and a man dropped into sodden sleep.

It was still raining. A lieutenant searched through the rambling, darkened buildings for some railway official who might issue the necessary train order or bill of lading. There was as yet no sign of train crew, nor was any railway employee or official present to direct or assist in the work of entraining. Promptly at four o'clock, however, our train moved out, without a bit of preliminary warning. Whether we were all aboard or whether we fell off en route did not seem to concern the train crew in the least.

At three in the afternoon we pulled into Jarville, a suburb of Nancy. Here we were to detrain and take up the march again to the front. I had assumed that some of our own staff officers would be there to give me further orders. So far we had been going blindly forward, each set of orders received specifying nothing more than our next immediate destination. When I stepped off the train, however, only a French major and his adjutant were present. Unfolding a map, the major pointed out the position my battery was to occupy at the front and the town

where I was to billet that night. He then asked me to detrain and clear the yards as quickly as possible, for other troop trains would soon be arriving.

I wanted more information, but my questions only bored him. For a moment I felt inclined to question his authority. We were complete strangers to each other and so far as I could see he had no right to be giving me orders at all. Our next move looked indeed like a leap in the dark, but move we must and did. We were merely the puny little pawns in this game of war.

It was night when we reached the little town of St. Nicholas, which was to be our echelon, or "horselines," as the American always called it, while on this part of the front. The echelon was a sort of depot, just far enough in the rear to be out of range of enemy artillery, where caissons, baggage wagons, horses, etc., not needed with the guns in the front lines would be kept.

On arriving here we again found ourselves stranded in darkness in a strange place. The billeting officer and men sent ahead several days before to arrange for sleeping quarters and food supplies failed to meet us as expected and we were forced to shift for ourselves. There followed several hours of stumbling through black, tortuous alleys as the men rustled firewood, searched for the ration and forage dumps, cared for their horses and finally threw their own aching bodies into the cootie-infested hay of old barns.

Early the following morning, which was a Sunday, a fellow captain and I rode up to the front to meet our prospective French commanders. It had been arranged to attach each American battery to a separate French battalion and from the commanders of the latter we were to receive all orders pertaining to our work during this our first tour of duty in the front lines. Our higher officers, temporarily relieved of the



Commandant Roger Villers of the French army who said, in substance, "Lafayette, let her go"

both of supervising their own battalions, were to be the guests of the French officers, who would give them every opportunity to study actual trench warfare.

It was bright and sunny again and the little valley through which we rode seemed peaceful enough. The farms were under cultivation and the fields and woods were a patchwork of autumn hues. Occasionally a family of peasants, dressed in their Sunday best, clattered past us in their funny little one-horse carts en route to church or to visit relatives. It seemed a very tame war, or else we were much farther from the front than we had imagined.

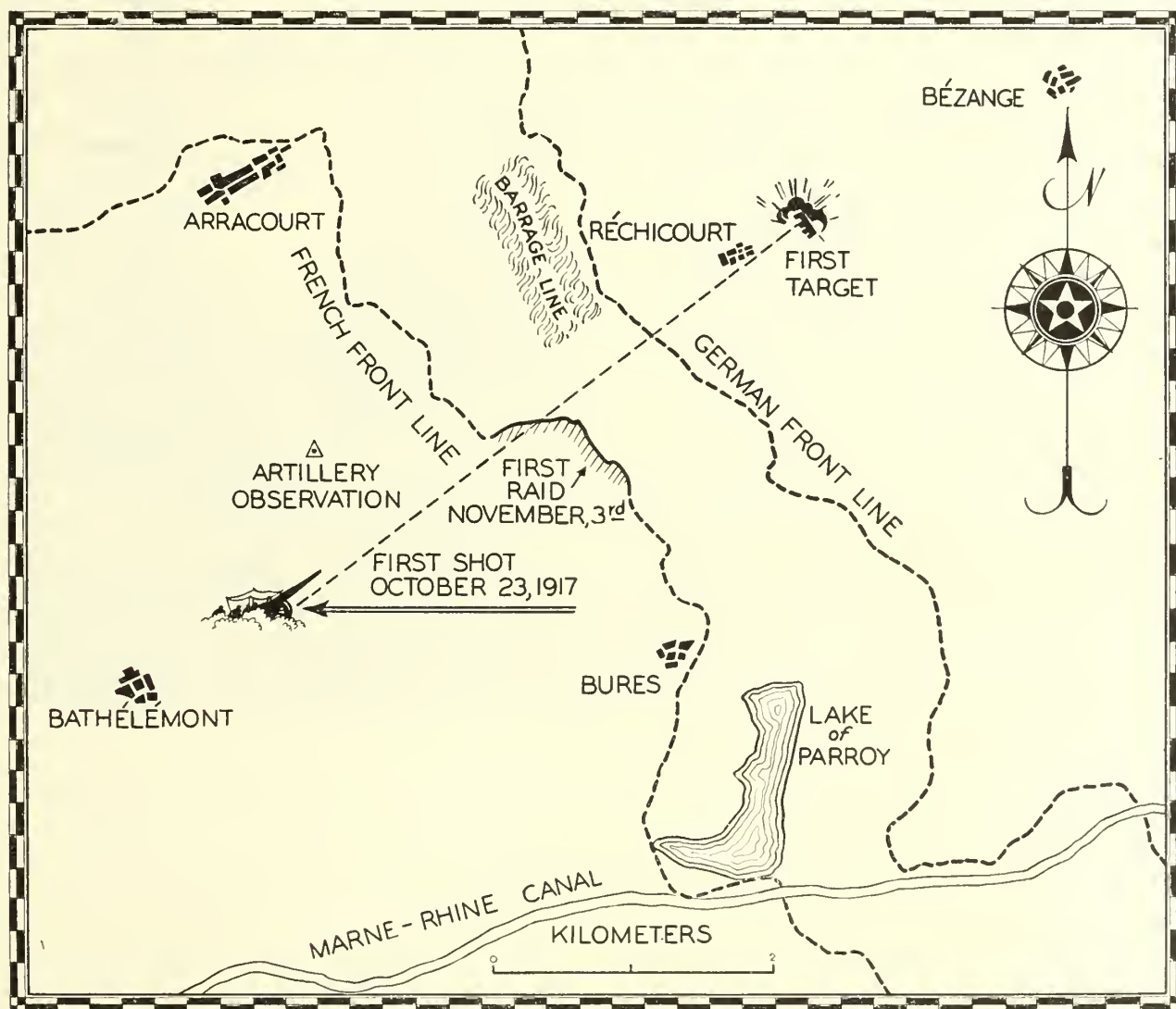
Beyond Lunéville came detours to avoid areas visible to German balloon observers. There was no longer any traffic, at least by day, and the cautious movements of people and the total absence of fires and smoke around the homes were instantly noticeable. It was the first evidence we had encountered that we were in the zone of actual warfare.

The site from which the first shot was fired and the target at which it was fired — a troublesome German battery nearly five kilometres away

poise which only long years of staff duty and field service bring. Alongside this handsome soldier in natty horizon-blue I must have cut an uncouth figure indeed, clad as I was in plain Quartermaster-issued clothes with no insignia of rank other than a bit of braid on the sleeves and tiny, inconspicuous bars on my shoulders. Worn and perhaps a bit unkempt after several days and nights of feverish preparation and marching, I unavoidably felt myself at a tremendous disadvantage. The picture which we made together might have furnished the thoughtful observer with an impressive object lesson. The contrast between a

youthful American captain of less than four years' enlisted and commissioned service and a French major with twenty years of regular army service back of him very aptly symbolized the difference between the national policies and the military history of our respective countries.

There was no gulf between us, though, during those days in old Lorraine. Never a hint of



At Valhey I left my companion and proceeded on to Bathélemont, the headquarters of Major Roger Villers, under whom I was to serve. To this gallant officer I owe much of the lasting friendship and admiration which I conceived for the French. Personally he was one of the most charming men I ever knew, combining the politeness characteristic of his race with a complete lack of affectation. Keen black eyes bored through glasses with a sort of quizzical, half-amused expression which might either turn into a smile or become sharp and stern. In conversation his face lighted up with Gallic vivacity, even his mustaches seeming to take on life, giving a militant air to his expression.

Villers was an officer in the French Regular Army and had the

condescension or the slightest inclination to patronize was discernible in our commandant's attitude toward us. We were student observers, so to speak, with much to learn, but he treated us at all times as honored guests and brothers-in-arms. The duty of cultivating amicable relations with our Allies and of cementing the liaison between the two armies was in this instance a genuine pleasure.

After introducing me to the members of his staff, Major Villers suggested a trip to his observatory and then a look at the proposed location for my battery. A single long ridge shut off Bathélemont from the enemy's view, the front lines being barely two miles away. Climbing nearly to (Continued on page 58)

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE —

By Dana Pierce

Decoration by Lowell L. Balcom

RIGHT now there is occurring in the United States the greatest activity looking to fire prevention that the world has ever seen. We have for many years been proud of our fire departments for their ability to extinguish fires quickly with the least possible loss. But it is far more laudable—and far more profitable—to prevent fires than to put them out. And the activities of a good many years are steadily increasing, we may all rejoice to know, along fire-prevention lines.

Fire loss, nevertheless, is so great in America that one may sometimes wonder cynically whether we do not perhaps take pride in burning up wealth at a faster per capita rate than any other nation, just as we take pride in producing wealth faster. And this matter of fire loss comes out of your pocket, and mine, and that of every other person in the United States. You do not think of it so, but it is nevertheless true. You and I and our fellow-citizens pay for every fire that causes loss in this country, even though no property of ours is burned.

In the first place, we pay fire insurance premiums. Fire insurance does not prevent loss from fire, nor is it the fire insurance companies that pay for the fires we have. When you and I pay fire insurance premiums on our homes and our places of business and our household furniture and other possessions, we

are simply joining with the other policy-holders of the company in an agreement to spread the cost of our fires among the lot of us. In essence we say to one another, "Some of us are going to have fires this year, and it is better that no one of us should have to stand the entire cost of his own fire. Experience has shown that the average loss on property of the sort I have is about so many cents per hundred dollars' worth of property, and a different number of cents on such property as you have. So we shall pay that much money into a central fund, with enough more to cover the cost of running the fund and paying a fair profit to the folks who run it for us. Then whichever of us has a fire will get his money from the fund, and the cost to individual policy-holders will be small enough so that it will not burden them."

If my property is of a sort that presents a considerable fire hazard, I pay a proportionately high premium. If yours is less hazardous, you pay a smaller premium. But in the aggregate,

what you and I and our fellows pay in fire insurance premiums is approximately what the insurance companies pay us for losses, plus the expense of administering the fire insurance business. And if it happens that one of us owns no property that requires fire insurance—if, say, we rent a furnished house or apartment, and have our savings entirely in bank accounts or in stocks and bonds in safe deposit vaults—we pay for fire insurance just the same. It is covered in the rental the landlord asks, in the lower dividends our stocks pay, and so on.

"WE WHO are in fire prevention work," says Dr. Pierce, who is president of the Underwriters Laboratories of Chicago, "are often asked two questions: Can we ever have again any great conflagrations such as the Chicago and San Francisco fires? Will the day ever come when we shall not need fire departments?" What are the answers?

Again, we pay for fires in our taxes—which can no more be avoided than can fire insurance premiums. Suppose, as is often true, that a city's fire rate is comparatively low because of a fine fire department which generally puts a fire out before it has a chance to spread, and because of high water-pressure in the mains. It costs money to have a fine fire department, and to maintain a high-pressure water system. To be sure, this is far preferable to having an incompetent fire department and low pressure. But it is a source of expense directly traceable to the great fire hazards that prevail throughout the country, and might well be included in our annual fire loss. You and I pay every year for fire protection, whether we realize the cost or not.

Take your own home. You probably know whether your fire department is good or poor. You doubtless have seen to it that you have adequate fire insurance, and that the premiums on these policies are paid. But you have almost surely gone no distance beyond that—in other words, you have been operating on the assumption that fire, even around your own home, is solely the concern of the public authorities and of the fire insurance companies.

Do you know, for example, whether somewhere in the basement or the attic there is a sizeable accumulation of old newspapers and wrapping paper which would be the finest possible tinder for a blaze? Does your wife buy benzine or naphtha or plain gasoline and wash out articles of clothing in this solution at the sink or the wash basin? Hundreds of home fires are started this way every year, for the inflammable liquid generates an even more highly inflammable gas which mixes with air and results in a mixture much like that in the cylinders of your automobile engine. In your automobile, a spark from the spark





plug ignites the gas and causes an explosion. In the home dry-cleaning operation, a spark of static electricity may be generated in rubbing the fabric. The result is the same. The woman who is doing the job is usually seriously burned, in many instances she is killed. The fire loss may be large or small. But the point is it is totally unnecessary. Dry-cleaning plants are organized to take care of this job for the general public, and they are for the most part carefully safeguarded to reduce such accidents to the minimum.

Another common danger is through defective wiring. If you know anything about the condition of your wiring, you are the exception. Probably you have paid little attention to it, except to tap in occasionally on a circuit to lead a pair of wires to some distant point in the room. Such home-made wiring jobs are sources of great danger, for ordinarily they are done improperly because the householder lacks the tools and materials for a proper job even though he happens to know how to do it. Again, you have perhaps joined several extension cords together to provide a reading lamp next to your favorite chair, leading the wires around the baseboard from a floor outlet or perhaps letting them lie on the floor. Or you have done the same sort of makeshift job to permit having the radio in a convenient corner. Such jobs are dangerous, for extension cords are not made for purposes which expose them to such wear. Many fires—in the aggregate,

thousands every year—come from just such a harmless-appearing little job by the home handy man.

Again, have you any idea whether your electric iron, your oil burner, your hot-water heater are so constructed that they are safe or whether they are possible fire hazards? The fire losses from these three sources probably run into several millions of dollars annually, so that they are worth your consideration if you wish your home to be free of fires.

A NUMBER of different agencies are at work in the United States to reduce the fire losses. One is primarily concerned with fire protection, and is doing excellent work in the schools by making children alert to fire hazards. This has its immediate result in the agitation of the question at home. Its far-reaching result will be in the future, when the school children of today are grown to the age when they are the nation's householders and when they will reduce the danger spots in their own homes by reason of what they are learning today.

Other bodies do what they can to forward legislation which reduces the dangers of fire. A proper field for this work is in furthering building codes which prohibit the use of dangerous building materials, of questionable workmanship in such respects as the electrical wiring and the construction of fire walls. Still other bodies survey the fire

(Continued on page 48)



"A WISER BUT NOT, I THINK, A SADDER MAN"

JUST four years ago this magazine published an article by a young Englishman who had served in the British army throughout the war, risen from the ranks to a first lieutenancy, and been twice wounded, and who was beginning to make a name for himself as essayist and critic. The article was called "I've Never Been to America." In the interval the young essayist has be-

come world famous as one of the finest and most widely read novelists of his generation—the author of "Angel Pavement" and "The Good Companions." He came to America, found reason to revise some of his judgments, regarded others as sound. In "I've Been to America" he presents his views of us in response to an invitation extended to him by this magazine four years ago

I've Been To AMERICA

By J.B. Priestley

SOME time ago I wrote for this magazine an article entitled "I've Never Been to America." The editor very courteously declared that he would be happy to extend to me the freedom of these pages for another article, after I had been to America. So here I am again, a wiser but not, I think, a sadder man. My recent visit was not a very long one, but it took me from New York to San Francisco, Hollywood, and Seattle, and it brought me into contact with a very large number of Americans, in hotels, offices, clubs, and private homes. And the first thing to be said about this visit is that I enjoyed it, in fact enjoyed it so much that I am ready, whenever the opportunity presents itself, to repeat the experience. I have told dozens and dozens of people that I enjoyed myself in America, but nevertheless there are, at a modest computation, a good many hundred thousand newspaper readers, both here in England and in America, who are under the impression that I had a terrible time. When I got back home, I was astonished to find myself being sympathized with in this matter. "I'm sorry," people told me, "you had such a bad time in America." I didn't, and I told them so. But I doubt if most of them believed me. You see, they remembered the things they read in the newspapers.

The trouble about newspapers is that they want "a good story" at all costs. Abuse of America is "a good story" to an American newspaper. A reporter who knows his job realizes that it is useless going back to the office with half a column of pleasant praise from a visiting English novelist. So what does he do? He leaves out or hurries over the pleasant things you have said, and concentrates on any piece of adverse criticism in your talk, magnifying it into a howl of complaint or derision. If, in the middle of a friendly chat with an interviewer, you happen to remark that you do not much like the food or the trains or the overheated bedrooms, then the spotlight is at once flashed on this little grumble and it is turned into a huge sneer. *English Novelist Says American Food Uneatable!* the paper will scream at the top of its voice. By the time this trick has been worked on you for a few weeks, an enjoyable visit has been conjured into a nightmare for the benefit of a few million readers who have no opportunity of learning what you really think. So let me repeat, very firmly, that I enjoyed my visit to America.

There is an impression, very common among American journalists, that English novelists only go to America to grab what money there is going. Now English novelists are as fond of the dollars as the rest of the world, no doubt, but there are other ways of making money besides lecturing in America. There is, for instance, the quite sensible way of staying at home and writing. The fact is, most English novelists go to America the first time because they are curious, and then they repeat their visits because they have found a trip to America such an amusing and exciting business, sufficiently enjoyable to be worth doing in spite of the fact that they will probably be accused of dollar-grabbing. We make so many good friends and receive such warm-hearted hospitality and so many invitations to come again, that we cannot resist the temptation of another visit. And that is the plain truth. I spent several weeks in New York and enjoyed myself hugely, but I was foolish enough

to let slip the remark that I would not care to live there. Instantly it was set down in black-and-white that I loathed New York, whereas actually I liked it enormously. There are not many places in this world I would prefer to visit more than I would New York. It is true I would not like to live there, simply because it is so stimulating and exciting that I would never get any work done.

I must remember—and so must you, too—that when I was in America, there was a great financial depression, and thousands and thousands of people had lost all their savings. I shall try to bear this grim fact in mind while I make any observations on the life there. My first observation will be this—that while any large American city can show you perhaps more bustle, luxury, industry, and gaiety than any European city, its citizens are strangely lacking in one desirable quality, that of happy contentment. You find everything worth while in the world in New York except peace of mind. (Though I will admit, here and now, that peace of mind is hard to discover in this modern world anywhere.) I have read a great deal of pathetic stuff about the poor downtrodden black race, but what struck me in America was the startling fact that it was the black man, on the whole, who was happy and not the white. If you saw somebody who seemed to be enjoying life, that somebody was usually a Negro elevator man or waiter or Pullman porter. If you saw a happy grin, it was usually stretched across a black face. And the reason was

fairly obvious. These Negroes had escaped the burden of responsibility. Life was not forever nagging at them, like an angry wife. They could frankly enjoy the pleasures of the moment. But too many white citizens are crushed under a load of responsibility. The pace of life, both in business and pleasure, is obviously too much for them. If they went to speakeasies—as most of my friends seemed to do very regularly—and drank not very good cocktails at a dollar apiece, it was not so much because they had a genuine passion for drink as that they were trying very hard to relax, to forget, to give themselves up to the night's amusement.

"WHEN we Europeans go to America, we imagine we see not merely another country but perhaps our own future. And that is why we are sharply critical"

I met business men in several large American cities whose life seemed to me just a nightmare. They made a great deal of money, but the money was no use to them because they had not sufficient energy and interest left to enjoy spending it. The idea of all of them is to work very hard and then retire early, but this, of course, is frequently a wretched program, for the simple reason that the poor overworked and nerve-racked business man, without hobbies or outside interests, totters into retirement like a lost sheep and sometimes dies of sheer boredom. Here in England, as you all know, we take business too lightly; we are indolent and careless; we have not enough drive and ambition. Unless we wake up, foreign critics tell us, we shall find ourselves completely ruined. Clearly we shall have to do (Continued on page 50)

The War We Lost By PACIFISM

By Rupert Hughes

JEFFERSON ended his second term in a state of melancholy which the nation shared. Thanks to the usual ability of a President of that day to dictate his successor, Jefferson put into the chair his disciple Madison, who became President and in his inaugural address claimed that "it has been the true glory of the United States to cultivate peace by observing justice. . . . If there be candor in the world, the truth of these assertions will not be questioned; posterity at least will do justice to them."

But candor has been so painful that posterity has decided to hush the whole sickening mess under the garbage-can cover of refusal to read or remember anything about those dark ages.

The Americans of the time were so ashamed that they admitted themselves to be poltroons. In the words of Henry Adams: "Nothing could be more dangerous to the Americans than the loss of self-respect. The habit of denouncing themselves as cowards and of hearing themselves denounced as a race that cared only for money tended to produce the qualities imputed. Americans of 1810 were persuaded that they could not meet Englishmen or Frenchmen on equal terms, man against man, or stand in battle against the veterans of Napoleon or Nelson. The sense of national and personal inferiority sank astonishingly deep. Reasonable enough as regarded the immense superiority of Europe in organization, it passed bounds when it condemned everything American as contemptible, as when the Federalist gentry refused to admit the Democrats of Pennsylvania or the Republicans of Virginia or the Government at Washington into the circle of civilized life."

The British minister was the only one to suffer. Our brave ancestors threatened to tar and feather anybody that invited him to dinner! That was the most vicious slap on the wrist we could accomplish.

While the British kicked our boats about and kidnapped our citizens, Napoleon seized without notice ten million dollars' worth of American property, and imprisoned the American crews of two or three hundred American vessels in his dungeons, "while at the same time he told Americans that he loved them," says Adams.

Four long, loathsome years had now passed since the *Leopard* shot up the *Chesapeake* and even an apology had not yet been made. Yet our pacifist Congress proved its good faith by reducing the military appropriations of 1810 by over a million dollars and cut the naval appropriations in half. In 1811 not enough money was appropriated to police the coasts. Our Government, in Adams's words, was reduced to "the last stage of imbecility."

There was no longer even protest against the impressment of our sailors. We had grown so used to our degradation that we dared not pretend that the person of an American citizen was sacred.

After all these years of groveling pacifism with no result except

the privilege of licking still more boots, war broke, as it always does, from the most unexpected cause imaginable. The murder of the Austrian archduke in Sarajevo brought on the World War and us into it. But a hundred and sixty years before that, young George Washington with a handful of men had fired into a French scouting party and killed young M. Jumonville. That volley brought on a World War in which we took a heavy part, calling it the French and Indian War.

*Cartoons by
John Cassel*

Our War of 1812 was brought on by a little Indian battle of ours in the State of Indiana, between General Harrison and Chief Tecumseh's people at Tippecanoe. We could always fight Indians and were in the majority of cases defeated. The Tippecanoe victory came within an ace of such a typical massacre as Braddock's, Harmar's, St. Clair's and Custer's expeditions; but we outnumbered the Indians two to one at Tippecanoe and Chief Tecumseh was absent. We called it a great victory, but Tecumseh said it was "a struggle between two little children who only scratch each other's faces."

Yet this skirmish brought an end to our submission to England and Napoleon. It convinced us that we could whip somebody in the world, and we went looking for more gore. We wanted to fight England now, because England was trading with our Indian enemies and encouraging them to claim what they foolishly thought their rights.

American oratory began to balloon, and the cry was all for war. The main trouble was we had endured so much so long that it was impossible to waken much enthusiasm. Nobody wanted to enlist and nobody wanted to vote any money lest somebody might have to pay some taxes. Characteristically, too, the Federalists, who had reviled Jefferson and Madison for their pacifism, denounced Madison now for his sabre-rattling and refused to fight.

Nevertheless, here were the pacifists, Jefferson and Madison, abruptly turning militarists, as pacifists always have done at some strange moment. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, but it always looks foolish for the humps to go down under just that one wisp after standing up under such bales. The sudden belligerence of Madison's party also of-

fended numbers of people who had been making large sums of money out of the foreign wars, as certain munitions makers and others made vast fortunes supplying the combatants in the World War. The good merchants of 1812 felt that it was a shame to interrupt prosperity for such a battered old scarecrow as honor. Besides, New England was all for England and hot against France. The Federalists declared that if we must fight someone, it ought to be France. If we fought England, New England threatened to abstain, and to a large extent did keep out of it. In fact, if the war had lasted a little longer, New England would probably have seceded bodily and joined England.

It is unquestionably true that we kowtowed to the infamous

"We have always gone into wars without preparation, but never more insanely than into the War of 1812"



behavior of Napoleon, and it is almost beyond bearing to realize how Madison kept declaring to England that Napoleon had promised not to molest us further when the facts were, as England knew well, that Napoleon not only had not made such a promise but kept maltreating our commerce with a brutality second only to England's. On the very day after war was declared, June 18, 1812, news arrived of the burning of more American vessels by French frigates.

When we went to war we went to war with a pitiful official falsehood as our excuse.

But Madison was determined to have a war and he was not to be deterred by anything like inconsistency or the impossibility of success. Senator Giles, who had denounced Washington viciously while the Father of his Country was alive, now made public apology for his errors. Everything in the country was topsyturvy and there was no unity in anything.

Madison, unable to rouse the country from the lethargy into which he had drugged it, now hoped to waken it after war was declared. As Henry Adams puts it:

"The experiment of thrusting the country into war to inflame it, as crude ore might be thrown into a furnace, was avowed by the party leaders, from President Madison downward, and was in truth the only excuse for a course otherwise resembling an attempt at suicide. Many nations have gone to war in pure gayety of heart; but perhaps the United States were first to force themselves into a war they dreaded, in the hope that the war itself might create the spirit they lacked."

John Randolph protested: "I know that we are on the brink of some dreadful scourge, some great desolation, some awful visitation from that Power whom, I am afraid, we have as yet in our national capacity taken no pains to conciliate. . . . Go to war without money, without men, without a navy! Go to war when

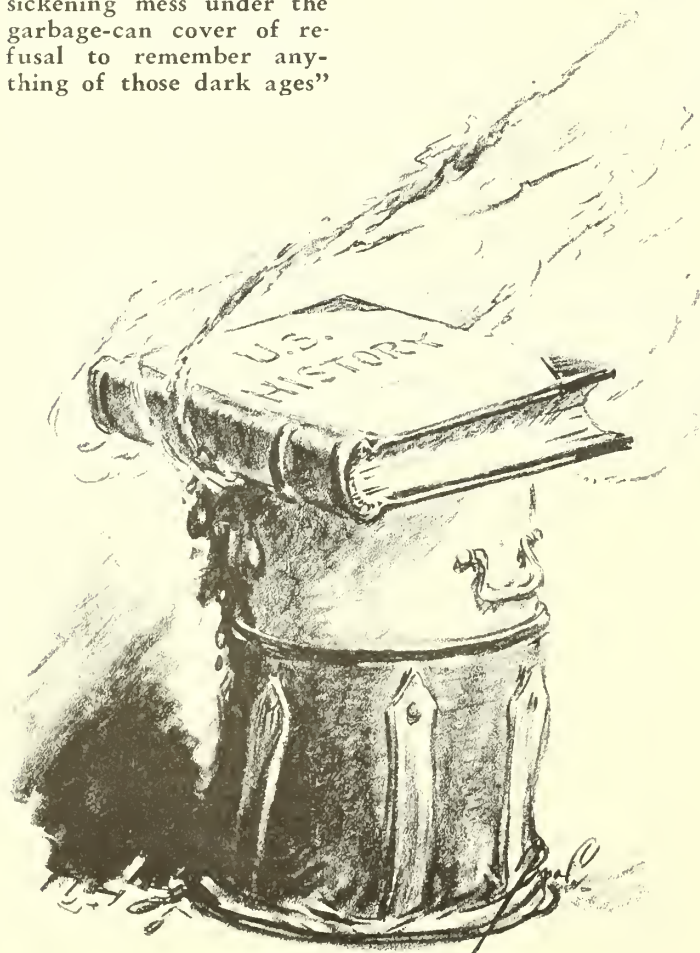
we have not the courage, while your lips utter war, to lay war taxes when your whole courage is exhibited in passing Resolutions!"

The oddest thing of all was that while we were declaring war England was making friendly overtures to us in order to concentrate on the final deathlock with Napoleon. As soon as she learned of the declaration of war, England asked for a truce for further debate, but our pacifists would not be denied the plunge.

We have always gone into wars without preparation, but never more insanely than into the War of 1812. Our old Army officers of the day, said General Scott, "had very generally sunk into either sloth, ignorance, or habits of intemperate drinking." Our younger officers were few and generally owed their commissions to political pull. It has been one of our unailing practices to begin wars with politicians in command of troops. Who can forget that William Jennings Bryan was made a colonel in the Spanish war?

Our state of unpreparedness was unbelievable. Adams describes it: "The sea-shore was nowhere capable of defence; the Lakes were unguarded; the Indians of the Northwestern Territory were already in arms, and known to be waiting only a word from the Canadian governor-general; while the whole country beyond the Wabash and Maumee Rivers stood nearly defenceless. At Detroit one hundred and twenty soldiers garrisoned the old British fort; eighty-five men on the Maumee held Fort Wayne; some fifty men guarded the new stockade called Fort Harrison, lately built on the Wabash; and fifty-three men, beyond possibility of rescue, were stationed at Fort Dearborn, or Chicago; finally, eighty-eight men occupied the Island of Michillimackinaw in the straits between Lake Huron and Lake Michigan. These were all the military defences of a vast territory, which once lost would need another war to regain; and these petty garrisons were certain, in the event of an ordinary mischance, to be scalped as well as captured. The situation was little better in the South and Southwest

"Candor is painful, and posterity has hushed the sickening mess under the garbage-can cover of refusal to remember anything of those dark ages"



where the Indians needed only the support of a British army at New Orleans or Mobile to expel every American garrison from the territory.

"No serious preparations for war had yet been made when the war began. In January, Congress voted ten new regiments of infantry, two of artillery, and one of light dragoons; . . . in February, Congress authorized the President to accept fifty thousand volunteers for one year's service. In June, the number of volunteers who had offered themselves was even smaller than that of regular recruits. In April, Congress authorized the President to call out one hundred thousand State militia. In June, no one knew whether all the States would regard the call, and still less whether the militia would serve beyond the frontier."

The war began with pompous proclamations by General Hull and a general expectation that we should capture Canada with ease. The militia promptly began to indulge in its four specialties: desertion, starvation, nakedness, and flight from battle.

When an inferior force of British attacked Detroit, poor Hull sat in an old tent and, according to a witness, "filled his mouth with tobacco, putting in quid after quid more than he generally did; the spittle colored with tobacco juice ran from his mouth on his neckcloth, beard, cravat, and vest." His surrender of a garrison in a fort to a smaller number outside is one of the most dazzling disgraces in history, but he was not alone to blame. The country had failed to give him absolutely necessary supplies and support. At the very same moment, Fort Dearborn at Chicago was burning and its garrison was massacred by the Indians. Adams says:

"ALTHOUGH the loss of Detroit caused the greatest loss of territory that ever before or since befell the United States, the public at large understood little of the causes that made it inevitable, and saw in it only an accidental consequence of Hull's cowardice. Against this victim, who had no friend in the world, every voice was raised. He was a coward, an imbecile, but above all unquestionably a traitor, who had, probably for British gold, delivered an army and a province, without military excuse, into the enemy's hands.

"If any man in the United States was more responsible than Hull for the result of the campaign it was ex-President Jefferson, whose system had shut military efficiency from the scope of American government; but to Jefferson, Hull and his surrender were not the natural products of a system, but objects of hatred and examples of perfidy that had only one parallel. 'The treachery of Hull, like that of Arnold, cannot be a matter of blame to our government,' he wrote on learning the story of Lewis Cass and the Ohio militia officers, who told with the usual bitterness of betrayed men what they knew of the causes that had brought their betrayal to pass. 'The detestable treason of Hull,' as Jefferson persisted in calling it, was the more exasperating to him because, even as late as August 4, he had written with entire confidence to the same correspondent that 'the acquisition of Canada this year, as far as the neighborhood of Quebec, will be a mere matter of marching, and will give us experience for the attack of Halifax, the next and the final expulsion of England from the American continent.'"

Among our generals at that time the usual jealousies raged and there occurred the same prima donna quarrels for precedence that drove Washington frantic during the Revolution.

General van Rensselaer followed Hull into disgrace. He surrendered nine hundred men to about a thousand. Next was General Smyth, who made eloquent promises and saw his army of four thousand men just melt away after a badly managed advance against a thousand. They fired their muskets in every direction except at the enemy, and "showed a preference for General Smyth's tent; which caused the General to shift his quarters repeatedly." Smyth was accused of cowardice, fought a bloodless duel and dropped out.

General Dearborn next set forth for Canada with a

still larger army, but changed his mind. Henry Adams says that if these disasters had occurred abroad, "they would have gone far to cost a European war minister his life, as they might have cost his nation its existence."

At sea we had a little success because of the eight frigates built before Jefferson's time, and some smaller ships he built to fight Tripoli. But the Administration did nothing to increase the force and the ships that won the first victories got to sea by pretending not to have received the orders forbidding them to leave port. We owed our bit of glory to the disobedience of our sailors!

AS THEODORE ROOSEVELT pointed out in his history of the war, we owed every one of our naval victories to the fact that our ships were the best in the world so far as they went. They dazed the English by their victories over inferior craft because the English had supposed themselves supreme against almost any odds. The names of some of our few victorious ships are household words, but we have forgotten even the names of the many that surrendered or were burned by their own officers to escape capture.

The lesson of these naval victories is all for expertness; and power of ships and armament. If we had not had these few great ships our disgrace would have been unmitigated.

An amazing coincidence brought to Boston Captain Isaac Hull, announcing the destruction of the *Guerrière* by the *Constitution*, and on the same day the news that his uncle, General Hull, had surrendered at Detroit.

Jefferson was now all for mighty frigates and seventy-fours at any cost instead of creek-haunting gunboats. But frigates cannot be built in a day.

On land there was no limit to the shame either at home or at the front. The Federalist party, which had believed in preparedness and war under Washington and Adams, did all it could to thwart the Administration. In Massachusetts one Congressman who voted for war was actually kicked through his home town on his return. During a riot in Baltimore a Revolutionary officer, General Lingan, was tortured and beaten to death, and the famous friend of Washington, Lighthorse Harry Lee, was left a crippled wreck for life from beating and trampling.

The governor of Vermont would not permit the militia to serve, Massachusetts papers advocated a separate peace with England, New England furnished unlimited supplies to the British troops in Canada and lent more money to the British government than to her own. A

Boston paper said that any citizen who bought American securities was dishonest.

General Harrison, hero of Tippecanoe, set out to recapture Detroit in September, 1813, with a superb army of about ten thousand men in three columns. They got bogged for months, starved, froze, lived on hickory roots, died in swarms from typhus. About a thousand of them succeeded in getting in touch

with the British, were utterly defeated and surrendered. Most of the wounded were massacred by the Indians.

The British description of their prisoners showed that our soldiers in bitter winter were still clad in cotton uniforms and had no woollen garments. They were filthy, unshaven, unfed, looking like savage brigands.

In April, 1813, General Dearborn crossed the border and reached York, the capital of Upper Canada. He left the House of Assembly in ashes, and, though he denied ordering the destruction, the British used this as a precedent for burning our Capitol.

During the campaign of 1813 our Government never succeeded in collecting a single army of more than ten or eleven thousand. In 1812 Congress had blithely voted a hundred thousand men, but

in February, 1813, we had less than 19,000, and by January, 1814, only 23,614.

The War Department's figures show that during the War of 1812 there were no fewer than 528,274 enlistments, yet we could not get twelve thousand men together and feed, clothe, equip, or fight them.

In 1814, with Napoleon temporarily out of the way, England poured veterans into Canada. She had captured no less than one hundred miles of our New England seacoast and the citizens had taken an oath of allegiance to the King. The superb naval victory of Perry on Lake Erie over an inferior British fleet combined with the still more important and more brilliant victory of McDonough on Lake Champlain to upset the British steam-roller, but this was manifestly only a temporary check.

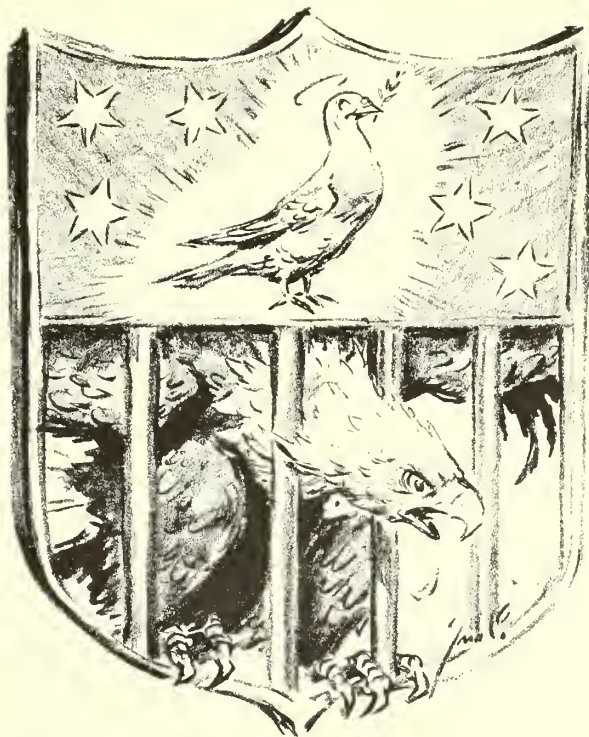
OUR resistance was bedecked with little incidents like the surrender of 540 of our troops to 260 Indians, Canadian militia and British regulars on June 24, 1813, and the utter defeat of 2,000 American regulars by 800 British and Canadians and 30 Indians on November 11, 1813.

"This defeat," says Adams, "was the least creditable of the disasters suffered by American arms during the war. No excuse or palliative was ever offered for it."

But the climax of our disgrace was the capture and burning of our Capitol. We have never ceased to denounce the barbarism of the British, and it was indefensible, but what of the barbarism of leaving our Capitol for two years of war without a single ditch or one breastwork marked out for its protection?

When the British began to threaten Washington, three thousand militia were called for, and two hundred and fifty men responded. Other troops were assembled, such as they were, but though the British landed only four

(Continued on page 70)



"Pacifism rules the nation in two ways—indifference, and the ardent belief in peace at any price"



The NUMBER TEN HAT

by James
E. Darst

Illustrations by A.B. Butler, Jr.

AS KY full of cold and brilliant stars looked down on the vague outlines of the sprawling cantonment. Few other lights were visible; first, because the hour was midnight, and second, because the army that would one day fill the wooden buildings to bursting had not yet made its appearance in full force. The skeleton organization of a division and its attendant depot brigade waited, this October of '17, to receive the men—waited nervously, much more nervously than the soldiers-to-be themselves.

Lieutenant Wiley Maxwell and eight or ten other shavetails sat around a hot stove in a shack near the camp railroad station. They were the contingent assigned to take charge of the incoming quota of men for the depot brigade. One second loopy to each company of two hundred and fifty men was the allotment; each lieutenant was not long graduated from an intensive three months in the first officers' training camp.

Far away over the prairie a train whistled. The second lieutenants bestirred themselves and wet their lips as they took posts at the far end of a long building a stone's throw from the station. Other uniformed figures moved in and out of the shadows and stood beside the rails. With a great wheezing, the train drew up and came to a stop. Muslin signs flapped at the sides of the coaches. In the dim light various painted legends could be deciphered:

"Blank County Contingent—Rarin' To Go!"—"To Hell with the Kaiser!"—"Remember the Lusitania!"

Immediately dozens and scores of disheveled men

He tossed the general a salute—the cheery salute of camaraderie

jumped from the car steps. Most of them looked as if they had slept in their clothes for days. They were bleary-eyed and unshaven and nervously shook out and lighted cigarettes. Each man carried a suitcase that was obviously well



Uneasy burghers stirred in their sleep, and catamounts were apprehensive

within the classification of inexpensive, which had been urged in instructions issued by the Government. The men drew into groups aimlessly and, as they milled about, the uniformed figures, important as sheep dogs, barked at them and herded them into weaving and uncertain ranks. A husky voice bellowed: "Everybody proceed to the receiving barracks! Follow the men with the lanterns!"

The lanterns moved away in the direction of the long building and the rabble trailed after.

And now war began in earnest for these boys of farm and factory—in this case, chiefly of farm. As each man came out of the darkness into the interior of the unpainted pine building, he was ordered to remove his clothes. The room was without heat except what was thrown off by the men's bodies, the season was advanced, and the camp was located far, far above the Mason-Dixon line. Each shivering recruit, as soon as he was naked, shoved his civilian clothes into his suitcase and, under directions, tottered down a splintery corridor. Ahead of him, behind a closed door, was bedlam. When he opened the door he understood. In the cold and cheerless interior men were taking icy shower-baths and the shock of the water brought to their lips screams, and worse, that echoed among the hills fifteen miles away. Uneasy burghers stirred in their sleep in the adjacent villages. Catamounts were apprehensive as they prowled the thickets.

When a man had dried himself he was handed articles of a uniform and somehow clothed himself. He emerged at the far end of the dreadful building a soldier.

Here the covey of second lieutenants waited. They sympathized thoroughly with the sufferings of their charges but they were unhappy in their own right. Ever and anon a reserve



major would rush over to them and give another order on how to handle the men when they got them. Major McCoy was sure they would do something wrong.

Little Lieutenant Maxwell agreed with Major McCoy in so far as he, Maxwell, was concerned. He had not had too much luck in this man's army. He had been a good deal of a college hero before the war, and secretly thought that it was rather handsome of him to give up a pretty fair chance at 'varsity' end this fall to do this sort of thing. In officers' camp the breaks had been atrocious. He was off to an unfortunate start when he almost shot the captain on the rifle range. The captain hadn't been a bit fair about it. Thereafter whatever Maxwell did was not much use. It had affected his confidence. He was frankly surprised and humbly grateful when he was given commission number forty-three among a possible forty-five second lieutenants. He realized it was a treacherous war and anything was apt to happen.

The first two hundred and fifty men were now accumulated, in uniform, outside the building and Major McCoy bellowed the name of a lieutenant who, in a manner of speaking, took charge. Under the baleful eye of the major, who was fearful of the more baleful eye of the colonel, Lieutenant Rice tried to get order. He shouted "Right dress!" and "Right face!" and "As you were!" and finally simply yelled "Follow me!" and got them out of there. Major McCoy was furious but failed to interfere simply because he hadn't any better idea of what to do.

SIMILARLY, Lieutenant Hotchkiss—a rummy if ever there was one, reflected Maxwell. He planned what he would do when his company was ready. Eventually it was. He stood stiffly in the light of a lantern and blew his platoon leader's whistle.

"Men, attention!"

They heeded.

"Listen closely to me. I am your company commander, Lieutenant Maxwell. You are the men of the Eighteenth Company, Depot Brigade."

McCoy prowled close. "Snap out of it, Maxwell." Maxwell hurried:

"As I take this lantern and move out I want you men to follow me, two by two. Make two lines, understand? Each man must keep close to the man ahead of him, close enough to touch him. We will march slowly, so that no one will get left behind."

The major was showing agitation again, so Maxwell cut it short and again yelled: "Attention! Company, forward march!" They moved out, still a rabble but a much more orderly crew than those who had gone before. Major McCoy watched them proceed, displeased. What an army! What a way to handle men! And, ye gods, what was this approaching? He held up his lantern.

A medium sized and thoroughly non-descript soldier, a product of the distant hills, moved morosely in line. Even in that hastily-dressed and ill-fitted company he was marked by a special slouchiness. His overcoat and uniform blouse were both open at the neck; his leggings were not laced but the strings were tied in bow knots; in one hand he carried a paper suitcase and in the other dangled an issue olive-drab campaign hat. On his head was a black derby.



"Lieutenant Maxwell, look at this man. He is carrying his campaign hat—carrying it!"

"Hey, what in blazes!" barked the major. "Lieutenant Maxwell, stop this gang of yours!" Lieutenant Maxwell did. "Look at this man. He has on a derby and is carrying his campaign hat—carrying it!"

"I hadn't noticed, sir."

"Of course you hadn't noticed."

"It is rather dark, sir."

"Not too dark for me to see. Question that man."

Maxwell asked: "What is your name?" and the man grunted: "Joe Dipple."

"Why don't you wear your uniform hat?"

"Can't git it on."

"What size do you wear?"

"Number ten, I reckon."

Major McCoy snorted. "Nonsense. The man's crazy. Let me see that derby." Joe Dipple handed it over and the major examined it. "By Jove, it is a ten. A size ten hat, can you imagine that? Where did you get it?"

"Down in the store."

"Can you wear it?"

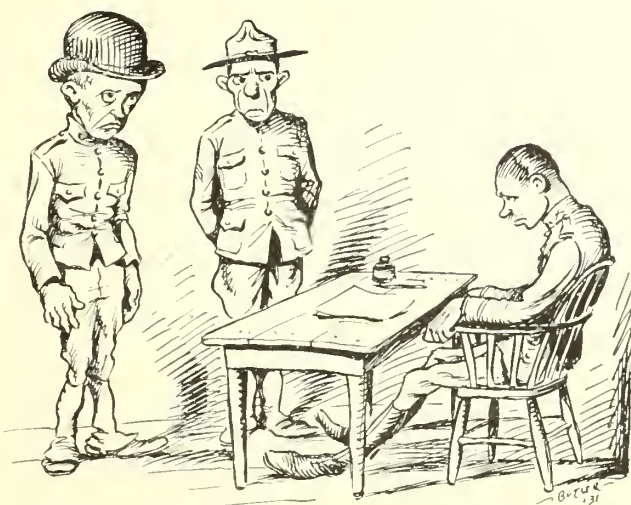
The soldier silently placed it on his head and there it stayed—a fair, snug fit and no favors asked. The major was struck silent. But other companies were forming back near the building and he couldn't waste more time.

"Anyway, Maxwell," he said sternly, "you are supposed to notice the unusual. That's soldiering. Get that gang under way."

Lieutenant Maxwell, in a blind rage at the injustice of it and the damnable luck that put the one man in the world with a number ten head in his company, took the lead again and got the shivering mob under way. It struck him that it was unlikely that Private Dipple was going to be a rabbit's foot, a harbinger of good luck for his comrades.

A week passed and some semblance of order was established in the Fifth Battalion of the Depot Brigade. The order extended to and embraced the Eighteenth Company, Lieutenant Maxwell commanding. He had found, among the two hundred and fifty, one man who had served eighteen months in the regular cavalry and who, Lieutenant Maxwell felt sure, had deserted. However, at this stage of his army

career desertion appealed to Lieutenant Maxwell as a mark of high intelligence, so he made Kent first sergeant. Five other men boasted some slight military experience and were made supply and line sergeants. This nucleus was used to train a score of the other men



"The clerk said we would have to put it up to the Quartermaster General's office"

as corporals. It was now possible to form the company into two lines, give them right face and march them to the drill field.

It was hard, plugging, slogging work. The men were eager but were essentially civilians, with no tradition of arms. Many of them had never left their mountain homes, nor had they seen a train, until war caught them. A score or more could not even write their names. They were poorly clad and not equipped at all. There were only two blankets apiece and there was no heat in the entire camp. The food was prepared by untrained cooks; rations and supplies were drawn by inexperienced officers and non-coms. It was awful—but it could have been a whole lot worse.

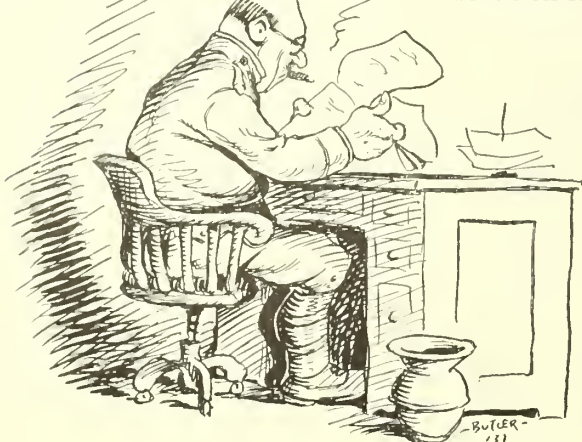
Lieutenant Maxwell sat in his orderly room, dog-tired, and pondered these things. He had just brought his company in from afternoon drill. They were pretty terrible but, after all, they were no worse, maybe a shade better, than the other depot brigade outfits. The big problem was to teach them and still find time to learn and do a hundred new things himself. In a corner of the orderly room the company clerk wrestled with the payroll and Lieutenant Maxwell dared him to ask any questions.

Supply Sergeant Brill and Private Joe Dipple entered. The best thing Brill did was salute and he gave an elaborate example. They both ignored Private Dipple.

"It's no use, sir," reported Sergeant Brill. "The biggest hat in camp won't come anywhere near fitting this bird. First I took him to the battalion supply office. Thought they might have an odd size or two. Nope, their biggest was a seven and three-fourths. Then we went to the Camp Quartermaster and he was pretty decent about it. Sort of got interested in this guy's case. Seemed surprised that he wasn't nutty with that size head, and I said I guessed he was but it didn't show up among this crowd. The biggest hat in the entire camp turned out to be an eight. The quartermaster clerk said the Army had it all figured out—how many number seven hats to a division of thirty thousand men, how many sixes, how many eights and so forth. They had only allowed four eights for the whole shebang and three of those were taken. The one that was left didn't even roof over the top of Joe's dome. The clerk said we would have to put it up to the Quartermaster General's office in Washington."

"All right, Sergeant. Thanks. Better get ready for Retreat." He mused: "How the deuce does a fellow write a letter to the Quartermaster General?" He turned to the company clerk. "Frazer, write a letter to the Quartermaster General, Washington, through military channels, requesting one number ten, issue, olive drab campaign hat for Private Dipple. No, don't ask me. Look it up. We'll get it off tonight."

**In Washington,
Lieutenant Colonel
Swazey was back
from sick leave**



He left the orderly room and went to his own quarters and washed up for Retreat. The long shadows were stretching their fingers across the prairie. The notes of First Call came to his ears. He stood in front of his company as the first sergeant dressed the lines and made his report "At ease!" Not such bad guys and looking like soldiers already. His eyes swept the ranks. There loomed up Private Dipple with his black derby



Even Private Dipple was impressed

cocked on his head. A bitter gorge rose in Lieutenant Maxwell's throat. He brought the men to attention as Retreat sounded. Out of the corner of his eye he noted an alien figure, a trim major. The major was surveying the troops. It boded no good.

He went into his quarters again and laid off his side arms. The other shavetails were shouting to each other through open doors, the while listening intently for mess call. They surged

into the mess room and fidgeted impatiently, tugging at their collars, until the commanding officer, Major McCoy, was there.

"Be seated, gentlemen." They fell to the soup. The roast and four or five vegetables, also bread and jam, disappeared. The pie went down the hatch along with the second cups of coffee. The major had a moment now.

"Lieutenant Maxwell!"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a man in your company, I am told, who persists in wearing a derby hat."

"That's Private Dipple, sir. It isn't that he persists—he can't help it."

"He *will* help it. An inspector from division headquarters saw this man actually standing retreat today wearing a derby hat. He just phoned me. Think of it!"

Everyone thought. Maxwell cleared his throat.

"Sir, I have just had the camp searched for a campaign hat large enough for this man—number ten, sir. There was no hat that large."

"Lieutenant, that's no excuse."

Maxwell blinked but went on: "I wrote a letter to the Quartermaster General in Washington, sir."

"And what in the meantime? What of the appearance of my command while you wait for the Quartermaster General to act?" The major arose from the table. "I expect you to correct this situation, Lieutenant. And at once."

Silently, they watched him go. The trio of first lieutenants and the two captains looked dignified and severe, and the second looys looked panic-stricken. They were as a flock of sheep who detect killing tendencies in the dog that watches them. An unfair blow like this might strike any one of them. They withdrew in pairs and, after a short lapse of time, gathered in Maxwell's room. They talked softly and earnestly.

One school of thought, the most radical, held that Private Dipple should be deprived of his derby and allowed to wear no hat at all pending the arrival of the campaign hat from Washington. Another group urged that the derby hat be covered with the olive-drab cloth of a shelter-half; true, the shape would be uncouth, but from a distance the hat would blend with the color of the others. A third group advanced the plan of taking a campaign hat, as close as possible to Dipple's size, cutting a segment out of it behind and patching (Continued on page 70)

HERE COMES *the* BAND

By
Major W.J.
O'Callaghan

WHAT heart so cold that it is not thrilled, what foot so heavy that is not lightened, when from far away in the mysterious distance comes the characteristic clang-ting of the military band?

Man has learned how to use the tonal quality of the band and bend it to his purpose. His chief purpose has been to stimulate vigor, and military commanders have so used it from the time when trumpets banded together at the siege of Jericho down to the World War.

The ancients depended on the trumpet and drum and their popularity has continued down to the present day. Form and tone have changed to some degree, but essentially the trumpets and drums of today are the same as those of thousands of years ago.

The fife and drum was a popular combination during the Eighteenth Century and during a part of the Nineteenth. From the time of the Revolution down to and including the Civil War, the fife and drum was popular in our armies. As a boy I often heard fife and drum corps play for G. A. R. parades. It delighted me, for despite the weakness of the fife there was something thrilling in its thin shrill tones when played in unison with other fifes. A single fife was a poor thing by itself, but when playing in unison to the accompaniment pulsing rhythm of many drums, the effect was electrical.

The drum and bugle corps has limitations as well as advantages. Its limitations grow out of the fact that it is limited in range and has comparatively few notes at its dis-



posal. That is why the drum and bugle corps can secure listening interest for but little time. Among its advantages are virile tone and strong rhythm, mobility and readiness for service. It has a superior readiness for service because its instruments are not easily damaged and because individual absences, with its simple two-part (drums and bugles) composition, do not affect it in the same degree that similar absences would affect a band. Excepting for the drums in wet weather, weather conditions have little effect. Valve instruments freeze, bugles never.

Today, the drum and bugle corps is at the zenith of its popularity. This is entirely due to the stimulation given by The American Legion. The spirit of competition, which never fails to find response in American manhood, has been used wisely by the Legion in building up the ever increasing number of drum and bugle corps scattered over the land. Membership in a contest-winning drum and bugle corps has come to mean something like an accolade—a shining medal on the breast, placed there by the composite hands of America's warriors. From 1921 to 1930 inclusive, these contests have gone on creating super-organizations. The results have been attracting so much attention from abroad that the British are asking, "How do they do it." Dr. C. C. Hawke, of Winfield, Kansas, Chairman of the National Convention Contests Supervisory Committee, informs me that through the British Chamber of Commerce, the secretary of the Association of Industries asked for and received material regarding the formation and conduct of the Legion's drum and bugle corps.

No one who has attended a national convention of The American Legion in recent years could fail to sense the fact that behind the panoply, the throbbing of drums (Continued on page 77)

When MR. BAKER MADE WAR

By Frederick Palmer

ON THE evidence of the documents Pershing had no such surprise in the war as the suddenness of its end. After the rapid advance of the Allies in the late summer and fall of 1918, which had brought them to the threshold of victory, Pershing was still calling for three million more men to reinforce his two million. In order that I may present them in sequence I have so far only touched upon the cables and correspondence about the one hundred-division program, which, when read in connection with the German staff records, will surely form one of the most puzzling phenomena of the war to the future historian.

It will be recalled how the crisis of the first and second German offensives, March-April, 1918, changed all our plans and hurried infantry and machine gun personnel to France; and how the threat to Paris with the fall of Château-Thierry in the third German offensive sounded the alarm of the Allied premiers and generals in a meeting of the Supreme War Council which called for still further extension of our program; and how we celebrated the Fourth of July, 1918, with the news of a million American soldiers in France.

It was after the fourth German offensive had been stopped, after Cantigny and Belleau Wood had given their convincing exhibition of the American soldiers' quality, that on June 23, 1918, Foch and Pershing sent this joint cable:

"To achieve victory in 1919 it is necessary to have numerical superiority over the enemy which can only be secured if we have in France eighty divisions by April and one hundred by July next."

This cable was "to be submitted to President Wilson." That is, it was a direct appeal to his Commander-in-Chief by the general of our Army in France, and also a direct appeal by the generalissimo of the Allied armies who was the spokesman in action of the unified command of which the President had been an advocate long before it was achieved.

Pershing went even further than Foch. He favored one hundred and ten divisions which, according to the A. E. F. estimates, counting in all special units and Services of Supply troops, would have made a total of six million Amer-

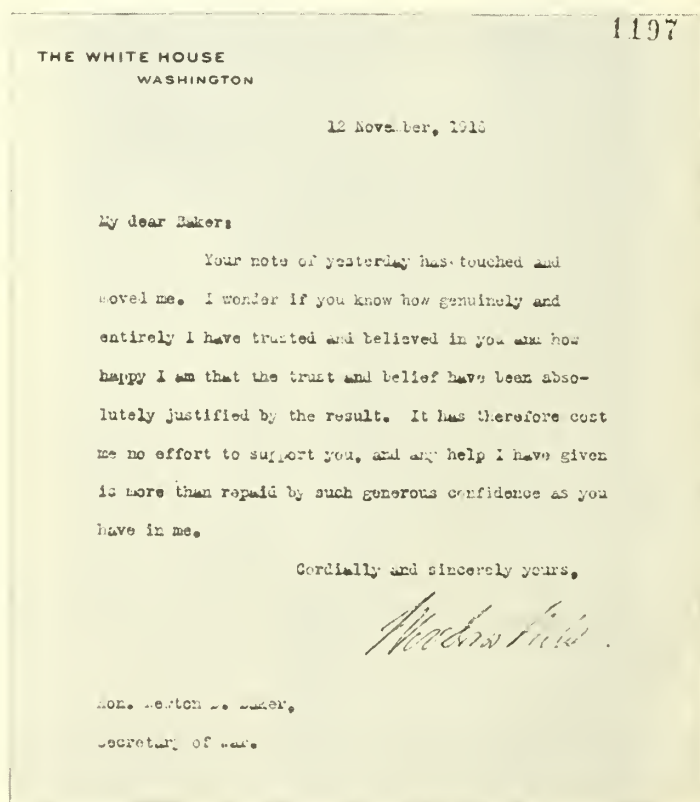
icans in France. His first call on July 6, 1917, soon after his arrival in France, had been for a million men which he anticipated for the winter of 1917-18 and which he had received in July, 1918. In the dispatch of July 6, 1917, he had also envisioned the possibility of two million men by 1919, a number which he now trebled.

The Foch-Pershing cable for the one hundred divisions arrived in Washington at a time when we were straining all our efforts to send three hundred thousand men a month to meet an emergency, when the congestion in French ports was requiring an eighty-day turn-around of cargo ships all of which we must supply, when the future was dark as to how we were to supply the men we were sending and when the problem of priorities in production to meet the demands of the A. E. F. and our Allies for munitions was increasingly acute. Not only were the Allies also pressing us to send troops to Northern Russia and Siberia and Italy, but also to Macedonia.

This new demand contemplated transporting and maintaining across three thousand miles of sea through the submarine zone an army larger than Germany ever had in the field, double that of the combined British and French armies, and after we had this immense host in France we would have to transport and maintain it at a distance from the ports greater than that of the average

distance from their munition plants and sources of supply of the British, French, and German armies. In brief, America was expected to do far more in ratio to population and distance than what nations which in defense of their very homes and their national integrity had been able to do at the top of their exertions and when Britain and France had had all the world's munition power at their service, including our own before we entered the war. The War Department's position was further complicated by the whispering gallery's talk of five million men in France, which had its information from returning travelers and the French mission in Washington. On July 2d this cable was sent by March to Pershing:

"The 100-division program is being studied and it is considered by the President and Secretary of War of the greatest im-



After the last shot



© Harris & Ewing

THE COMMANDER- IN-CHIEF

initiated for the purpose of handling such matters by the President."

Easy as it was to write the Foch-Pershing cablegram, sound and proper as it might be, there was also the entering factor that Foch the soldier, the strategist, and a Frenchman, thinking in terms of man-power for his dispositions, did not, as Pershing has remarked, concern himself much with tonnage and supplies.

On July 6, 1918, Baker wrote to Pershing:

"When the 100-division program came it occurred to me that we ought to study the situation with the view of determining the maximum amount we can do. I have the feeling that this war has gone on long enough and if any exertions on our part or any sacrifice can speed its successful termination even by a single day, we should make it. We are therefore now having studies made to show the things necessary to be done for three possible programs, one involving sixty, one eighty, and the other one hundred divisions by the first of July, 1919."

In a letter of June 18, 1918, Pershing was still worrying after the fourth German offensive had been practically stopped in its tracks, lest America should be left to fight the war practically alone the coming year. He feared lest he must put some of his regiments into French divisions to give them courage, and he was still alarmed lest the Germans recruit Russian man-power for their armies. He must have four hundred thousand men a month instead of three hundred thousand. Send him the hosts and a way would be found to supply them. Spain was a virgin unexploited field for supplies. There need be no worry about food. There was plenty. He had to use strong words, he said, because the nation faced the most serious situation in its history.

The War Department had not only to be sure it could have the supplies for the hundred-division program and the ships to transport the men and supplies, but also the men trained and equipped for embarkation, when the withdrawal of all new levies from civil life meant so much less in industrial man-power. We could do no more than put all the women to work in their places.

At the rate of four hundred thousand a month we should more than exhaust the capacity of our cantonments in four months. This meant only four months' training. Pershing in his letter of June 18th increased the request of a previous cable by five hundred thousand men when he asked that we draft two million more. As the French put up with the billeting of their own soldiers and those of two foreign nations Pershing thought Congress should pass a law allowing billeting of our soldiers in private homes in the United States.

But the French and British troops had all received their initial training in garrison. They had not gone back and forth between billets and drill ground. The proposal meant a revolution in method that would break down the training system.

Since the emergency rush of troops had begun Pershing had frequently complained about the state of their training and also that sometimes the divisions were not up to their maximum strength. Baker on July 6th answered: "The troops which we

portance that no expectation be held out by you to representatives of foreign armies that the United States will be able to carry out such a program until you are informed so from here. We intend to keep up the increased program through August provided shipping can be definitely obtained from Great Britain. Before that time consideration must be given to question of shipping, material, and the industrial output of the United States, concerning which conferences will be held with representatives of the shipping board, war industries board, war trade board, and other civilian agencies which have been in-

CABLEGRAM.	
CABLE COMPANY.	Received at the War Department. Washington, D.C. Sept. 6, 1918
No. 13 CO	From <u>HAEP</u> M.
	To <u>The Adjutant General, Washington</u>
Copies furnished as noted:	<p>Casualty Number 243 September 5th</p> <p>Report following casualties:</p> <p>Deaths: Killed in action:</p> <p>Walter A. Vendire 1,557,997 Private 10th Company 1st Infantry Training Battalion July 25th;</p> <p>Calvin S. Thompson 1,560,714 Private Company A 7th Infantry,</p> <p>Edward O. Thorpe 1,555,627 and</p> <p>George M. Meridith 306,706 Private Company B 7th Infantry,</p> <p>Roy F. Swartz 554,680 Corporal Company L 9th Machine Gun Battalion,</p> <p>Walter L. Tavenner 552,459 Private Company L 3rd Infantry and</p> <p>Deane Burharj 2,096,993 Private Company E 6th Engineers July 15;</p> <p>Mayor Stone (no number) Private Company A 6th Marines July 21st;</p> <p>Samuel D. Ashby 1,591,714 Private Company E 23th Infantry June 18;</p> <p>Alvin Ruth (no number) Private Company E 6th Marines and</p> <p>Benjamin Austin (no number) Private Company H 6th Marines July 19;</p> <p>William C. Stevenson 45,407 Private 1st class Company E 110th Infantry July 29th;</p> <p>Alley Mastroni 547,025 Private Company G 30th Infantry July 24th;</p> <p>Alexander Melnil 1,636,277 Private Company G 110th Infantry and</p> <p>Tony Richard 743,746 Private Company G 3rd Ammunition Train July 30;</p> <p>Ruben Trujillo 1,514,291 Private Company L 110th Infantry July 29th;</p> <p>Moses Benavidez 1,627,272 Private Company H 110th Infantry July 29;</p>

the war; first, that while it may take nine months or a year to train raw recruits into soldiers in peace-time, when there is no inspiration from an existing struggle, it takes no such length of time now when the great dramatic battles are being fought and men are eager to qualify themselves to participate in them.

"As a consequence of these discoveries, I feel that we will be perfectly safe if we have a million men in training in the United States at all times. That will enable us to feed them out to you at the rate of 250,000 a month and bring that number in by draft at the other end, which will always give us an adequate supply of men who have had as much training as they can profitably secure here in the United States."

IT IS interesting to note that while the capacity of the nation was being analyzed for the dispatch and maintenance of the gigantic force and insuring support of Congress and people, the proponents of an enormous aerial offensive which could fly the Atlantic and have enough left to drop bombs on Berlin were not idle at home. Their propaganda is the more significant in view of the lapse of time after the war before a New York-to-Paris flight was achieved.

The fluctuations in the A. E. F.'s directions as to priorities as our divisions were being moved on Foch's checker board did not make the War Department's task any easier. For instance, it was not as simple as moving a pin on a map to comply with the request as late as June 27, 1918, that the forty-three squadrons of air personnel to be embarked during June and July be sent direct to England, when some of them were already on ships bound for France. On July 19th Pershing was saying that tonnage arranged for was entirely inadequate to supply

even the thirty divisions to be in France by September first, and the War Department must not go below the thirty pounds a month a man plus construction material. At the same time he urged that a satisfactory outcome of the war was dependent upon having at least eighty divisions by May or July, 1919, which would call for several million tons of cargo transport based on a seventy-two-day turn-around.

"I am especially concerned that there should be no disappointment on the part of our Allies," Baker had written in his letter of July 6th to Pershing. "I would very much rather they expect less and receive more, than to expect more and be disappointed with the result."

On July 25th the War Department on the basis of all the information it could gain

decided that it would undertake the eighty-division program which meant, according to March's understanding of Pershing's

have recently sent you have admittedly been of an uneven quality, chiefly because we have made up deficiencies in divisions about to sail by taking men from other divisions, with consequent disorganization of those divisions from which men were repeatedly taken, and when we got to a place where we could no longer carry out this process, fairly raw men had to be used in order to keep divisions from sailing short. The plan inaugurated by General March of having replacement divisions in this country from which deficiencies could be supplied without robbing other divisions and disorganizing them, seems to me to solve the problem, and the divisions which come to you in August and September will, I am sure, show highly beneficial results from this policy.

"We have discovered two things about training in this country which apparently nobody knew or thought of before we went into

WESTERN UNION CABLEGRAM	
Received at	September 6, 1918.
1600 W. Gov Collect	London 2876/2867 1/52
Agwar	Wington.
Otryxupven Ehzozfejij; Bizepnehil Pudajotryx Oafeguzjal	
Walter Dijed Vandine Ehfifgeyyr Ehzazrybum Hefafyvyys	
Hefifoshuk Agxetrywee Impaxfegeb Unmok Calvin Uroum Thompson Ehfifgeyyr	
Ehritrybum Ehfiofvyys Aghioozbol Edward Upnyx Thorpe Ehfifgeyyr	
Ehritrybum Ehretiofkyo George Oxpur Meridith Ehzazrybum Ehfifvyys	
Aghioozbol Roy Elwez Swartz Ehritrybum Ehtutuwuz Ozhukfika; Hebesonyir	
Ozbol Walter Mavix Tavenner Ehzazrybum Ehyupvyys Akzeiofkyo.	
11AM.	
CABLEGRAM	
WAR DEPARTMENT.	NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT
Received at	September 6, 1918.
3/18CO HA	
Agwar - 60	
Ehgeoyvyys Akzagehnyk Giripfegad Tony Richard Ehzazrybum Ehfifvyys	
Ozhukefgor Hefibiozan Pegidunmok Ruben Trujillo Ehfifgeyyr Ehzazrybum	
Ehgudyvyys Agkorehnyk Giripfegad Unmok Moses Benavidez Ehfifgeyyr	
Ehretrybum Ehzazryvyys Agkorehnyk Giripfegad	

An American casualty cablegram in code and in translation

estimate, about a million men fewer than Baker, on his second trip to France, was to find that Pershing had in mind. But the War Department had approved the eighty-division program only in the sense that it could deliver the men and material to our ports. It was not yet sure of the necessary shipping. On the 28th Baker was writing to Bliss:

"When you have ascertained, by conference with your British associates, what we can expect in the matter of assistance with tonnage cargo, the situation will be clear. That, and the capacity of the French ports, are our greatest impediments. The work of the Shipping Board in this country is progressing rapidly; Mr. Schwab seems to have endowed the whole industry with his vitality and spirit, and the shipyards of the country are ringing with rivet-driving contests, so that the estimates of tonnage hitherto made by the Shipping Board are quite likely to prove conservative and rather under than over the output."

So the mad dream of Hog Island by a nation which before the war had been so largely dependent on foreign merchant marines, was actually coming true.

Our approval of the eighty-division program came ten days

and had already designed as the part of the American Army in its St. Mihiel battle. On August 8th, Ludendorff's "Black Day," control of the Paris-Amiens railroad, lost to the Allies in the first German offensive, was recovered by an astonishingly successful offensive by the British, assisted by the French. "The enemy, taken wholly by surprise by the violence and rapidity of the attack, fell back in great confusion, abandoning a large quantity of material. . . . More than thirteen thousand prisoners and three hundred guns were taken on the first day." And "therefore," as Foch said in his orders for the next day, "move fast, march hard, maneuver to the front, support firmly from the rear with all the troops you have."

The offensive had passed definitely to the Allies with the troops they already had in France, while we were sending reinforce-

Ten years after the Armistice, Herr Stresemann of Germany leads the signatories of fifteen nations and the dominions of the British Empire in signing the Kellogg Pact for the Renunciation of War



after the final German offensive, a week after our two pioneer divisions had participated in the first Allied counter-drive of 1918, which was to be known as the turn of the tide. Between July 15th and August 1st the Allies had closed the Marne salient with our young American divisions assisting, and forty thousand German prisoners had been taken.

On July 24th, the day before our approval of the eighty-division program, Foch drew up a memorandum: "The defeat of the Germans must first of all be exploited thoroughly on the field of battle itself. That is why we are pursuing our attacks without pause and with all our energy." And in Foch's own italics, "*The moment has come to abandon the general defensive attitude forced upon us until now by numerical inferiority and to pass the offensive.*" His statement at the time about numerical inferiority was, of course, quite sincere and based on Allied intelligence reports.

His next offensives had three primary objects: freeing of the Paris-Avicourt railway in the Marne region; the Paris-Amiens line; and the Paris-Avicourt in the Commercay region, which he

ments at the rate of ten thousand a day and preparing to raise the ante.

And at the front British man-power was driving on in the recovery of the old Somme battle field; the French continued to make successful advances; the American Army was forming for St. Mihiel. Foch had the mass of maneuver and the element of surprise with him as he studied his chess board.

From August 8th to 15th the British had taken 30,000 prisoners and the total taken since the turn of the tide had been 100,000. On August 13th at Spa, Ludendorff offered his resignation and urged peace, but the German government did not accept it for fear of undeceiving the people. But Pershing did not know this when on August 17th he was pressing again for one hundred divisions by July 1, 1919, "as the very least force that will insure victory in 1919."

We had sent 400,000 men to France in July; and 280,000 were to go in August. Pershing's call had changed from combat divisions to S. O. S. troops and replacements.

Now I turn back from the battles about transport to the battle-

field in the chronology. After the "Black Day" Lloyd George, who had thought Haig too cautious in the past, was asking Clemenceau to deter Foch from transferring more American divisions from the British front because "we are informed that a serious attack on the British front is still probable now."

SO OFTEN had the Germans fallen back only to gather their forces for an offensive that it was not surprising the British prime minister was suspicious that recent Allied successes might have a bitter sequel. But Haig, the bit in his teeth, refused to respond to the Premier's tug at the reins and was driving on across the old Somme battlefield toward the Hindenburg (Siegfried) Line.

On August 20th Mangin's French army struck toward the Ailette, taking two hundred guns and eight thousand prisoners. By the 26th the British had taken 26,000 more prisoners. Three days previously Foch had been made a Marshal of France for his victories.

Next in order in the sequence of documents is a letter written by Bliss to Baker on the 27th which tells more graphically than the cables of the "disquieting" result of his visit to Foch's headquarters. "I do not want to dictate the following and therefore I shall have to ask you to put up with my own handwriting," said Bliss. All military representatives of the Supreme War Council had been asked each to submit his recommendation to Foch as to the sound military policy on the Western front for the remainder of the present year and for the coming year. On the afternoon of the 26th the military representatives were at Foch's headquarters in answer to his summons. He had their papers on his desk, which he had found to be in substantial agreement that "every effort must be made by the Allies thoroughly and crushingly to beat the Germans on the Western front next year."

Foch then said that "the British and French divisions must be maintained in at least their present strength through the next year at all costs; that 100 American divisions must be in France by July 1, 1919; and that tonnage must be provided, at any sacrifice, to enable the United States to do this without any chance of mistake." Bliss went on:

"He constantly reiterated that it was man-power that he wanted; that he wanted as much artillery, tanks, and aviation as

he could get, but that it was man-power and again man-power that he wanted."

He held this view in "the full light of the success he is now meeting in his present offensive against the Germans." Pershing was in accord with him, he said, and he would make this statement before the next meeting of the Supreme War Council.

In his memoirs Foch was too engrossed with his tactics of the ensuing weeks to mention this call on August 27th for 100 American divisions. The German resistance was breaking at a vital point in front of the British even as he called for man-power and yet more man-power, while Ludendorff's man-power was waning in spirit and numbers. By the 30th the Germans held only one bridgehead west of the Somme. The next day Peronne was recovered. On September 2d the French Tenth Army had the heights of Crouy and had reached the high road from Soissons to Coucy-le-Chateau.

"At the other end of the battle line," in Foch's own words, "the British First Army in continuing its broadly conceived operations recommenced its attacks. On September 2d, after violent and stubborn fighting, it broke through the Drocourt-Queant line, and passed on several miles in the direction of Marquion." Several miles for the Allies on that trench-locked Western front! Such gains were becoming a regular event. But let Foch continue: "After this smashing blow the enemy began to retreat along the whole front between the Somme and the Sensee, reaching new positions behind the Tortille and the Nord Canal in front of the Hindenburg Line. Thus at the beginning of September, victory had passed to the Allied banners."

IN THE Ypres salient the Germans had had to yield all they had won of gains in April. Indeed, within six weeks the Allies had won back all the ground they had lost in 1916, and much more. On September 12th came the victory of the American Army in closing the four-year-old St. Mihiel salient with slight losses for the achievement, taking 400 guns and 16,000 prisoners. Foch's program of July 24th was completed, the railroads released. He had grown bold with success. Now he set for us no such relatively easy task as St. Mihiel, but the most wicked, that of the hammerhead in the Meuse-Argonne as a part of a wide-

spread plan of swift, alternating blows that would give the enemy no time to reform to meet one blow before another came at another point. Lloyd George's caution became alarm when Haig proposed to attack the Hindenburg Line. But Haig persisted.

And Pershing, as he had prepared for St. Mihiel and for the Meuse-Argonne to meet the situation which had so rapidly changed in a month, was again calling for the very combat divisions from home whose sailing he had canceled. His busy staff pressed by present needs, that staff which had had so many programs, schedules and phases, was also still thinking of the American Army's part in 1919. On September 9th Pershing was demanding to know how many troops he would have month by month for the next ten months; and exactly how much material. March was cabling on the same day: "It is inferred that old system of phases has been abandoned and that troops will be in future scheduled by months in accordance

Young Germany watching a soldier of the American Army of Occupation tack up a Liberty Loan poster





Where the terms of the Armistice were drafted. The historic railway coach in which Marshal Foch and the German army leaders conferred in the forest of Compiègne. The car is now in the courtyard of the Invalides in Paris

with your monthly needs." Pershing cabled two pages of details for the next three hundred thousand troops, on September 11th and on the 12th in answer to Pershing's demand for more troops and more training at home, March was saying that fifteen new divisions were training at home and plans were to have eighteen training at all times. "This will give them all four months' training if not too many changes made in schedule."

On September 13th Pershing was calling peremptorily for more motor transportation. One of the results of forming the independent American Army was that he had to supply motor transportation for the divisions that had been moved from the British front. Why were not more trucks shipped on the open decks of ships? But we must have them manufactured before we could ship them. Even Americans could not produce motor trucks fast enough for the A. E. F. in its rapid expansion of combat divisions which were all being hurried into active battle.

Meanwhile Baker had arrived in Europe on a mission which was broader than securing more shipping aid from the British. He found that the train of Allied victories had in no wise minimized the requirements of the A. E. F. for 1919. A cable from him to March on September 23d revealed a broad disparity between the War Department's and the A. E. F.'s estimates as to the number of troops for the eighty-division program. In passing it should be mentioned that this cable of September 23d was sent when the enemy's ramparts were falling not only on the Western but the Eastern front. Allenby's final campaign against the Turks which had begun on the 19th was moving forward with giant strides. There had been a sudden reversal of the situation in the Balkans on the 17th, when the Allies had started their drive with an advance of twenty miles. Within a week Bulgaria was to sue for peace and two Turkish armies were to be destroyed.

In his cablegram of September 23d Baker said that the eighty-division program as adopted and approved by the War Department contemplated an "aggregate total force A. E. F. by June 30, 1919, of 3,760,000,

**Marshal Pétain,
Commander-in-
Chief of the
French Armies**

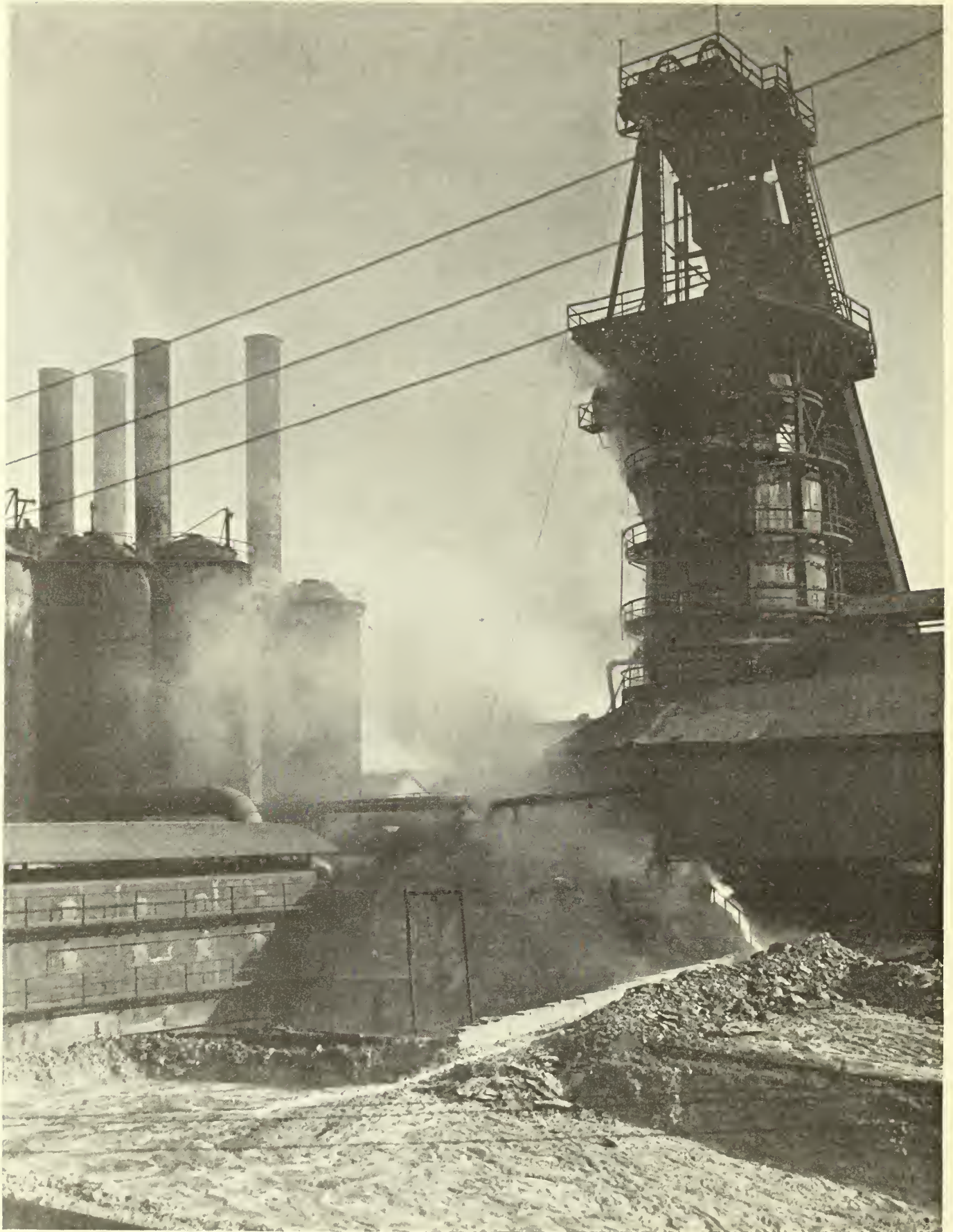


including wastage replacements of 400,000." But he found that that was nearly a million less than Pershing had in mind. "Authorities here contemplate a total force by the same date of 4,700,000. . . ." That is, the A. E. F. included sixteen depot divisions as a complement of the eighty. This was one way of getting the hundred on which the persistent Pershing had set his will. Baker asked March to advise Pershing definitely "the details contemplated by the eighty-division program as you interpret it. . . . I want personally as much information as possible before I leave." The increase of a million men and their supplies would leave us dependent on the British for shipping until well into the summer of 1919; and Baker's power of persuasion in London had not yet got enough shipping for the eighty divisions.

March's answer direct to Pershing was characteristically definite: "It is impracticable to carry out such a program. The eighty-division-in-France program (as worked out by the War Department) is the official program, and you will give instructions that rate of shipment and requirements be worked out to correspond therewith. Should it be possible to exceed it that will be done and you will be advised."

The day after this cable was received the A. E. F. went over the top to begin the Meuse-Argonne battle while Gouraud's attack on the left of the Argonne Forest made a total front from the

(Continued on page 73)



Photograph by John Kabel

WHEN STEEL PROSPERS,
THE NATION PROSPERS

The flames that play above the chimneytops of the smelters, measure of the activity of the steel industry, will be so many beacons of returning prosperity lighting the way for more jobs

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

The EAGLE *or the* WOOFUS BIRD?

By Roy Dickinson

ONE of the most hopeful and encouraging things which has happened in the past two years is the call issued by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion at its May meeting for a non-political conference on the economic situation.

When I read over sadly the suggestions for action made by the Unemployment Conference of 1921 and see how few of those suggestions were acted upon, the need for some big organization of citizens to demand facts instead of conflicting opinions, to insist on action instead of words, is apparent. From the depths of that depression we began to climb again and all the studies, facts and plans were promptly forgotten. Here they are before me as I write—page after page of sound suggestions, including a “five-year plan.” But even so simple a thing as a revision and bringing up to date of state employment bureaus was put into effect only a short time ago. The planning of vast public works called for in that report to offset cycles will again be discussed this fall.

It might just as well be admitted and considered at the start that no study of our economic life and industrial relations is going to get far before it hits smack up against the age-old wage argument.

On the conference of 1921 I was a member of the manufacturers' committee. The general subject of wages, it was agreed, would not be considered, since it was a matter of individual management.

But it could no more be kept out of that conference on unemployment and industrial relations than it can be now. The reason is that there is always a group of men with a very simple panacea for all our difficulties in hard times.

A writer in a financial paper put it this way recently: “If there were a general and immediate reduction in wages of twenty percent, under the stimulus of the resultant reduced retail prices business would revive rapidly and unemployment would disappear.” This writer, who is typical of a large group, now as in 1921, offers opinion for fact. All such arguments carry the implied suggestion that wage cuts are directly reflected in immediately reduced costs. We are asked to believe that a twenty percent wage cut means twenty percent cheaper prices at the retail store.

The facts are as follows: The 1921 manufacturing census shows that wages paid out in all manufacturing concerns were equivalent to 16.5 percent of the cost of the products made. A general and horizontal wage cut of as much as twenty percent throughout all industry, therefore, would result in a saving of not twenty percent, but of less than four percent, always presuming that the manufacturer passed on to the final buyer all he “saved” from the wage cuts.

Let us take a specific case in a field which comes close to all

of us. I called up a clothing trade journal just now to discover the labor cost in a suit of clothes which retails at \$30. It is less than \$5. A twenty percent cut in the wages of the men now working, most of them on reduced time, would not therefore result in a saving of twenty percent of \$30 but of twenty percent of 16 $\frac{2}{3}$ percent of \$30—or \$1.

The writers for financial papers who suggest that all will be well again when we can get a \$30 suit for \$20 should guess again.

How does it work in the case of the clothing worker? He has been told how good a thing it will be for him voluntarily to accept a wage cut so that prices will be lower and he will really be better off. So he goes out joyfully to buy a suit at retail. He finds he can save a dollar. But his pay envelope is thinner by \$6.

It is all very simple. He must dispense with luxuries, say the argument-makers. He has no radio or automobile, not this clothing worker with a family to support. So he might rip out his telephone and join the 13,000,000 families without one, or rip out his bathtub. He wouldn't be lonesome either, for there are 4,000,000 others in the cities alone without one, and this before 6,000,000 men began looking through dusty factory windows at idle machinery.

The men who suggest an immediate horizontal cut in wages as a panacea are all wrong, economically and socially. They are suggesting in effect the substitution of the woofus bird for the eagle as the national symbol.

Woofus birds, if you do not remember, are those foul animals

which fly backward to keep the wind out of their eyes. They are not interested in where they are going but only where they have been. Fortunately, most of us still believe in the eagle, which has a natural tendency to go somewhere ahead of where he was last. Fortunately, too, for the country, there is a group of industrial leaders to whom we can look with encouragement.

I refer to men like James A. Farrell, president of the United States Steel Corporation, and Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, who happen to head the two largest companies in the world, and the hundreds of other men who believe in the principles of good management, that labor costs can

be reduced with a high wage scale. But there is always another group who point out that if there is no profit all will go broke—owner, stockholder, worker. They are often the same ones who lay all our troubles on overproduction, (Continued on page 66)

How it Feels to Win **A \$500 PRIZE**

The Headliners of the Monthly's \$2,000 Achievement Contest
Include a Public Accountant, a Minister, a Credit Man and Two Teachers



On a green island in the Maumee River stands this unusual clubhouse of Toledo (Ohio) Post

BIG Moments haven't been rare in the life of Alfred L. Adams, but it is a good bet that one week in this past August brought to Mr. Adams the finest thrills he has had since the days in the Argonne when he won the Croix de Guerre by his work leading the one-pounder platoon of the Ninth Infantry of the Second Division.

"It gave me that well-known grand and glorious feeling to learn that I had won the first prize in the Monthly's Achievement Contest," reports Mr. Adams, "particularly so because the news reached me at almost the same time that I was employed as auditor of the Wisconsin Public Service Commission. I had been unemployed four months."

Mr. Adams, who wrote from Rice Lake, Wisconsin, was born in 1896 at Blair, Nebraska. He was a junior at the University of Nebraska and a lieutenant in the cadet battalion when the war came. He attended the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Snelling, was made a second lieutenant and landed in Le Havre on October 5, 1917. In July of 1918 he helped convoy First Division replacement troops under fire at Soissons and a week later went himself as a replacement to the Second Division, in which he was

given command of the Ninth Infantry's one-pounder battalion. He served with this outfit at St. Mihiel, Blanc Mont and in the Argonne.

After the war Mr. Adams got his A. B. degree and a Phi Beta Kappa key at the University of Nebraska, passed C. P. A. examinations at Kansas City and Chicago, and entered service with a firm of public accountants.

Mr. Adams was one of the organizers of Douglas County Post at Omaha, Nebraska. He belongs now to Sanford Brown, Jr., Post of Kansas City, Missouri, and the Kansas City voiture of the Forty and Eight.

"I got my idea embodied in the prize-winning essay when I attended a dinner of the Lions Club at Niagara Falls, Ontario, last fall," Mr. Adams writes. "I noticed at the dinner the flags of the United States and Canada side by side and it started me thinking."

The winner of the second prize of \$250 is Reverend John D. Brush, thirty-three years old, who left college in his freshman year to enlist in the 338th Battalion of the Tank Corps. He served for the duration at



The Alaska Department was short of its 1931 goal of one thousand members when into the harbor of Ketchikan sailed the U. S. S. Detroit. A gift from the gods! Department Commander J. A. Talbot (right) headed a boarding party and made a speech which speedily got twenty-three of the ship's World War veterans on the dotted line for Ketchikan Post



Camp Dix, trained for the ministry, and for eight years was in the active ministry of the Universalist Church, with pastorates at North Weymouth and Norwood in Massachusetts. He was chaplain of the Legion posts in both cities. He spent his summer vacations doing such work as lumbering in California, fishing on the Grand Banks, coal mining in Scranton, Pennsylvania, road and building construction and in canning factories. Recently he gave up the ministry to go into a manufacturing business.

James E. Spitznas of Frostburg, Maryland, winner of the third prize of \$200, is now a supervisor of the high schools of Allegany County, Maryland, after ten years of teaching in the high schools of Cape May, New Jersey, Chester, Pennsylvania, and Frostburg. During the war he went overseas with the advance school detachment of the Eleventh Division.

The fourth prize of \$150 was won by R. K. Fessenden of Brooklyn, New York, who left Harvard Law School in 1917 to enter the Army and was commissioned second lieutenant in the 303d Infantry, 76th Division. He served a year in France on General Sample's staff and was promoted to captain. A disability led to a complete collapse after the Armistice which kept him six months in hospital and left him totally disabled for another year. He directs the New York office of the largest credit association in the country. Mr. Fessenden has long been a member of Bay Ridge Post of Brooklyn.

Lloyd Wilcox of Columbus, Ohio, winner of the fifth prize, writes that the money will help move his family to Madison, Wisconsin, where he has taken a teaching position in the Department of Sociology and Anthropology of the University of Wisconsin. He is a member of L. G. Leasure Post of Worthington, Ohio. In the war he was a gunner on a soixante-quinze and was wounded in the Argonne.

Island Clubhouse

THE land and sea planes that fly over Toledo, Ohio, on Great Lakes and inland routes, bring to passengers a panorama of the beautiful Maumee River. Air voyagers sight an expansive, many-windowed, white-painted building, outlined against the green of many trees on an island in mid-stream. It is the club-

house of Toledo Post on Galbraith Island, the post's own ten-acre river playground which for ten years has been a center for the Legionnaires of all northwest Ohio.

"Toledo Post got the island in 1922," writes Past Commander Glenn H. Campbell. "An architect member drew plans for the clubhouse, one wing of which was built in 1923. The building was completed a section at a time, a dormitory being added one year, a dining room another year and so on. Building material was transported by members in their spare time.

"The post initiation fee is \$25 and annual dues are \$15. Membership ranges from 300 to 350 a year. The island and clubhouse are valued at more than \$35,000."



Shining Bright

THE old timers of Clay County, South Dakota, became aware last year that the county schools were changing from caterpillars to butterflies — from weather-beaten structures in the full glare of the sun to freshly-painted school-houses surrounded by shrubbery and flowers. They found that twenty-

eight of the county's forty-four rural schools were competing for prizes in the school ground improvement contest conducted by Wallace Post of Vermilion.

"The post's committee," reports D. A. Caldwell, Adjutant of Wallace Post, "awarded first prize to the Dalesburg School, which transformed its more or less barren two-acre tract into a beauty spot. The pupils set out 343 trees, shrubs and plants under the direction of two teachers."

Perennial Commander

ARTHUR H. EVANS POST of Burlington, Colorado, won't cause any extra work for a photographer if it asks him to get a picture of all the post's past commanders during the ten years of

Happy because the Auxiliary attains the largest membership in its history—400,000—Mrs. Robert L. Hoyal, National President, sails for Honolulu to make the annual inspection of Hawaiian units

its history. All the picture man would have to do would be to visit the Golden Rule Dry Goods Store and find Richard Floyd. He would be easy to find, too, because he weighs 217 pounds. Mr. Floyd has been unanimously elected Post Commander in ten consecutive years—the outfit won't let him choose not to run. Commander Floyd has personally helped five hundred men file hospitalization and compensation claims.

Out in Front

SOUTHERN States led conspicuously in the Legion's concerted membership effort which had raised enrollment to 1,037,052 on August 21st, a date on which thirty-one departments had attained the largest enrollments in their histories. Porto Rico had the honor of leading all departments, by enrolling 283 percent of its quota. The next twenty departments were: Mississippi, 170.23; Tennessee, 176.80; Alabama, 170.72; Missouri, 155.19; Maryland, 152.25; Texas, 152.12; Kentucky, 140.07; Virginia, 140.10; Louisiana, 143.89; Arkansas, 143.65; South Carolina, 142.67; Michigan, 142.38; Nevada, 138.41; North Carolina, 138.22; Ohio, 138.14; Georgia, 135.79; Rhode Island, 134.99; West Virginia, 134.70; New Mexico, 131.74, and Colorado, 132.06.

The appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as governor of Porto Rico was a big factor in the Legion's growth there, reports Department Commander Miguel A. Munoz. "In 1927 we had but four posts," he writes. "Now we have fifty-three."

Fashion Notes

UNCLE SAM was the miracle tailor of 1917 and '18. He could reach on his shelf at a moment's notice and find coat and breeches, hat and shoes, for a five-and-a-half foot cook with a 44-inch waistline or a seven-foot muleskinner with the lines of a giraffe.

Lots of one-time cooks and muleskinners and more average former heroes turn out on Armistice Days wearing the olive drab garments Uncle Sam let them keep when he handed them discharges. After twelve years the old army sack coat and knickers are still intact, if the moths haven't found them, but General Pershing wouldn't know the boys today. Waists have graduated from the thirties to the forties. Chests and shoulders have amplified prodigiously. It is a rare Legionnaire who can climb comfortably today into his old olive drab tuxedo.

Uncle Sam has come to the rescue.

"The Secretary of War is authorized to sell outer uniform cloth-



ing to honorably discharged soldiers," the Quartermaster General writes from Washington. "Uniforms offered for sale are of the World War type only. Order blank for Clothing (Q.M.C., Form 45) gives prices and instructions for ordering."

Here are some sample prices: Overseas caps, \$1.13; woolen O. D. coats, \$5.91; woolen spiral puttees, \$1.02; short O. D. overcoats, \$9.23; woolen O. D. trousers and woolen breeches, each \$3.52; chevrons, 19 cents; gold service stripes, 7 cents; discharge service stripes, 3 cents. Order blanks containing all other information necessary may be obtained by writing Quartermaster General, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Big Moment

THE eyes of the boys of Springfield, Massachusetts, opened wide with astonishment. Here, in one giant new steel trash can, were marbles of all sorts and sizes and colors—millions of them, apparently. Actually, the big steel can held 125,000 marbles. And all of them free for the grabbing. It was the beginning of the marble season sponsored by Springfield Post of The American Legion, to end eventually in tournaments at which the city's champion marble shooters would be selected. Each boy was permitted to make a grab for the can—to pull out as many marbles as he could hold in both hands.

Old Doctor Golf

SOLITAIRE isn't a popular card game any more in the Veterans Bureau hospital at Lake City, Florida, and bridge and backgammon are passé also. If you want to find anybody nowadays and he isn't in his ward, you know just where to look. Ten to one he'll be on the miniature golf course which the Florida posts of The American Legion presented to the hospital. G. L. Killam, of Jacksonville, chairman of the entertainment committee of the Department of Florida, passed the hat to get the funds for the golf course and the posts kicked in with \$410. Department Commander E. R. Bentley made a presentation speech. Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, says the course is the best

he has ever seen. He recalls that the Legion was also instrumental in getting sound movies for the Bureau hospitals throughout the country.

Future Lindberghs

ON THE theory that every boy of today is a potential aviator of tomorrow, Olney Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has been spending its spare time training its own corps of flying cadets composed of fifty youngsters. The post conducts classes in motor



construction and operation and helps its protégés build model airplanes. Everybody celebrated recently when the outfit won the city model airplane model contest and was awarded a silver cup.

Armistice Day Homecomings

NOVEMBER eleventh in 1918 was the prelude to a happy homecoming for four and a half million service men, and November eleventh in 1931 will be observed by ten thousand American Legion posts in the spirit of the original Armistice Day. Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant in charge

Quentin Roosevelt Post of Oyster Bay, New York, reports that through its efforts 1,500 men were given work on Long Island estates. The committee also distributed coal and wood to needy families. Goad-Ballinger Post of Springfield, Missouri, furnished free shoes and stockings to children of more than 250 needy families.

Border Comradeship

THE winner of the first prize in the Monthly's achievement contest wrote: "A sublime achievement of our nation is our northern boundary, thirty-five hundred miles long, unfortified yet unviolated for over a century."

The same sentiment was expressed repeat-



Legionnaire J. J. McInnis and Mrs. McInnis of Prospect, Oregon, anticipating the selection of Portland for the Legion's 1932 national convention, sent this pastoral photograph to prove that Oregon has claims to fame besides roses and Royal Chinook salmon

edly this summer at two conventions of American Legion departments and was echoed by veterans who wore the uniform of Canada. At Bonners Ferry, Idaho, the northernmost town of that State, Legionnaires from many communities joined in expressing good will to their neighbors across the border, as the Idaho

Department's convention opened. Then the entire convention was transported twenty-eight miles by automobile to the border and on to the town of Creston, British Columbia, where Creston Post of the Canadian Legion was waiting to extend its hospitality. Lester F. Albert, Adjutant of the Department of Idaho, who lost both legs in the war, presented a British flag to the Creston post. The Canadians presented an American flag to the Idahoans.

A few weeks after the Idaho convention, the Legionnaires of Maine held their department convention in the Maine border town of Calais and the Canadian town of St. Stephen, New Brunswick. The high spot of the convention was a memorial service held at St. Stephen at which Frank J. Schoble, Jr., Past National Vice-Commander, who lost his sight in the war, gave the principal address.

California Customs

NATIONAL COMMANDER O'NEIL didn't have to say, "Give me something to remember you by," when he left Ventura, California, on his grand (Continued on page 63)



From Many Fronts

HARRY S. WALSH, Service Officer of Elkins Oliphant Post of Trenton, New Jersey, reports his outfit has obtained jobs for 379 service men while it has been carrying on many efforts to help unemployed men and their families. More than 125 unemployed men and their families have been given free medical and dental services by physicians and dentists belonging to the post, and five lawyers who are Legionnaires have been giving free legal services to those without funds.

Carteret (New Jersey) Post has been helping the unemployed as notably as have the Legionnaires in Trenton, according to Edward J. Walsh, Post Adjutant. The Legionnaires of Carteret collected food and clothing, conducted a free soup kitchen and provided free medical, dental and legal services.

Roseland Post of Chicago, Illinois, provided jobs for dozens of unemployed men by conducting a clean-up campaign in which unsightly material of all sorts was removed from vacant lots that had been used as dumping grounds. The employment division of

When the Yanks Invaded CANADA

Was a Battalion of the 363d Infantry the Only American Outfit to Cross the Northern Border on Its Way to War?

NOT all men in the Legion served with our own forces during the World War. There are plenty of them who, although American citizens, did their bit with the armies of our Allies. One of these, Louis Gade of Knoxville (Tennessee) Post, introduces himself as a veteran of the C. A. M. C., which he translates as "the Canadian for R. A. M. C., or Royal Army Medical Corps," and permits us to broadcast the picture on the opposite page. His letter reports:

"I enclose a photograph of a Washington State outfit on its way to France. This outfit passed through Calgary, Alberta, some time during the spring or early summer of 1918. They were given a royal reception by both civil and military authorities. At the time I was a member of the C. A. M. C. (Canadian for R. A. M. C.) with the 13th Depot Battalion at Sarcee Camp, Calgary.

"If you use this picture, I am sure you will please many of the original members of the outfit. Ask them to write and tell about their stay in Calgary and about their reception in other Canadian cities and military depots."

Our request to Gade that he identify the outfit, if possible, brought a second letter in which he told that he had written to the *Calgary Herald* and the librarian of that newspaper replied: "On Sunday, June 23, 1918, the Third Battalion of the 363d Infantry, U. S. A., passed through Calgary and were given a reception



by the civil and military authorities. Their commanding officer was Major James B. Woolnough."

Reference to "The Story of the 91st Division" in our library confirmed the identity of the outfit and then we were fortunate enough to find an illustrated booklet entitled "Ten Years After," issued by the 363d Infantry Association of San Francisco, California, published in connection with the tenth reunion of that regiment's veterans.

This booklet disclosed the fact that the 363d Infantry Regiment was known as "San Francisco's Own"—so Gade's statement that the picture showed a Washington State outfit must have been based on the fact that the 91st Division, of which the 363d Infantry was a unit, had trained in Camp Lewis, Washington. The Third Battalion of the regiment was the only unit which was sent through Canada when the division entrained for its embarkation port.

The Governor General of Canada inspected the Battalion in Montreal and the mayor of Montreal presented a British flag, surmounted by a golden crown and lion rampant. This flag, together with the American flag presented by the city of San Francisco, the regimental banner and the regiment's Gold Star flag, are now enshrined in the city hall of San Francisco.

Modestly, in the reunion booklet, the 363d Infantry Association states that the triumphal march of its Third Battalion in Calgary is "said to be" the first time in history that American troops paraded on Canadian soil.

LEGIONNAIRE C. F. Plummer, one of the organizers of Maywood (Illinois)

WENT PLACES, DID THINGS

The salvage squad of the Third Company, Third Regiment, Motor Mechanics, Air Service, takes a rest in Bar-le-Duc from its duties of gathering up disabled American planes in France



UNDER THE MAPLE LEAF

When the 91st Division started east from Camp Lewis, Washington, the Third Battalion, 363d Infantry, traversed Canada. The picture shows the unit in Calgary, Alberta, in June, 1918



Post is responsible for the photograph of the group of motorists which we display. To explain Plummer's introduction to his letter with which he transmitted the picture, we must admit that it came to us last spring. Here 'tis:

"Speaking of timeliness in presenting a picture and a story, the touring season is about to fall hard upon us who still have itchy feet and I present herewith a photo of some of the greatest tourists the A. E. F. ever entertained.

"Our outfit had one of the famous wrong names of the Army. We were officially the Third Company, Third Regiment Motor Mechanics, Air Service, Signal Corps, stationed permanently from then on till June, 1919, at Colombey-les-Belles, near Toul. Maybe some of the boys remember our little \$10,000,000 bonfire that the Senate made such whoopee over.

"But, getting back to my story, that mob of ours went places and did things—everything from hauling ammunition and food up at the Marne, salvaging airplanes all over No Man's Land, to chasing the Second, Third, 33d and other divisions up and down the front, giving and taking messages, leaving junk motorcycles with them and taking back the good ones. When we were lucky enough to get back to Colombey for a rest we were in trenches most of the night because some gold braid had put a nice ammu-

nition dump on one side of us and a British bombing squadron on the other.

"Getting back to the picture—it was taken in Bar-le-Duc during the St. Mihiel drive. The particular plane shown on the truck was of the First Pursuit Group (do not remember which squadron) and it was a French 'Spad' with which all our pursuit squadrons were equipped—not an American plane in the whole outfit. Here is the sad part of it: During the St. Mihiel drive this particular salvage crew picked up on an average of four machines a day and we couldn't find a damned thing wrong with any of them. The machine in the picture was in perfect condition. We always took the wings off so we could move down the narrow roads. The majority of the machines were picked up between the second and third line Infantry trenches and the Artillery. We never could account for that, but nobody could stop us from thinking . . . At the Marne in July, and in the Argonne, just the opposite occurred as every machine had been shot down.

"One point I would like to stress: These salvage crews were under more actual gun-fire and air raids than a great many Infantry outfits. Their work went on night and day, month after month, without relief. . .

"The French camera man had a hard time getting this picture because the boys were so lousy they couldn't stand still long. On the left is Corporal Heard, a Hoosier who lives in Chicago;

next is Corporal Allen, now Adjutant of Sarlo Sharp Post, Melrose Park, Illinois. The rest, all white though bathless, I don't remember, but would like to know.

"Our favorite stunt was to get some French soldiers to hitch a ride on the back of that 25-foot, two-wheeled trailer and then go about forty miles an hour. Try it some time. Wild west cowboys never rode anything!"

ANOTHER unsung hero of the war is being sought, and the aid of the Company Clerk and the Then and Now Gang has been enlisted. Unquestionably one or more of our more than a million Legionnaires should be able to answer this plea of Charles F. Rafferty, now an attorney-at-law in San Francisco, California:

"I owe a debt of gratitude to the man who rescued me on the battle field about nine o'clock in the morning of November 2, 1918, about two miles from Grand Pré, France, and having searched for him





MINNIE AND PAT

To our left, Minnie, and, below, Pat, two new members of the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. Minnie served with the 129th Infantry Band, while Pat was a member of the 113th Machine Gun Battalion

without success through all the regular channels, I would be ever grateful if you could include my request in your columns.

"I was a corporal in the 311th Infantry, 78th Division, and in the early morning of the day mentioned, I lay in an open field, severely wounded, when a column of Yanks came close by. In response to my feeble call a young, short and stocky man came to me—never will I see anyone so closely resembling an angel—and immediately directed a sergeant, whose name I did not hear, to 'go find a stretcher bearer to take care of this man.' He then gave me a cigarette, poured a phial of iodine on my wounds, and said: 'I think you have a bullet in the groin; I know something about these things as my old man's a doctor.'

"An airplane flew overhead, asking for the lines, and he said he would have to put out some panels. I cried bitterly as I believed I had laid on the field three days and knew I would die. He said: 'Buddy, I'll get you out of here if I have to carry you out alone on my back tonight.' I asked: 'What's your name and where do you live; I'll see you some day.' He replied: 'Mahan. Lieutenant Mahan, 80th and Madison.'

"He returned to me twice and on his second trip his sergeant came with one of my buddies, Howard Hoehn, who with two other buddies carried me to Grand Pré.

"Friends living near 80th and Madison in New York City have made personal search and I have written many letters, without avail. Please lend the good offices of the Legion Monthly to me."

STRENUOUS times at the front and under shellfire evidently had little effect on some of the many canine mascots who unceremoniously joined fighting units and served throughout the war. Pictures and stories of these dogs are still coming to us and we have an opportunity this month of presenting "Minnie" and "Pat."

The grey-bearded animal in the upper corner is "Minnie," who makes her home with Elmer A. Taylor of Watseka, Illinois.



Taylor gives us an interesting story of the dog, as follows:

"Minnie, who appears in the enclosed picture, is entitled to membership in the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War. She was born somewhere in the vicinity of Amiens, France, and was picked up by Carl E. Olson of our outfit, the 129th Infantry, at Camon, near Amiens, on July 25, 1918. I first saw her in Gorenfloss a short time afterward.

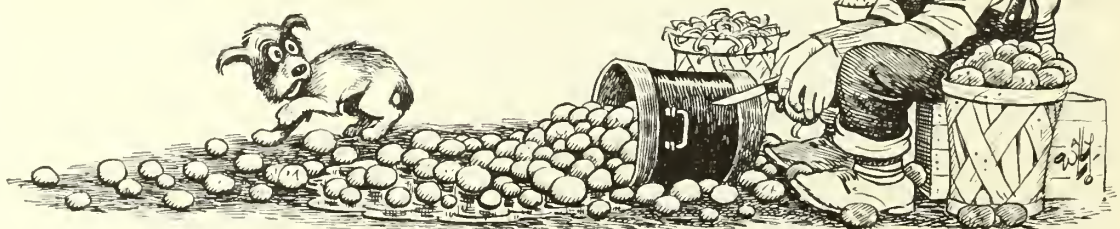
"Taking a fancy to the regimental band, she attached herself to us, and shortly afterward we adopted her officially as our mascot. Olson named her 'Minnie' to commemorate the 'minnie wipers' that gave him such an interesting time on the Western Front. She took part in our military ceremonies and parades while we were stationed in Luxembourg. Her favorite position while on parade was directly in front of the drum major of the band. This position she assumed—no one of the boys trained her to take it—and she followed it faithfully, knowing what to do and when.

"She led our regiment triumphantly down the streets of Chicago upon our return home and is known by every man of the regiment from private up to colonel. Minnie suffered two wounds during the Meuse-Argonne drive. She came home with us on the *Leviathan*, was regularly discharged from service, lived with William Hockley of Danville, Illinois, a short time until he moved to Houston, Texas, and since has made her home with me. She remembers incidents of her service, being particularly gun shy and seeking cover when she hears an airplane."

DOWN in Gainesville, Georgia, is another veteran dog which served with a fighting unit. "Pat" is his name and Legionnaire Travis L. Comer is his master, although it took C. T. Hammond to make the introduction. Instead of being just dog, Pat is a pure bred fox terrier purchased by Comer in Nashville, Tennessee, in June, 1917, when the pup was only thirteen days old. He was turned over to the company barber to be "fixed up for inspection," where a swipe of the razor made his tail look like a terrier's tail should look. He stood all calls and formations, chewed up razor strops and campaign hats, but after completing his recruit drill, headed Company A, 113th Machine Gun Battalion, 30th Division, when it entrained for Hoboken, New Jersey.

Pat boarded the transport *Britain*, in the blanket roll of the outfit's barber, who had distributed his equipment among other men to make room for the dog, and landed in Liverpool and later in France under the same camouflage. Safely on land, Pat took his place alongside the first sergeant.

Rats had a hard time of it when the outfit entered the trenches near Ypres and Pat further served his country by carrying several (Continued on page 67)





This poster, advertising the 13th Annual National Convention at Detroit, was presented to The American Legion by the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston. At the request of the 1931 American Legion Convention Corporation, the John Hancock Company sent copies of this poster, in color, 28x42 inches in size, to all of the American Legion Posts for use at their headquarters. The poster bears the following message, "Join This Year's Parade to Detroit—September 21st to 24th".

Where There's Smoke

(Continued from page 21)

hazards of communities, recommend betterments, and by passing along to the fire insurance companies knowledge of what they find reward the man who takes precautions and penalize the one who tolerates dangerous conditions.

The organization with which I am connected tests materials and equipment which are brought to us for approval. If, for instance, a manufacturer of composition roofing brings his product to our laboratories, we give it searching tests and rate it according to what these tests disclose. If a manufacturer of oil burners brings his equipment, we make very thorough examinations and conduct long and careful tests of it. Then, perhaps after some improvements have been made as shown by the tests to be necessary, the listing by us indicates that the burner complies with a standard of safety which long experience and hundreds of tests have shown to be both reasonable and necessary.

The manufacturer whose product passes our tests and who continuously holds to these high standards is permitted to attach to his product a label which attests that it is approved by the Underwriters Laboratories. And since ours is an organization not for profit, this label is a manifest that the article which bears it has passed an unbiased scientific test on its merits.

We put the submitted articles to the most rigid tests. For instance, we have a large machine for testing the ability of steel columns to resist heat and crushing loads. The column is heated to a carefully controlled point approximating that to which it would be subjected in any building fire. Then pressure is applied until the column fails, that is, until it will no longer resist the pressure. Thus we have a definite measure of how heavily a given column may be loaded with safety if it is to resist fire without permitting the collapse of the building.

Or take the testing of safes. A safe must resist the heat to which it will be subjected in a building fire, and it must also resist falling from a considerable height while it is hot—for when a building burns down, the safe is heated by the fire, then it falls through to the bottom of the building, and lies in hot embers which may burn for many hours. So our men place a safe in a

furnace where the heat is carefully regulated. Inside the safe are instruments which tell what the interior temperature is, for if it rises too high the papers inside will of course be destroyed. After the safe has been heated for the requisite time, depending on the rating sought for it by the manufacturer, it is hoisted in a high tower

past ten years. These paints, while they are being applied, present a serious fire hazard because the solvent is highly inflammable.

We who are in fire prevention work are often asked two questions which seem to run together in people's minds: Can we ever have again any great conflagrations

such as the Chicago and San Francisco fires? Will the day ever come when we shall not need fire departments? These questions must be answered separately, for they do not hang together.

It is perfectly possible that we shall have serious fires burning large areas of great cities. In some respects it is less likely than in the past, for fire departments are steadily developing greater ability to extinguish fires when they start, and a conflagration ordinarily starts from a single point and spreads. For instance, there are sections of the lower East Side of New York City which present real haz-

ards by reason of inflammable structures with hazardous occupancies—old buildings housing stocks of paints, oils, and chemicals. If a fire gained a real start in this district it might burn out several square blocks before it could be got under control.

But New York City has a good fire department, and it has a high pressure in its water mains. The minute that a fire starts in any of these hazardous buildings, the department masses its equipment and men; turns on the high-pressure water, and literally knocks the old building to pieces. It is the boast of the New York firemen that a fire never spreads beyond the building in which it starts. But it is possible that some day one will. If the neighborhood should be one of great hazard; there might be a real conflagration before it could be halted. And the same thing is true of sections of Baltimore, Philadelphia, metropolitan Boston, and elsewhere.

As the old buildings give place to new fire-resistant structures the hazard decreases. For one thing, the fire-resistant building makes one less place where a serious fire might start. Even more important, it serves as a fire break.

When a man builds a good-sized fire-resistant building in a highly inflammable



"Gwan, pop, sock 'im!"

and dropped, glowing, on a pile of rough brick. Later it is picked up, and taken back to the furnace for some more heating. For if the fall opened any seams that will now admit heat, we must know it. If the safe does not meet the tests, it is not approved. If it passes, this model of safe is approved for a label which signifies the classification, one, two, or four hours according to the test to which it was subjected.

Despite all of these activities by various organizations having for their purpose the reduction of fire losses, the nation's fire loss runs along on pretty much a dead level somewhere between \$450,000,000 and \$500,000,000 annually. This might be interpreted as indicating that the work is accomplishing nothing. But the fact is that the population is steadily increasing, so that the per capita fire loss is shrinking.

Another fact that is not considered by anyone who gives only superficial attention to the problem is that many fire hazards are being created by the development of new, inflammable products in industry and by processes which increase the fire hazard. For example, the so-called pyroxylin lacquers—the spray and brush quick-drying lacquers with which automobiles and many other articles are painted—have been developed on a commercial scale within the

neighborhood, the neighbors and the city firemen ought to give him a vote of thanks. He has made the neighborhood measurably safer to live in and to work in.

Another conflagration hazard, which is not a conflagration in the old sense of burning over a large ground area but which presents the same old danger as far as property and life loss is concerned, is that of the very high, fire-resistant buildings. Many a city skyscraper contains many millions of dollars' worth of furniture, merchandise, equipment, and so on. The structure itself is not likely to be seriously damaged. But fires have occurred in such buildings which have gutted whole floors of their contents, partitions, and so on.

As for the possible coming of a day when we shall not need fire departments, I think there is little likelihood from our present vantage point of knowledge. Structures, particularly in the larger cities, tend to be built with greater fire-resistance than in the past, so that there is a steady reduction of danger to the structures where this condition prevails. On the other hand, even in this comparatively young nation of ours there are large neighborhoods where most of the structures are more than one hundred years old; there is no good reason to believe that one hundred years from now there will not exist even larger areas where the average structure is one that exists today. Therefore we may look forward to dangerous areas for many more years than any of us shall live.

Again, there is the question of interior risk, or occupancy. It seems reasonable to predict that the future will produce some products and processes more inflammable than those of the present, just as the spraying of pyroxylin lacquer has increased the hazard wherever it has come into use. And even if our homes should in future all be built of fire-resistant materials, the interior furnishings have a long period of development to go through before they can attain a corresponding resistance to fire.

A division of the best organized city fire departments which most laymen do not even know exists is the fire prevention bureau, which must shoulder the responsibility for preventing fires rather than extinguishing them after they start. In some cities this bureau has reached a high degree of efficiency, so that it is going a long way toward the prevention of fires and the elimination of the need for fire extinguishing departments on the scale that we now need them.

American fire departments are as a class remarkably efficient, as anyone recognizes who has seen the average European fire department working on a fire. But I do not know that we need feel too complacent and self-satisfied about this particular line of American achievement. There is a real obligation on all of us in this connection. As good citizens we should be informed on the work of fire prevention. And by our personal efforts we should contribute to it in our own communities by every means that we can.

OCTOBER, 1931

SLEEPY by day



SLEEPLESS at night

THERE were nights when he just couldn't get to sleep. The next day at the office, he felt peepless and exhausted. His work slumped. He became irritable, jumpy. Soon a breakdown was staring him in the face.

The poisons of constipation often spread through the system. Headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and energy are a few of the results. Sometimes, this poisoning goes on for years, stealing vitality, wrecking health, affecting a man's whole career.

How tragic—when there is such a pleasant way to avoid this condition. Simply eat a delicious ready-prepared cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Two tablespoonfuls daily are guaranteed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. In stubborn cases, use Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with each meal. How much better this is than taking pills and drugs—which so often form dangerous habits.

When you travel, notice how many men in the dining-car or at the hotel order a dish of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Try it with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. It is equally delicious in bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also provides iron to build up your blood. Served everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

. . .

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 9:45 E. S. T.

I've Been to America

(Continued from page 23)

something about it. This I realize, but at the same time, now that I have been to America, I have not the slightest wish for my own sleepy country to be infected with the American business fever. It is better to be ruined and to have lived richly, than to live in a nightmare, put yourself on the rack, and all for money that you can never properly enjoy. Competition is no doubt stimulating to man's industry and enterprise, but there comes a point—and that point has been passed in America—where competition so hag-rides a man that he puts into business a great deal more than business is worth. Why should a poor devil worry himself into the grave because the sales of safety-pins or automobile accessories are no bigger this year than they were last? During the years when he ought to be making love to his girl or his wife, larking with his children, reveling in friendship, enjoying the arts, and exercising his manhood in games, why should a man have to nag himself day and night, plot and plan without ceasing, until the hair has left his head and his face is prematurely lined, just because his department cannot show the twenty-five percent increase expected of it?

America is a grand country, but it is going to be a grander country when it has done with this nonsense of business worship. Business was meant for men and not men for business. While I was in New York I was shown over a beautiful new commercial building and afterwards lunched in a charming room at the top, seemingly miles high, with the directors of the concern. They asked me what I thought of the place. I told them that I admired it enormously—which was true—but then added, with a smile, that it seemed to me too good for business. They looked grave and reproachful at once. "Nothing," they said, "is too good for business." Well, I knew what they meant, but nevertheless I felt inclined to cry "Fiddlesticks!" You cannot make anything soul-saving and mystical out of business. It will not stand it. Unlike some English writers, I am not an enthusiastic medievalist, but I must confess that the world seems to me to have been in a healthier state of mind when it put up huge beautiful buildings for the glory of God than when it put up huge beautiful buildings—as it does now in America—for the glorification and aggran-

dizement of the American Sausage Trust.

Climate has something to do with these things, of course. I noticed that when I reached the Pacific Coast, I felt quite different. The people there did not worry so much and were not in such a hurry. Here in England we have a much heavier and sleepier climate than you have, and that helps us to keep our nerves in order. New York is the most nerve-wracking place I was ever in.

The air is really too stimulating. But this should mean that life is organized to counteract the effects of the climate and air. At present in America, life is not so organized. The result is, that though you are perhaps the friendliest, most generous and hospitable people in the world, you are also the most nervous, perhaps the most touchy. An American coming to England probably is not given half the good time that an Englishman receives in America, but on the other hand, he is not so likely

person, Shakespeare and Balzac and Dickens and Tolstoy rolled into one. I sent the books back unsigned, with a polite message, explaining that I was under agreement with my English publishers—who bring out special signed editions of my books—not to sign copies in this way. In return I got a furious letter from her, telling me that I was an ill-mannered swine and conceited fool and all the rest of it. What is the reason for this dramatic and startling quick-change? American nerves, all screaming and frayed with the wear and tear of New York life. And this explains, I fancy, the divorces, the public quarrels, the suicides, and many of the crimes of violence. Nerves, nerves, nerves.

Which brings us to the famous topic, the American Woman. (When, by the way, did all this fuss about American women first begin? Somebody ought to look into this subject, and write a little book about it. I suspect it began about the

Eighties.) What then did I think about the American Woman? I will tell you quite frankly. To begin with, before I actually went to America, I could not believe that American girls and women were as attractive as they were generally made out to be. I thought it was all a legend. And I was wrong, as I soon discovered. There are easily more pretty and attractive girls in the United States than in any other country in the world. In this respect, New York is an astonishing city, for it seems to have a vast hidden manufactory of young goddesses somewhere in it. Feminine good looks are simply showered on the place. There are two good reasons for this supremacy in pretty girls. The first is biological, and comes from the mixture of races. I am not sure about the male, but there can be no doubt that the female gains by this mixture. Pop in the pot some Russian Jews, Italians, Irish, Germans, Poles, Scots and English, keep it on the boil for a generation or two, then out of it comes a

host of piquant female creatures, owning every conceivable kind of prettiness. The other reason is sociological, for women in America sit on top of the world, have escaped the drudgery of women in older countries, and do not hesitate to make the best of their considerable charms. The result is that astonishing person, the American Woman.



"Never mind the bull; how about the rent?"

to have a bad time either, to get in wrong, to quarrel, to be abused. Here is a typical example of what I mean. One day, in New York, one or two of my books were sent up to my rooms of the hotel, together with a note from the woman who had sent them. She was a stranger to me, but she wanted me to sign these books, because—according to her letter—I was a marvelous

She has good looks, style, vivacity, intelligence, enterprise, and courage. And that, obviously, is a good deal. But it is not everything. The creature is by no means faultless. Thus, she lacks what is present in the nicest Englishwomen and Frenchwomen—repose and charm. If a man were anxious at all costs to get on in the world, to make money, to gain power, to conquer and to triumph over all rivals, then I imagine he could do no better, no matter who he was, than to take to himself an American wife. She would be there at his elbow, beautiful, vital, courageous, spurring him on. If he shrank from the battle, she would re-animate him and send him out again with a fresh store of hope and courage. That is all very well, but life is something more than a race and a battle. It has to be lived, to be enjoyed. There is that tranquil heart, that peace of mind, I have already mentioned. And here, I suspect, the American woman tends to fail.

Thus, Englishwomen are frequently regarded by Americans as somewhat dull, dowdy and unenterprising creatures, and in this charge there is some truth. Taken as a whole, they are not so exciting as their American sisters, just as London is not so stimulating as New York. Nevertheless, just as London leaves you with a fairly reliable nervous system, so the Englishwoman tends to make a restful and soothing partner. She often contrives to reach, with her husband, a much deeper and more satisfying state of companionship. She may not be so vivacious a hostess and may not be any more efficient as a housekeeper, but she makes a home, and most men want and need a home. In America, a man needs a home more than he does perhaps in most places, simply because his life in business is so strenuous; but it is in America that a man so often finds himself without a home. Is there not something restless about many American women? What is it makes so many of them so eager and ambitious and rather strident? I may be talking the usual visitor's hasty nonsense, but I will risk it and declare that in the large American cities it seemed to me that men and women, though attractive to one another, though anxious to be kind and loving, were not happy together, not giving one another what was demanded from the depths of the personality. And please think that over, before running to pick up stones to throw at me.

Why, you may ask, are Europeans so sharply critical of America? Is it because at heart they are jealous, seeing that America now dominates the world? This explains something, for there is jealousy of America everywhere now, just as a hundred years ago there was a universal jealousy and envy of England, then the richest of all powers. But there is something more than that in it. At the present time America leads the way, and the whole world is rapidly becoming Americanized. Thus when we Europeans go to America, we imagine we see not merely another country but perhaps our own future. And that is why (Continued on page 52)

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I've Been to America

(Continued from page 51)

we are, as I willingly admit, sharply critical.

And so, although I am satisfied that America in some ways has realized many of my ideals, I feel uncomfortable, because I imagined that this state of things would make people happier, and the trouble is that I do not feel that in America people *are* any happier. In short, I feel that in this democratic and materialistic progress of ours, there is — shall I say? — a snag. The results are gravely disappointing. When I was in America, I did not find myself among happy, contented people. I will go further and say that I have never found myself among people so discontented. Now there is in mankind a divine discontent, which the poets and prophets have always expressed for us:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught. . .

But it is not that eternal and noble discontent of which I am writing. America is not filled with poets and prophets, with lost angels crying for the hills of heaven. No, what I seemed to find, in such great and alarming measure, was ordinary plain human discontent, that of men who are terribly busy all day doing something they do not really want to do, that of women rushing here and there because their deeper personal needs remain unsatisfied. Thus if America represents the future,

then we are all moving at a colossal pace along the wrong track.

There is one comforting thought, however. I never realized until I actually visited the continent that America is still a pioneer and experimental country. Somehow one thinks of it at a distance as being far more complete and definitive than it really is. Even in New York, it did not take me long to see that the pioneer stage is by no means at an end, that American man is still in the first fury of grappling with huge new resources, that just as all the buildings now are only meant to last until better ones are thought of, so all social life with you is still at the rough-and-ready experimental stage. Outside New York — and especially in the Middle and Far West — this is obvious enough. There are huge universities now on ground that knew only the Indian and the buffalo actually within the memory of living men. Thus it is absurd to criticize as something planned and finished a kind of life that has only begun and hardly knows yet which direction it will take. And one thing can be said of any European visitor to America. Whether he likes the place or not, he is a fool if it does not make him think. I enjoyed myself, and in the middle of my enjoyment I found myself thinking hard; and when the opportunity comes, I propose to go again and enjoy myself and think. And it will not surprise me if, next time, my conclusions are quite different.

The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 15)

poorly armed soldiers without a national spirit and with no knowledge of what is expected of fighting men. Many of them do not know the difference between an officer and a broomstick. The New England troops feel that all men are equal even in a regiment, that a uniform cannot create a caste. So there is little order, government, or discipline among them. We have only raw material — a mound of ore to be fused and slagged and shaped into useful iron."

Turning to Colin he added: "I am glad to welcome young men like you to the Army. You will, I trust, bend your mind to its problems. I wish you first to go down among the men in the line and get the feel of it. My orderly will now conduct you to the Muster Master. For the present I will send your horse to my stable."

Colin was mustered into the company of Captain Amos Farnsworth from Groton. Only ten men in the company were in uniforms and they were of varying colors — red, blue, and gray to suit the family taste. The most were in shabby farm

clothing, barely enough to cover them.

Captain Farnsworth gave his fellow townsman a hearty welcome. His left arm, broken and slashed at Bunker Hill, was in a sling. Colin remembered the tall, lean, bony, brown-bearded farmer, so often rightly worried as to the condition of his soul. There was a noticeable lack of coordination between his brain and the incorporeal part of him.

The spirit of Farnsworth's company was for friendship, not for war. Stern discipline excited a degree of resentment. The men addressed their officers as if they were all having a noon hour in the hay field. Even the captain was Amos to every private.

It was then probably the most remarkable army the world has seen — a fair of good-natured, gossiping, homesick, peace-loving pioneers spread out over the hills and valleys.

At a point near the enemy they saw cannon balls from the British batteries thump the side of Prospect Hill, throwing the dust into the air and ricocheting down the slope, bounding over rocks and slow-

ing to a long roll. Few caused any damage. "Ain't that a caution?" said Farnsworth. "Don't amount to much—they just shoot at America, an' ye know it's a lot bigger'n the Army. Don't hurt a hill to be wounded. Boys used to chase them balls till they found out how mean they was, which ye know they can kick a leg off ye when ye think 'em harmless."

There were places in each brigade where spirits and cider were sold. Soon they came upon a man riding the Wooden Horse for drunkenness and for striking an officer. The back of the horse was a small, steep-slanting board roof with a sharp peak above its four legs. This the prisoner had been compelled to mount. Then weights had been tied to his feet. For a moment they joined the crowd who were watching the distress of this poor man in a silence broken only by his groans.

They crept behind a broad stone wall on the side of Winter Hill where a hole had been prepared for observation. Amos took a small telescopic spy glass from his pocket and peered through the hole at the British line on Bunker Hill.

"There, take a peek," he said to Colin. "The British ain't more'n a mile off. Ye kin see the red coats over thar. We call 'em lobsters."

"Lobsters?"

"Uh huh. In our gab, them boys are all lobsters," Amos went on seriously. "We call a new recruit 'a long face', 'cause he's kind o' skeered an' homesick."

On their way back they stopped at the parade ground to watch the drilling squads.

The air was full of the shouted orders:

"Half-cock your firelocks! Handle your cartridge! Prime your cartridge! Shut your pans! Return your rammers! Poise your firelocks! Cock your firelocks! Present your firelocks!"

Eighteen motions were needed in loading, aiming, and discharging this weapon.

"It's got the power o' seven devils," said Amos. "We load the ca'tridge with a ball an' a few buckshot an' all the powder the gun'll stand an' hold together. We bu'st 'em frequent. The stock is like the heels o' my roan hoss which ye got to look out or it'll crack ye open. They hit severe."

"I've heard our guns were deadly on Bunker Hill," said Colin.

"Uh huh! They was." His graphic description of the fight began with a little assenting grunt full of good nature. "Like the wrath o' God. Ye see we didn't fire till them lobsters was close up, 'bout seventy feet off. How they went down! That blast o' lead was like a long sword which it swung with the power o' God at their bellies. It cut 'em in two. It tore 'em into bloody rags. In a minute, I tell ye, boy, there was flies on their livers."

Amos was angry and excited. The rage of the battle had come back to him. His eyes glowed as he went on:

"Them that wasn't aimed at run like a nigger that's seed a ghost. They formed an' come back in platoons. They was brave, no mistake, which I give 'em credit. They behaved proper. Ag'in, (Continued on page 54)

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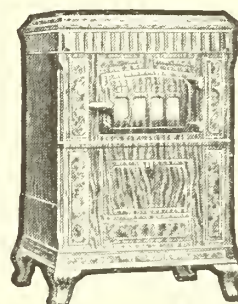
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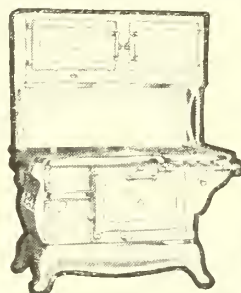
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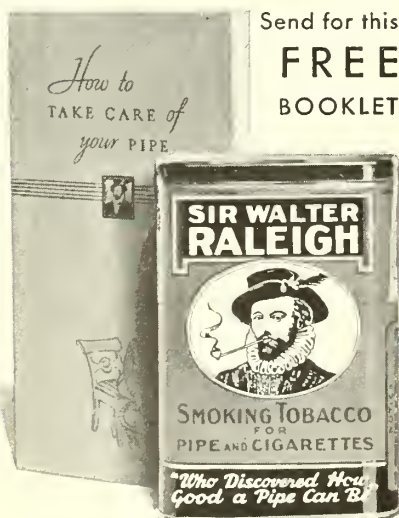
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The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 53)

we mowed 'em down. They kep' a comin'. They was streamin' our way—flank an' middle—like a red river runnin' up hill, by God! At last they was so many we couldn't snuff 'em out. They charged with their bayonets, which they was that nigh we didn't have time to reload afore they was on us an' shovin' the cold iron into our guts. By the Heavenly King! We run fast. I had a busted arm. Them that wasn't rammed through was nicked consid'able, which the firelock is yer friend when it's loaded, but the world can come to an end while ye're a loadin' of it."

In his fervor Amos had entirely lost his hold on "speritual things." No historian could report all of his profanity.

After Retreat at sunset many men began working at their trades. A number of the young fellows in the near regiments played ball as long as the light lasted. Colin went on grass duty with grazing horses until ten o'clock. He had three days of service as a private under Captain Farnsworth at grass, wood and water duty, sleeping rolled in his blanket on a bed of straw under a tree near the captain's lodge at night.

He had met many officers and men in and out of the regiment. He had easily thrown his competitors in the wrestling bout with the Rhode Island boys, witnessed by the Commander-in-Chief, a part of his staff and a large crowd of the idle soldiery. When the last sturdy Rhode Islander in Cabot's hands went down there was great cheering and Amos let out a yell that was heard a mile away. Colin had become a popular man in the regiment.

The third morning he was awakened as usual by the fife and drum corps marching through the camp soon after daylight. Far and near one could hear the rattling drums and the thrilling sound of the fifes.

Colin found Amos building a fire in front of his lodge. He had a solemn face.

"The big chief was here 'bout ten minutes ago," he said.

"Do you mean General Washington?"

"Yes, sir. He an' a squad o' cavalry. Been ridin' 'round the camp which he wants ye to come to headquarters fer breakfast at seven. My God, sir! He's colder than an iron bar on a winter mornin'—like most o' the Southern officers. Been shiverin' ever since he was here."

"And now you're sliding."

"So I be—an' may God take the flint out o' me. It's the plague o' my heart. I was kind o' riled. Spoke to him friendly like—not thinkin', same as if I was to hum. Forgot I was in the Army. 'Nice mornin',' says I.

"'Salute, sir,' says he, cross as a bear, an' me gittin' no pay since I got here. An' my hay uncut. I'd like to be hum an' I orto be. Two o' my men have deserted an' when ye think it over ye can't blame 'em much."

There was a moment of silence while Amos bent and blew on the coals. He

had voiced almost a common spirit among those home-loving, peaceful, industrious men assembled in the camp at Cambridge. Colin went into one of the lodges and bathed himself as best he could with soap and a basin of water and put on fresh clothing.

CHAPTER TWO

In Which Colin Cabot Gets Acquainted With the Camp and Its Commanders and Falls Into Serious Trouble

WASHINGTON and General Greene of Rhode Island, a big, smooth-faced, kindly, gray-eyed man with a deep voice, were sitting together when Billy, the mulatto slave of the Commander-in-Chief who had long served him at Mount Vernon, ushered Colin into the office. General Washington shook the young man's hand and having presented him to the most trusted member of his staff said:

"My boy, we are going to a part of the line today where there may be some slight activity. Perhaps you would like to go with us."

Colin was expressing his joy in the privilege when they were summoned to breakfast. It was a meal of hoe cake, tea, preserved berries and peaches, beefsteak, and baked potatoes. As they sat down the Chief said:

"My own breakfast is always hoe cake and tea. When General Greene is here the cook thinks it necessary to cut a figure."

On returning to the office, Washington dismissed Colin with these words:

"You will please return to us in half an hour in riding boots and with your sword and pistol."

He went out into the hall with the young man and there said to him in a confidential tone: "Here are five pounds. Will you oblige me by loaning it to Farnsworth, and do not let him know that it comes from me. I will see that he gets a furlough."

Captain Farnsworth was cleaning arms with a squad of his men when Colin returned. Calling the captain aside, he gave him the money. Amos was overjoyed. His face glowed when the young man told him that Washington had heard of his valor at Bunker Hill and had a high opinion of him.

"That puts my heels in the air—it does sart'n," said Amos.

"When we understand the big Chief, we shall all love him," Colin began. "He's trying to build up an army, and an army is impossible without a respect for officers."

"Which I've thought o' that frequent," Amos answered. "When I git back there's goin' to be a new leaf turned over. I'm a goin' to straighten my neck an' talk severe. There's too much Amosin' all over this army."

Dressed for his ride, Colin returned to the General Headquarters. A dozen

horses and grooms were in the dooryard. General Washington and members of his staff stood in front of the house. He presented Colin to Generals Montgomery, Schuyler, Thomas and Heath. They were soon mounted and off at a gallop.

They had a swift ride toward the Mystic River. The sound of lively cannonading caused them to halt about a quarter of a mile from the line. Leaving their horses with the grooms, they went on afoot. Colin walked with the Chief and Greene.

"There's a slight disturbance on the front caused by some changes we are making," said the Chief.

"Now we shall see the old hero," General Greene said to Colin.

"Who is the hero?"

"Many call him 'Old Put.' Of course, you've heard of him?"

"Oh, certainly! 'Old Put' has been in every man's mouth and it's apt to slip out with an oath when the boys discuss his bravery at Bunker Hill."

The work was in charge of General Putnam, who came to welcome them. He was a short, stout man, with a large head, a fat, ruddy face, and hair almost white. He had a touch of the back-country dialect.

"You are making good progress, General," the Commander-in-Chief remarked.

"We be, sart'n," the old man answered.

"I guess we can plague 'em cruel if they try to push by."

The rugged Old Put was as cheerful and buoyant as any youth in camp.

For days at this point the Americans had been under a fall of iron from the British batteries on Bunker Hill, unanswered because of the scarcity of powder in Washington's camp. The Chief left his companions and walked along the line of new defences with Old Put.

The party returned in good time for dinner. The brigadiers had gone to their commands. Colin dined with the Chief and his major generals, each of whom drank a pint of claret with his fish, roast beef and potatoes. The subject of their talk was the crying need for powder.

The dinner over, each guest went to his own task. The Chief invited Colin to go with him to the office and there directed him to sit down at a desk and write a short letter the substance of which was briefly indicated. For a few minutes the boy was alone with his task.

He had put it aside when Billy came in to say that Paul Revere was looking for Mr. Cabot.

Revere was in the Secret Service of the American Army. The confident ease with which he penetrated the British lines was the subject of much whispered gossip among his intimates in camp. He brought a letter to Colin from Pat Fayerweather.

The young man was pleased and worried by the letter, in which Pat asked him to meet her on August 15th at the home of a loyalist family named Dorset outside the British lines. She explained that her friend Elizabeth Dorset was being married that evening. His (Continued on page 56)

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A.L.-71

The Master of Chaos

(Continued from page 55)

face was flushed, his brain busy. Of course he would go to see her. He must find a way to do that. He began to suspect that the girl had in mind a double wedding at the home of the Dorsets. It would be a happy way of putting an end to their troubles.

General Washington returned to his office, where Colin awaited him. The Chief read the letter which the young man had written and gave him a word of approval.

"It is well done. I shall be glad to have you in my official family here as a secretary if you think that the work would be to your liking."

"It will be an honor and a pleasure to serve you, sir, if I am equal to the task."

The general smiled and nodded, saying: "I will ask Billy to show you to your room and to move your possessions. When that is done I will advise you of the work to which you may address yourself."

"Before it begins, sir, I regret to have to ask a favor. On the 15th of August I wish to go to Roxbury to be absent for a day. It is a personal matter."

The general smiled. He had read correctly the look in the boy's face.

"A matter of the heart?"

"Yes, sir."

The Virginian arose from his chair, still smiling, and changed a little the arrangement of the papers on his desk. His face turned grave. He spoke in a low, ruminating tone as if the trilling incident had stirred old memories.

"Of course she is beautiful and all other things seem little when compared to her."

"You read my mind, sir. She is beautiful. She is coming out of Boston to the wedding of a school friend in Roxbury. She will need a pass through our line."

The general, looking downward, had been pacing slowly between his desk and the garden window. There was a touch of sadness in his face.

Returning to his desk he said: "We shall try to get a pass for her, and unless something unforeseen should happen you may go and you shall have an escort and my best wishes."

"Thank you, sir."

At once the general set the young man to writing letters, the substance of each being suggested in a sentence. For nearly two weeks Colin was engaged in that service. Meanwhile he was given the rank of first lieutenant and a uniform.

Colin sent a pass to his sweetheart by the underground road and a letter filled with fervid assurance and new discoveries in the personality of the Chief. He would meet her? Of course he would meet her, unless he should die of astonishment at finding the British in a mood to fight. When Revere called again the letter was put in his hands.

Captain Farnsworth had returned full of zeal for the service of God and his country. Some neighbors too old for

military service were to help his young boys with the harvesting.

The Commander-in-Chief planned an offensive movement with the double purpose of driving the British out of Boston and reviving the spirit of his troops and that of the people behind them. His staff sat a day considering it and decided to delay action for a more favorable time. The Chief bowed to their decision. Knowing the background and spirit of the colonies, he saw the imperative need to avoid arrogant or arbitrary action.

He was wont to say, "I am only a servant of the people who have sent me here, and my staff are their representatives."

No pay was arriving for officers or men. Discontent was growing. Two brigadier generals were in a sulky mood. Desertions were frequent. The military chest was empty. The paymaster had not a dollar in hand. The Commissary General had strained his own credit to keep the Army alive. Recruits were hard to get. The terms of most of those in camp would expire in December and January. It looked as if the Army would dissolve at the year's end. Winter was ahead, with no supply of clothing and blankets suited to its rigors. Coast settlements were being raided by the British and were demanding detachments to protect them. Every day was filled with worry and annoyance. At this time we find in the notes of the young man the first intimation of a great discovery.

"Here is a mystery. The Army suffers injustice, neglect, broken faith, homesickness, days without bread, days without meat, months without pay. Some of us have feared that we might awake some day and find the camp breaking. It stays. Why? Discipline is improving. There are some of us here who feel Washington's spirit. We get his vision and share his faith. Every evening we carry his inspiration to the brigades."

For a stirring address to one of the Massachusetts brigades the young man was commended in a general order and promoted to the rank of captain.

Mrs. Washington arrived with her young son and his wife in a coach drawn by four horses with a splendid postilion dressed in blue and white.

"We all like her," Colin writes. "Amiable! Charming manners! Short and plump! Hair turning gray! Dark eyes! Olive skin! Every day she wears a plain gown of homespun stuff, neat cap and white neckerchief, all made in America. She sets a good example to the other women. Sits in a speckled apron knitting socks even while she visits. Takes a motherly interest in my personal affairs. Is eager to see Pat. Tells me that she was called Patsy when she was a maiden. Suggests that there are snug small furnished houses here to be had at a small rental. She is a dear and gentle human

being. We all call her Lady Washington."

August 15th was a warm, cloudless day. In good time to make his objective before sundown, Colin set out to meet his sweetheart with a squad of cavalry to escort him. Half an hour or so later, Amos and three of his best men were spurring their horses to overtake him if possible and save him from threatening peril.

Revere had arrived at Headquarters, soon after Colin's departure, with disturbing news. He reported that Harry Gage and Patience Fayerweather's brother were in a plot to capture Colin at Roxbury that night.

"If they get him I wouldn't give a copper penny for his life," said Revere.

The Commander-in-Chief had sent an oral order by the young man to Amos Farnsworth. He was to set out immediately with a squad in pursuit of Colin and overtake him if possible. Failing in that, he was to look for him at the Dorset house and give him warning and aid if necessary. It was the kind of errand that Amos enjoyed. His arm was no longer in a sling. Mounted on his tough roan horse, he led the others at top speed over the narrow, winding road to Roxbury. He yelled like a panther at cattle, teams or pedestrians ahead, scaring women into hysterics and leaving a wake of wonder and alarm in the receding countryside.

Colin and his squad had also ridden rapidly. They arrived at the Dorset mansion when the sun was low. A young man in a chaise was at the door.

"Is this Colin Cabot?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I am Phillip Dorset and I bid you welcome. Perhaps you will like to go with me to meet Miss Fayerweather?"

"Thank you, sir. I shall be glad to go and will follow you in the saddle."

Colin dismissed his escort. He gave the boys money for refreshments and they rode on to find the inn at the village. Captain Cabot followed the chaise. They proceeded a mile or so toward the neck and came into a stretch of thick timber. At a trail going down through the wooded land toward the neck, used by pedestrians, young Dorset halted.

"It is possible that she will come up the trail," he said. "I suggest that you wait here while I go to see if she is on the road."

Left alone, Colin dismounted and tied his horse to a small pine. The sun was down. It was growing dusk. The light was dim there under the trees. He stood looking down the trail. His mare was restless. She had begun to snort a little. Yet her owner had no suspicion of the very innocent-looking trap into which the young loyalist had led him. Dorset had picked up Miss Fayerweather, escorted by an American soldier, a quarter of a mile down the road and gone around through the village to his home, saying nothing of the arrival of Colin Cabot. The eyes of unseen men were at that moment fixed upon the young captain.

(To be continued)

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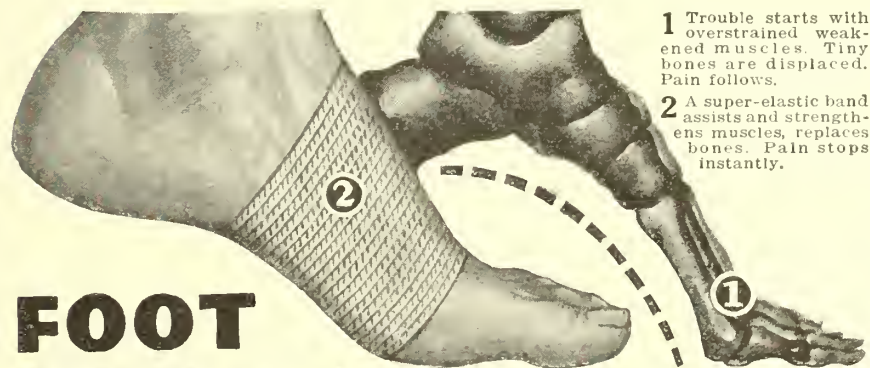
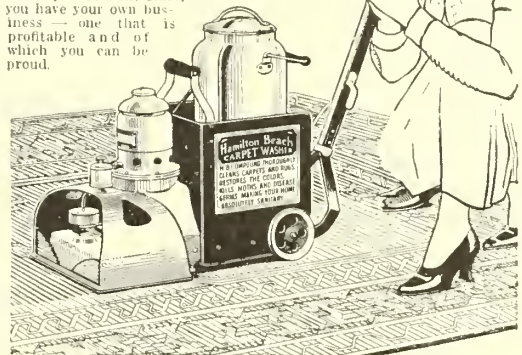
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BURGESS FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

The First Shot

(Continued from page 19)

the top of this ridge, we entered a covered trench which led through a pine thicket to a little promontory on the forward slope. Here a tiny chamber had been scooped out and all loose dirt taken back through the trench so as not to alter in the least bit the outward appearance of the slope facing the enemy. Although providing shelter for a couple of observers it was not built to withstand bombardment.

From this point, as if suspended in mid-air, we had the enemy terrain spread out below us like a great map. In the background rose the long blue line of the Vosges Mountains. Villages and farmhouses, most of them strangely enough still intact, dotted the landscape. It was a picture so different from the shell-ploughed fields and shattered houses which I had expected to find. Only the shell-churned strip of No Man's Land at the base of the hill and the wreckage of a few houses near the front line brought me back to stark reality.

On the way to the observatory Major Villers explained to me that this was a very quiet sector where divisions which had been exhausted in battles elsewhere trained new men and allowed others to go on furlough. As though by mutual agreement, both sides avoided stirring up strife. The French particularly had no notion of starting a big fight on this front. There were no cities or railroads of strategic importance within striking distance. Tactfully but firmly he impressed on me that excessive activity was to be avoided.

Major Villers had already drawn up a plan of my battery's emplacement and a schedule covering the first few days' work. He proposed that I first install one gun in an old abandoned position, occupied until about six months previously by a French battery of 75's. The story of that battery was brief and tragic. It had been spotted

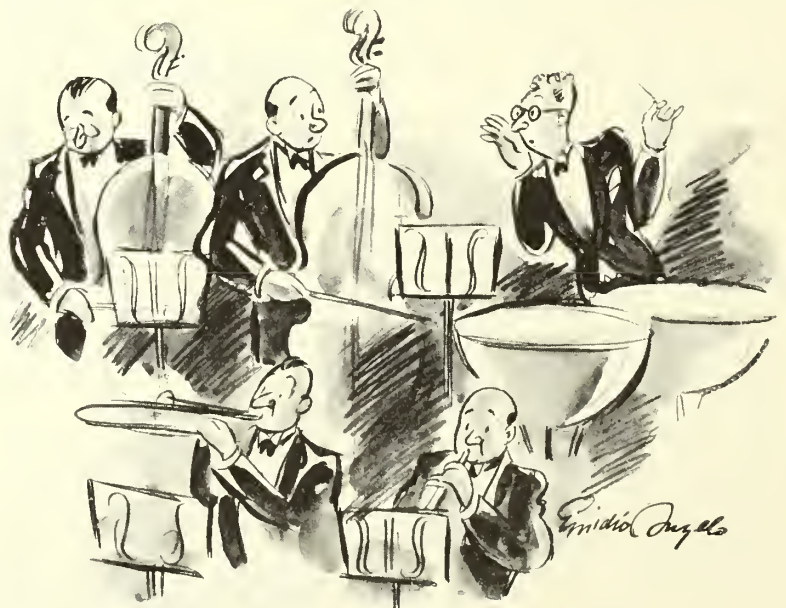
by enemy aviators and Fritz began pouring down upon it a hail of big shells which quickly wiped it off the map. The wreckage of the place was impressive.

It would have been folly, of course, to put my entire battery into this place or to leave any of the guns there permanently. It was a practice with the artillery of both sides to keep on file in each sector the firing data for known targets and prominent landmarks. If discovered in this old emplacement we could be quickly wiped out also, without the necessity of any preliminary fire for adjustment. By temporarily installing one gun here, however, we could engage as soon as ready in the harassing and interdiction firing constantly carried on in every sector. The use of crews in relays would give the entire personnel a bit of actual war training. Meanwhile a model emplacement would be under construction nearby.

My commandant explained that many batteries in that sector had been spotted by the enemy and forced to move. He observed with a grim smile that we would soon be spotted by the enemy anyway, due to our reckless exposure and disregard of camouflage, and might as well occupy the place he had selected.

Our major had guessed quite correctly that young, eager American soldiers were not going to pay over-much attention to enemy airplanes and snipers. They were looking for fight. One feature of the major's plan, however, was perfectly agreeable to us. If nothing more than our own lives and guns were at stake we could blaze away as soon as ready.

After I had gone over the situation with Major Villers, I lost no time in starting back to St. Nicholas. My eagerness of the morning had been intensified by a bit of news I learned at Bathélemont. So far, it



Drummer: "Ps-s-st, what do I do now!"

had been a race between the batteries of Artillery. No one had thought of beating the Infantry into action. It was the traditional role of the guns to support the doughboys, and we habitually took our cue from their movements. But no Infantry had yet gone into the trenches. The first shot fired by the Artillery might be the first for the entire American Expeditionary Forces.

At daybreak the following morning I left my echelon at the head of a detail of forty men, all mounted. The First Section gun with its crew was to follow. Each man of the party had been selected the night before with especial regard to his energy and physical fitness. On the road we soon overtook an officer of a rival battery with a detail of men and a wagonload of material and tools, after which we spurred forward a bit faster.

Luckily, as we neared the front, a fog prevented enemy balloon observation, so that it was possible to ride directly up to Bathélemont without dismounting or making the usual detours. One man of each mounted squad led the horses back to the echelon. The remainder placed their baggage and personal equipment in the flimsy wooden shack which was to be their barracks until completion of the dugouts. Leading them out to the battery position, about a kilometre from the village, I outlined our task and every man and officer present set to work.

At first we had only the small tools always carried by a battery on its guns and caissons and not enough of these to go around to everyone. Every pick and shovel we had was kept in constant use by being passed from one to another. We called on neighboring French batteries and borrowed their implements.

In spite of handicaps we made good progress by ceaselessly plugging away. It remained foggy and overcast during the day so that we were able to continue work without danger of detection by enemy airplanes or balloon observers. Food was sent out to us by our cook in the village and the work never lagged for a moment. By nightfall the gun pit was ready to install the gun. After this, if only our major would say the word, we could open fire first thing next morning. But right here was now our greatest obstacle. I had already approached him about the matter but had failed to obtain his consent.

For reasons already noted, the French policy of holding us in check was perhaps sensible enough, although at the moment it was extremely exasperating. To permit us to fire at will, meant of course vigorous retaliation by the enemy. Raids would follow, after we had gone perhaps, and the French would have the bag to hold. Hence the cut-and-dried schedules which were handed us on our arrival and to which we had to adhere. Herein lay the answer to the query often put to me since the war: "Why did not some American captain gallop his battery up to the front, drop trails and let fly a volley into the Boches?" True, this would (Continued on page 60)



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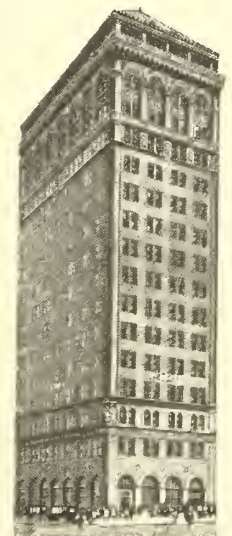
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The First Shot

(Continued from page 59)

have been very spectacular play on the traditional American plan—but it would have fared badly with the officer who did that. No. Things did not happen in that fashion. Not a single shot could be fired until the French majors had given their permission.

On the night of the 22d I went over to my men's quarters, after they had eaten supper, and proposed that we immediately haul our gun out to its position. After what they had done that day I hesitated to demand still more of them. To delay installing the gun until morning, however, meant a loss of time that I felt sure would decide the race. Other batteries had preceded us to the front and I had no doubt that they would soon be in action. I explained the urgent need for haste, and dubiously asked for a few volunteers. With a whoop the entire detail responded.

It was about 1300 meters, or three-quarters of a mile, from Bathélmont to the knoll where the battery was to be located. Between lay a broad meadow, or bottom. Across this a wagon road, usable in dry weather, led past the battery position toward the front. The only other route lay through thick woods at the head of this bottom and would have doubled the distance to be covered. Hence I decided to cross the meadow, little anticipating that it would be a veritable bog so early in the rainy season. The gun team and limber had been sent back that morning, under cover of the fog, so that man-power was our sole dependence.

The gun could have been picked up and carried with ease by forty men, but hardly a dozen could get hold at one time. It was an awkward thing to handle and frequent shifting of relays was necessary. On arriving at the foot of the hill we left the main highway and pulled out into the field road. Instantly the wheels sank to the axles and not enough men could get hold to make them budge. Several pieces of rope were rustled in the village, and attaching these, all were able to lend a hand by pushing, pulling or lifting. The road seemed little better than the rest of the meadow, for the men bogged to the knees. At places there were strong fumes of gas from a recent bombardment by the Boches which forced us to put on our gas masks.

It seemed at times as though we could never get across without horses, though it was doubtful if they could do better than the men in such mushy ground. Each and every man was putting his last bit of strength into the struggle. A couple of lieutenants were at the ropes, tugging away like oxen beside their men. When we reached the base of the knoll up which we had to drag the gun, slippery clay bothered us as much as the mire had done. At last, with a final desperate heave the gun was up and rolled into place.

It was the end of a long day of the hard-

est, nastiest, most back-breaking toil I had ever seen. My men were utterly exhausted and plastered from head to foot with mud and grime, but there was the satisfaction of knowing that we were all set and ready to fire as soon as our major said "Go!"

Our sole chance to win lay now in persuading Major Villers to let us fire first thing next morning. Our rivals must also be practically ready to fire, had they not already done so. He had once refused my request, but I thought I held a trump card.

Although it was quite late, I hurried over to the commandant's dug-out and fortunately found him still awake. After assuring him that all was in readiness I explained the rivalry between the American batteries, dating back in many cases to our Civil and Mexican Wars and even to our Revolution. My own battery, I told him, had been organized only fifteen years before by a young captain who was now a major-general in our Expeditionary Forces. The colonel of my regiment had commanded it for a long while when he was a captain. It had accompanied our General Pershing when the latter as a captain led an expedition against the Moros in the Philippines and again followed him on the Punitive Expedition into Mexico.

This mad eagerness of the Americans to begin fighting, which had at first seemed to him inexplicable, now began to take on meaning. Something besides thirst for war experience and hatred of an enemy was needed to justify such foolish haste. I thought it a good occasion to invoke that "Lafayette, we are here!" spirit, and so I reminded him that it had been more than a century since Frenchmen and Americans had fought shoulder to shoulder against a common tyrant. The new world crusaders of 1917 had heard that same call that brought the gallant Lafayette to our shores in the Revolution. For the first time in history an American army was engaged on a European battlefield. Not a shot had been fired by any American unit as yet, and the first shot would be historic.

He understood. After all, we were not so mad as had at first appeared. Besides, this American battery was a part of his own battalion, fighting its first fight on the sacred soil of his beloved France. The honor of that first shot would be his as much as ours. Finally, with a burst of enthusiasm almost equal to my own, he exclaimed:

"Yes! We shall fire the first American shot! You may open fire tomorrow morning at the first light!"

He thereupon called in his adjutant and the three of us went over the battle map of that sector, the major suggesting certain special targets.

At my request, the major told his adjutant to be up early next morning and be present at the firing. My commandant seemed much pleased with my suggestion,

thinking doubtless that the presence of one of his staff officers would serve to curb excessive or indiscriminate shooting. My own idea, however, was to assure official verification of the hour, minute and second at which my own battery fired, lest some other battery should fire at about the same time.

In my eagerness to obtain the commandant's permission to open fire I had forgotten to tell him that I had no ammunition. One of my lieutenants had gone that day to the French arsenal, but French army red tape appeared to be redder even than ours, and the caissons came back empty. But my commandant, in his new enthusiasm, quickly solved my difficulty. One of his batteries was located along the hedge of a nearby garden, and he directed its commander, Captain Herreman, to lend us what we needed. Lacking horses and limber, a dozen men soon transported twenty-four rounds to our own position.

Dawn found a band of eager, anxious men assembled at the battery position. To our great chagrin a blanket of fog hung over the immediate vicinity, completely blotting out our aiming post and making it impossible properly to lay the gun. Beside the gun stood a picked crew, chosen among the men themselves.

As the fog gradually lifted I gave them the necessary firing data which was quickly set off on the gun, and all was ready. With punctilious care the chief of the section verified the readings on the range and direction scales, then stood by with lanyard in hand. At my command "Fire!" a shell went winging its way into German territory. The adjutant and I looked at our watches. It was five minutes, ten seconds past six on the morning of October 23, 1917.

All of us stood silent as the shell whistled through the still, frosty air and crashed in the distance. That first shot was directed upon a German battery concealed in a little valley behind the village of Réchicourt, at a range of slightly over five thousand yards from our gun. This battery had shelled the vicinity of Bathélemont a few days before, and it was singled out for a bit of retaliatory fire. The first projectile was shrapnel. We never knew just what damage, if any, the first shot wrought.

There followed a continuous shifting in the make-up of the gun crew so that every one present could have a hand in firing one or more shots. Twenty-four shells were sent over before we ceased firing.

A report of our firing was immediately sent by telephone to our division's headquarters. For some time we did not know whether we had beaten all of our rival batteries. A few hours later, however, a messenger brought an order from General Sibert, our division commander, directing that the shell-cases of the first eight shots fired that morning be sent to him. The first was immediately despatched to President Wilson as a souvenir.

It transpired that we had beaten our closest rival battery by a couple of hours. Most of the other batteries fired during

that same day. The Infantry had not yet got into action, so that to the Artillery fell the honor of the first shot fired by American troops on a European battlefield.

Officers present with Battery C that morning were: Captain Idus R. McLendon, commanding; First Lieutenant Frank M. Mitchell, executive officer; First Lieutenant R. T. Heard and Second Lieutenant Arthur P. Braxton. Lieutenant Harold M. Hirsh had been left in command of the horselines at St. Nicholas.

The gun crew which fired the first shot included Sergeant Alex Arch, chief of the first gun section, who pulled the lanyard; Corporal Robert Braley, gunner; Cannoners Louis Varady and John Wodarczak, and the chiefs of the remaining three gun sections: Sergeants Lonnie Dominick, Frank Grabowski and Elward Warthen.

One curious fact deserves mention. Sergeant Arch, who pulled the lanyard of the first shot, was a native of one of the Central Powers, with whom we were at war. He was born in Rojtok, Province of Sapon, Austria-Hungary, in 1895, and was brought to this country when eight years of age. He was a veteran of the Mexican Border service and of the expedition into Mexico.

Due to the rigid censorship of all news from the front, the first stories of our exploit given to the outside world omitted all mention of names. For many months both men and battery remained nameless behind a screen of official secrecy. But not even the cheers of the great invisible audience back home could have added much to the feeling of deep and abiding satisfaction which filled the breast of every member of the battery. Another chapter had been added to the already enviable history of Battery C of the Sixth Field Artillery.

The First Shot Battery was repeatedly sought by distinguished visitors, many of whom gladly accepted our invitation to pull the lanyard of the First Gun and actually send a shell into the enemy lines. In the spring of 1918 General Pershing ordered the gun sent to America for preservation as a relic of our entry into the World War. During its few months of war service it fired over ten thousand shots against the enemy, and was twice struck by hostile fragments. In America it was widely exhibited in the course of Liberty Loan drives. Mounted on a trailer, it was drawn at the head of the Sixth Field Artillery column in the First Division's home-coming parades in New York and Washington in September, 1919. Today the First Shot Gun occupies a conspicuous place of honor amid the priceless war trophies which fill the Museum of our Military Academy at West Point.

[Copies of this issue of The American Legion Monthly have been sent to the headquarters of German veterans' societies in Berlin with the request that a summary of Mr. McLendon's narrative be brought to the notice of their membership, in the hope that additional data on the first shot can be assembled.—THE EDITORS.]

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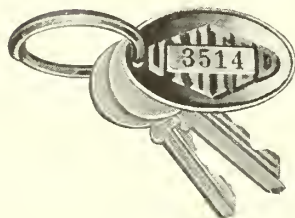
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(Continued from page 6)

more effective control of the operation.

In aviation's present stage of development it is a fact too often overlooked that not everyone is qualified to be a pilot. Physical examinations and tests can determine some things. They can determine whether a candidate has a sense of balance, is well co-ordinated, has good eyesight and so on. But there is a factor of judgment which no one but the candidate himself can properly appraise. If after some experimenting in the air he finds that he lacks this factor he should stay on the ground. If he doesn't choose to, then he should be compelled to. Such a fellow is a menace to himself and to everyone else if he is permitted to fly. And a young fellow of eighteen may be more mature in flying judgment than a man of thirty or thirty-five.

The exploit of Post and Gatty in circling the globe in a little more than eight days might be called a model of flying efficiency. Both men had a good background of experience. Post's skill as a pilot, Gatty's exceptional skill in navigation, were equally indispensable. The *Winnie Mae* was not a new ship, nor was the Pratt and Whitney Wasp motor with which it was equipped a new motor. It was not fancy equipment that they had, any of it. But they knew from experience that it was adequate. And their ability to use it was proved adequate—in extricating their plane when it was stuck in the mud without seriously damaging it, in flying 2500 miles through bumpy air and fog from Kabharovsk to Solomon Beach, where

they landed on a narrow strip of sand. Experience, study and hard work gained them their ability. Flying appeals to the romantic instinct. But all the great achievements in flying have rested on nothing less than ability.

Most of the best pilots have received their training in the army and navy air services. This is something more than a coincidence. It is because the military pilot has to be trained to meet emergencies such as a transport pilot is not often likely to be confronted with. Thus he is instructed in handling many different types of planes under a great variety of conditions. Only the Government can afford to give as thorough-going instruction as this. It costs the Government, indeed, some twenty-five thousand dollars to train a military pilot. From a strictly commercial standpoint such an outlay is not ordinarily considered justified. Yet when the unexpected emergency occurs the pilot with the more thorough background of training is naturally better qualified to meet it.

It is not practicable to give every pilot such thorough training as military pilots are put through. Any pilot, however, who has had less than the best possible training should not take, nor be required to take, risks which may be beyond his ability. The figures of the Department of Commerce which have been cited indicate that the ability of transport pilots, generally speaking, is adequate. Just as surely they show that too many licenses are being granted to pilots for pleasure flying on too slight ability. An analysis shows that



"I do think it's such fun having tea out here on the lawn, don't you, Mr. Smith?"

faulty technique accounted for three times as many accidents in pleasure flying in 1930 as any other cause. Nothing but inadequacy of training can account for that.

Of course every pilot has to be a beginner some time. But if his experience is limited his adventures should also be limited. The Department of Commerce requirements of ten hours of solo flying fit a pilot to maneuver in the vicinity of airports in favorable flying weather. A pilot with slight experience who attempts anything more than that often finds too late

that the risks he has exposed himself to call for more experience and skill than he possesses. When he comes to grief one more accident is chalked against the safety factor in flying. Rather it should be chalked against the danger of carelessness and unpreparedness. It has never paid to gloss over the risks of the air and it never will. By recognizing them, scheduled flying is eliminating them. That is a method that could well be more generally employed, and it would not only be to aviation's advantage from the standpoint of promoting safety, but in every other way.

How It Feels to Win \$500

(Continued from page 43)

tour of the country. Ventura County Post presented him with a sack of beans, proud product of its locality. Carrying his sack of beans Mr. O'Neil journeyed on to the front porch of the new clubhouse of Poinsettia Post, just being completed. At the request of the Poinsettians, he carved his initials with a jackknife on the big front door.

Final Service

WHEN the Graves Marker Committee of Albuquerque, New Mexico, conducted a survey of all World War service men's graves in Bernalillo County, it located and charted the graves of 102 men. Very quickly, it obtained government markers for all these graves, reports Alney L. Atherton, Post Adjutant, who adds: "We believe we have found every veteran's grave in the county—the Civil War and Spanish-American graves as well as those of World War service men—but we are still keeping up our efforts. Our problem is unusual because of the great number of service men with tuberculosis who have come to Albuquerque to regain their health. Many came only when the disease had reached an advanced state. A large percentage of those dying here have been buried in our cemeteries."

Tonsil Hunt

WHEN Johnny or Mary flunk in arithmetic and can't seem to remember whether Columbus discovered America in 1402 or 1620, it is time to find out whether the family tonsils are in working order. Tonsils, it seems, have a habit of going wrong, and diseased tonsils often go along with malnutrition and infections of the heart and other organs. These facts led Vergennes (Vermont) Post to conduct a tonsil hunt this spring.

A Legion-inspired medical examination of the school children revealed many children suffering from diseased tonsils. The post committee undertook to provide surgical and medical care for the urgent cases. Dr. V. W. Waterman, member of the post's school committee, volunteered to perform all operations at no cost other than the expenses of laboratory and nursing. Con-

tributions were made by the Chamber of Commerce and fraternal organizations.

Pictorial Invitations

THE Detroit National Convention has brought two important contributions to the poster art of the United States. Through the co-operation of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Massachusetts, and the Fisher Body Company of Detroit, many-colored posters advertising the convention have been displayed on billboards throughout the United States and in the meeting places of all Legion posts. The insurance company poster, especially designed for display in Legion quarters, was also used widely for window displays. The Fisher Body poster was of the large size commonly used on highway poster panels. Both posters pictorially and in legend featured "the big parade." The large poster was displayed free by local outdoor advertising companies.

Songs of the Legion

THE Legion's greatest membership year has brought with it a musical renaissance. Three compositions stand out among the large number now being distributed. "Fair Land of Mine," composed especially for the Detroit National Convention, has lyrics by Eddie Guest and Ralph Holmes. "Legion Buddies" is the official song of the Pennsylvania Department, and its composer is David Goldberg. James J. Deighan, Adjutant of the Pennsylvania Department, 1109 City Centre Building, Philadelphia, sends word that band, orchestra and piano copies may be obtained from him. The Colorado Department has adopted as its official song, "Poppies," by Mary McMillan Robinson and Ferol Beckett. Ethel R. Springer, Longmont, Colorado, Department Secretary, writes that copies may be had for twenty-five cents.

Fellow Citizens

FOUR German veterans of the World War became citizens of the United States in the (Continued on page 64)



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Legionnaires of Shoemaker Post of Bridgeton, New Jersey, had an active part in the educational work through which these four German veterans of the war were admitted to American citizenship. Left to right they are Frederick Thielman, who served in the Imperial Navy Air Corps, and Wilhelm Faust, Alfred Schmidt and Fritz Ruff, all of whom saw service with the army

How It Feels to Win \$500

(Continued from page 63)

county court room at Bridgeton, New Jersey, last spring. They were part of a class of twenty-seven aliens who had attended a school conducted weekly by Anthony DeLuca, Chairman of the Americanism Committee of Shoemaker Post of Bridgeton. Judge Francis A. Stanger, who admitted the men and women to citizenship, paid tribute to the Legion for its work and Richard Allen, Vice Commander of the Department of New Jersey, welcomed the group to the responsibilities of citizenship. . . . Former National Commander Edward E. Spafford, speaking at a dinner given by Lexington Post, New York City, to former German veterans who are soon to become American citizens, urged that the war treaties be drastically revised so as to eliminate hatreds and the danger of future wars. President Hoover sent a message congratulating the post on its move to wipe out "the animosities of war" . . . When German and Austrian veterans of the war met in Newark, New Jersey, Newark Post sent a delegation which was given an ovation. The high spots on the program were speeches by Baron Von Prittwitz, German Ambassador to the United States, and two Legionnaire judges, Richard Hartshorne and Anthony F. Minisi.

The Canadian Legion

THE rapid growth of the Canadian Legion in the United States is shown by a report forwarded by G. L. McDonell, retiring adjutant of the California Command of the organization, to James K. Fisk, Adjutant of the California Department of The American Legion. The Cana-

dian veterans have organized seven posts in California, the first State to be organized as a department in the same manner as the provinces in Canada. It is estimated ten thousand Canadian and British service men in California are eligible. The Canadian Legion has twenty-three posts in the United States. All members pledge themselves to support the Constitution of The United States. The aims and policies of the Canadian Legion parallel closely those of The American Legion, and Legion posts are giving the new Canadian posts every help possible. The Detroit convention was expected to give impetus to the work.

Postscripts

OLD Glory Naval Post of Brooklyn, New York, composed exclusively of former sailors and Leathernecks, has a survivors' club, headed by Louis Serafini, who was the last man to leave the U. S. S. *Nipsic* when she piled up on the beach in the historic Samoa disaster, and John Heffron, who was on the *Maine* when she was blown up in Havana Harbor. . . . Dan Sowers, formerly Director of the National Americanism Commission, has offered a new national trophy, a silver cup to be presented to the department reporting the largest percentage increase of junior baseball teams. . . . Deaton-Smith Post of Barbourville, Kentucky, sponsored the establishment of a new state park in memory of Dr. Thomas Walker, surgeon, surveyor and explorer, who erected Kentucky's first habitation in 1750, a quarter of a century before Daniel Boone arrived. . . . Charles E. Perry of Kittery Point, Maine, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the

Forty and Eight, after being entertained by Gettysburg Voiture of York, Pennsylvania, honored the Civil War dead by placing a wreath upon the Soldiers National Monument in Gettysburg National Cemetery . . . O. B. Nelson Post of Ottumwa, Iowa, has the distinction of having entertained National Commanders at community celebrations in the last three years, and it presented to National Commander O'Neil in June a very doggy golf bag as a souvenir of his visit . . . Past Commander Art Guns of Karl Ross Post in Stockton, California, missed in June his first post meeting in the eleven years of the post's history; he was sick in hospital.

Almon R. Pingree Post of Exeter, New Hampshire, helped Dr. Edward Otis celebrate his eighty-second birthday and rises to nominate him for the honor of being the oldest Legionnaire who served as a medical officer during the World War . . . There are 750 Boy Scout troops directly sponsored and supervised by American Legion Scout committees, Harold F. Stone, chairman of the Boy Scout Committee of Belvidere Brooks Post of New York City, said in an address broadcast by Radio Station WHN in May. . . . Murray-Trout Post of Audubon, New Jersey, is proud because its team won not only the junior baseball championship of Camden County but also the Legion county pool cham-

The North Dakota Department Convention honored Ole Eielson (center), a banker of Hatton, North Dakota, father of the famed flier, Legionnaire Ben Eielson, who gave his life on a mission of mercy in the Arctic. Left, Past Department Commander R. J. Kamp-lin. Right, National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil



pionship . . . Because travelers have been lost, many of them frozen to death, during sudden winter storms, the Legion posts and Auxiliary units of Rock Springs and Eden, Wyoming, have built two shelter houses, each equipped with stove and firewood . . . More than 5,500 persons were served barbecued meat, beans, onions, pickles, bread and coffee at Charles M. DeBremond Post's Fourth of July celebration at Roswell, New Mexico . . . When Waterloo, Iowa, beat Cedar Rapids in a membership contest, the score being 1,392 to 1,351, six hundred Waterloans of Becker-Chapman Post paraded triumphantly in their home town and then went by special train to Cedar Rapids

where they helped stage a huge meeting with the losers.

Saved Insurance

THROUGH the intercession of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, many disabled service men and many relatives of deceased service men have obtained payment of government insurance policies, under the provisions governing death or permanent disability, despite Veterans Bureau rulings that policies had lapsed for non-payment of premiums. These payments have been made in cases in which the Legion's committee has been able to prove that at the time a policy was alleged to have lapsed, because of non-payment of premiums, the insured had been awarded disability compensation, uncollected, sufficient to prevent the lapse of the insurance.

Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion committee, has called to the attention of all Legion service workers decisions of the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth District in the cases of United

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New 9-Tube
Super-
Heterodyne
with Pentode
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Mu Tubes**

AGAIN — America's famous Radio Manufacturers offer the Radio sensation of the year! A powerful, new, 9-tube Super Heterodyne at the amazingly low price of \$47.95 completely assembled in a beautiful new Lowboy cabinet. Tubes and large electro-dynamic speaker arc included. Nothing else to buy. It's all ready to plug in and tune in as soon as you get it.

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This is just one of the startling radio bargains from the great selection illustrated in the big FREE, 1932 Midwest catalog. Don't send a penny now. At our risk, entertain yourself for 30 full days absolutely FREE, then decide. Compare Midwest Radios with the costliest sets on the market. Convince yourself. We guarantee 100% satisfaction.

Midwest can make this daring offer only because of the excellent quality and proven performance of these new and longer distance radios. If you're looking for a powerful, 9-tube Screen Grid, Super-Heterodyne, with Real Automatic Volume Control, Police Short-Wave Arrangement, Pin-Dot Selectivity, and Amazing New Sensitivity — then mail the coupon below immediately for FREE trial offer, and beautiful new 1932 catalog showing complete new line of 9 and 11-tube radios at world's lowest prices.

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The Midwest direct-to-customer policy makes the surprisingly low Midwest prices possible. Know what it means to have one of the latest and most powerful radios on the market—with all of the sensational new 1932 improvement in tone, clarity, selectivity—and at a price about half of what you would pay in retail stores.

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low as
\$5 Down

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Dept. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**Mail this Coupon for Complete
Details and Big FREE Catalog!**

Midwest Radio Corp., Dept. 14, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Without obligation on my part send me your new 1932 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day free trial offer. This is NOT an order.

Name

Address

Town State

☐ Send me Special User Agents Proposition.

States versus Vance and United States versus Crowell, dated March 11, 1931.

The Roll Call

RUPERT HUGHES is a member of Los Angeles (California) Post . . . Idus R. McLendon belongs to Hollywood (California) Post . . . James E. Darst is on the rolls of Advertising Men's Post of Chicago . . . W. J. O'Callaghan is head of the music department at Culver Military Academy and member of Culver (Indiana) Post . . . Roy Dickinson was the first Commander of one of two posts which were consolidated to form East Orange (New Jersey) Post. **PHILIP VON BLON**

Deformed or Injured Back

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.



30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

Send For Information
Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

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6 FUSES
in ONE PLUG

Agents & Distributors Making Big Money
A necessity everywhere. A "turn to the right brings back the light." Safe, economical, dependable. **6-in-1 Fuse Plug.** Most useful invention in years. Many of our distributors in exclusive territory making **\$500 to \$1000 a month.** Easy to demonstrate. Easy to Sell. Profits begin right away. **Write at once** for proposition. Send 25c for sample and working instructions. **6-in-1 Fuse Co., 801 W. Madison St., Dept. 80 Chicago**

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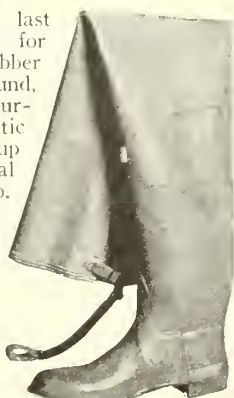
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Bean's New GRASS COLOR Duck Hunting Boot

Color, weight and last designed especially for duck hunting. Rubber is special compound, extra tough and durable. Top is so elastic it will almost stay up without using special snap fastener strap.

Sizes, 5 to 12. Widths to fit all feet. Price \$6.85 delivered free east of Mississippi; if west, 25c extra. Write for free sample of rubber and New Fall Catalog.

L. L. BEAN
332 Main St.
Freeport, Maine



The Eagle or the Woofus Bird

(Continued from page 39)

with millions hungry. As one listens it seems difficult to understand why unemployment isn't a holiday.

They never point to another company, the General Tire and Rubber Company, which is paying its regular dividend and didn't cut wages, but laid aside a sum equal to a year's dividend on its stock to build work in dull seasons for its employees.

Whose depression is this anyway? Sometimes these propagandists would try to convince us that high wages to a few workers caused it all. But let's not argue. A few words, then some more figures, and a chart. For isn't it ridiculous that one of the most important things in our modern industrial life—namely, the proper division between the different elements which produce the profit under our present system—has always been left to arguments, strikes, and lockouts instead of to a research into the matter? Why is it, for instance, that the percentage of the workers' earnings of factory output f. o. b. at factory should have remained close to twenty percent from 1869 to 1931? Anyone who reads the history of industrialism can be sure that it was never worked out quietly by scientists in laboratory or attic. Out of the battle, the arguments, the strikes, the dynamite, the company police and the walking delegates there has emerged this average figure of 18.8 percent, and there it stands all by itself as a basis for argument and as a starting point for further research. This figure would seem to be an important place for such a starting point because the real wages in American industries together with prosperity have increased over the years, with a few exceptions, and yet it remains true that the average worker received in 1869 a larger percentage of the value which he added to the product than he did in 1929.

In the growing use of machinery and labor-saving devices fewer wage earners naturally have been required to turn out a given volume of production. This, in turn, from the manufacturer's standpoint has resulted in a lower cost per unit than that prevailing under the old order. This, together with advertising to make people want the results of mass production, has generally resulted in lowering the price to a consumer. The buyer today buys a whole

lot more automobiles than he did twenty years ago, and similar incidents are available.

There has been a three-cornered benefit in this whole development to consumer, to capital and to labor. And yet as the machine has been able to produce more products, labor has never got the increased proportion which as a consumer should have been his due if consumption was to be kept in line with production. In other words, every time a machine displaced ten

workers the wages of the remaining worker operating that machine never came any where near approximating the wages paid to those who were displaced.

The table reproduced here shows how the manufacturer's dollar, received for goods manufactured, has been split among wages, materials purchased and other expenses over a period of sixty years. This chart, compiled by the *Iron*

Age from census figures, is likely to start a trend of thought. It will be noted, for example, that in 1929, a year of great profit and wild waves of speculation in which the common stockholder benefited tremendously, wages practically stood still as compared to 1927 in terms of what they would buy. Real wages of all employed are lower now than in 1923. The lines are a fair gauge of living costs though they represent wholesale instead of retail prices. This is due to the fact that there are no adequate retail price figures or cost of living figures except for recent periods, which makes it necessary to use the wholesale figures if any buying-power scale over a period of many years is to be established. Each time during the course of the years that there was a setback, the next period showed a spurt to an always higher level. Two interesting points about the chart reproduced herewith are the following: Real wages have often been able to rise even during times of falling commodity prices, as, for example, during the decade from 1879 to 1889, and also during the years 1921 and 1927.

Thus, in spite of the austere warnings of a few bankers and the more gloomy school of economists, the American standard of living has managed to forge ahead during a seventy-year trend, and this despite the fact that the worker today receives less of

the value at the factory of the output which he produces than he did in 1869.

For those people who do not read charts with facility I reproduce herewith a table showing the trend of manufacturing output and factory workers' earnings for all years covered by census reports since the end of the Civil War:

	Factory Output (Millions)	Workers' Earnings (Millions)	Percent Workers' Earnings of Output	Wholesale Price Index (1926-100)
1869	\$3,007	\$ 551	18.3	112.6
1879	7,979	1,409	17.7	67.3
1889	16,242	3,277	20.2	57.7
1899	21,852	3,847	17.6	52.2
1904	24,781	4,372	17.6	59.7
1909	30,578	5,070	16.6	67.6
1914	35,561	5,974	16.8	68.1
1919	44,733	7,547	16.9	138.6
1921	44,692	8,402	18.8	97.6
1923	60,169	10,942	18.2	100.6
1925	60,549	10,364	17.1	103.5
1927	65,742	11,372	17.3	95.4
1929	69,505	11,816	17.0	96.5

This table, taken from the *Business Conditions Weekly* of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, shows figures adjusted to eliminate fluctuations in the value of the dollar. This adjustment has been made by dividing the actual figures reported by the wholesale price index compiled by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The upward trend shown in this chart of the individual workers' earnings since the Civil War has been due to the fact that the output due to the growth and the use of machinery has increased at a much faster rate than the number of workers employed. The output of manufactured goods per worker amounted in 1869 to \$1463. In 1927 the output, with due allowance made for the decrease in the value of the dollar, was \$7,873 per worker. While the average wage earner received a smaller share of his output in 1927 than in 1869, for example, his output was so much larger that his annual earnings amounted to \$1362 in 1927 as compared with only \$268 in 1869. Think of that high average earning of \$1362, what it amounts to a week, and realize that the average carpenter even with his high daily wages works but one hundred and twenty days a year, when the

necessity for "liquidating labor" again comes up.

No one has any quarrel with the small manufacturer or tradesman in an emergency who has to let men go or ask them to help him out of a jam with a cut in pay. But there is little excuse to consider seriously the cry that a general and horizontal cut in all wages is in the slightest degree a remedy for unemployment or that it in any way can promote a recovery from depression. All should remember that on the way up to the dizzy heights from which we fell was the time to help lessen the fall. The capitalization of great profits which came about largely because some business was not dividing its big profits with its consumers contributed heavily to the panic. Demand began to fail because a few people had been too greedy. For lack of adequate purchasing power effective demand could not expand as fast as production. A little less profits for the few in the booms are not only moral but necessary. When industry retains the lion's share of surplus income it loses effective consumer demand, the mainspring of progress.

Would not this extract from the preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion be a good creed for business to adopt: "To inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy."

There was a time when the point of view was justified that depressions were an act of Providence. There was scarcity then instead of abundance of materials but machines were made by man. They didn't come from some far off heaven.

The machine needs merely a sufficient intelligence to drive it with discretion and a full regard for the rights of others. In the process some people may and should lose their driver's licenses. The American Legion can and should be a strong constructive force, working with progressive capital and labor to the end that we go ahead, sanely and safely, not backward to a modern, more terrible Dark Age.



"Hotels Need Trained Men"

Says C. H. Garard

Who, without previous experience, became a Restaurant Manager in 5 weeks and is now General Manager of a beautiful Country Club.

"It all started with an advertisement I saw. Discontented, unhappy, thoroughly dissatisfied with my salary as a bookkeeper, my long hours, and limited future, do you wonder that I was attracted by the headline, 'Step into a Well-Paid Hotel Position' and, after reading the ad, clipped the coupon and sent for the Free Book offered?"

"When the Lewis Schools' book, 'YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY,' arrived, I knew my problem was solved. Here was everything I wanted—fascinating work, good pay, unlimited opportunities. I enrolled that evening.

"Although at the time I started the Lewis Course I had no hotel or restaurant experience, FIVE WEEKS later I was made Manager of a restaurant. Less than two months more and I secured the position of Chief Clerk in charge of the front office of Park Lane Villa. Soon I became Assistant Manager of Wade Park Manor and now I am General Manager of one of the finest country clubs in the middle west. All this I unhesitatingly credit to the Lewis Hotel Training Schools."

C. H. Garard is but one of the thousands of Lewis-Trained men and women who have won quick success in the billion-dollar hotel, restaurant, club and institutional field—one of America's greatest industries. Our FREE book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY" tells how to secure a well-paid position and explains how you are registered FREE of extra cost in the Lewis National Employment Bureau which covers the country at 70,000 points through special arrangement with Postal Telegraph. C. H. Garard's story may be YOUR story—if you will make the same decision TODAY that he made a few months ago. Sign the coupon and mail it NOW!

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<input type="checkbox"/> Service	<input type="checkbox"/> Chief Clerk	<input type="checkbox"/> Banquet Manager
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Please send me FREE of charge and without obligation, details as to how to qualify for the hotel and institutional field, by spare time study. I am particularly interested in the positions I have checked above.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

When the Yanks Invaded Canada

(Continued from page 46)

messages. In action, September 29-30, 1918, at the St. Quentin canal, the dog stopped a machine-gun bullet with his thigh and received treatment at the first aid station. He suffered a fractured leg at St. Marteni—and so wears two wound stripes. Pat also won the Croix de Guerre, although Comer failed to quote his citation.

On the return trip, Pat went through the required delousing and inspection, received the O. K. of the veterinarian and boarded the *Huron*, which put into port

at Charleston, South Carolina. Arrived in Ft. Oglethorpe, Georgia, for demobilization, Pat discovered his master, Lieutenant Comer, who had been sent back to the States from Ypres. A real reunion.

Notwithstanding a series of 13's in his career—13 days old when he joined the 113th Machine Gun Battalion, sailed with 13 ships in the convoy and mustered out on April 13, 1910—he is now 13 years old and enjoying life at 23 West Avenue, Gainesville, Georgia, with Mr. and Mrs. Comer. (Continued on page 68)



Does Your SPEECH Betray You?

How often do you lose your greatest opportunities for more money in business, and for greater influence at your Legion meetings because of mistakes in English, which you make, unknowingly. Unless you have a perfect guide you may be holding your self back from whatever business and social advancement you desire.

SPEECHCRAFT, perfected by a group of nationally-known educators after 25 years of research and teaching, is your infallible guide. It will make you a master of Correct English, Effective Speech, and Letter Writing.

SPEECHCRAFT is NOT a mere set of books. It is fascinating, complete, quick and easy. No tiresome dull rules to learn. Just 15 minutes a day packed with absorbing study and your English and conversation will be faultless, your letters interesting and you will be able to hold and thrill any audience before whom you speak.

FREE! Write for our new, big book, "The Way to Win With Words." It will be sent without charge to serious-minded men who want to get ahead and earn more money. (State age in writing.)

SPEECHCRAFT, Inc., Dept. C-20
25 West Elm St., Chicago, Ill.



You can easily take 5 SIMPLE STEPS to Your Own Drum Corps



LUDWIG has made it possible for any interested person to form a successful drum corps and have it ready for a creditable public appearance *six weeks from now!* The whole plan is arranged in five simple steps, easy to follow, and insuring success—because every step is built upon our years of experience in organizing and equipping successful corps.

Send coupon now for our new book, "Here They Come," explaining the 5-step plan in detail, and showing scores of successful Ludwig-equipped drum corps. No obligation.

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Please send details of the 5-step plan for drum corps.

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When all else fails end your suffering with the flexible "no metal" **Heefner ARCH SUPPORT** WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET



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QUICK MONEY

If you need extra money for clothes or rent, here's your chance! Introduce new Dollar Box and Personal Line of Christmas Cards. No experience necessary. Men and women. Spare time. Many agents making \$15. a day. Write for details, now.

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ASTOUNDING Free Offers Assure Your Success

BIG PAY One garment free with three. New merchandise plan sweeping the country. Big Cash Pay starts at once. Complete sample line given free. Write today. The plan's a proven money maker.

GIVING AWAY **CARLTON MILLS, Dept.** 79 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 308-R

Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Hosiery

STRANGE IRONING CORD Pays Immense Profits

Prevents Scorching
Saves Electricity
Cannot Kink
or Snarl

200% Profit! Hudson made \$75 in 15 minutes sale to large Company for telephones. We furnish proof. H. M. Hay says "Out of hundreds of Neverknots left on trial have had only two returns. I sold over 80 to one bank."

New Kind of Cord Set Free Every Neverknot Salesman is given free the beautiful De Luxe Neverknot Cord Set (with) Unbreakable Switch Plug of its kind in the World) which automatically coils itself out of the way, prevents scorching and saves electric bill.

Every woman buys instantly for it saves its own cost in electricity. It's brand new and yours free if you work for us. Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer. NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 10-0, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago



**New
Off'n on
Plug Saves
Electric
Bills**

When the Yanks Invaded Canada

(Continued from page 67)

Hammond adds this information: "Pat is a friend to everyone and almost any day you can see him on our streets. Before he got so old, he would stand at attention, march on his hind legs and do other stunts. His teeth are gone—as the result of gas, I am told. I know a good many of the fellows in his old outfit will be glad to know he is still living."

ANNOUNCEMENTS of reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations will be listed in this department provided information regarding them is sent to the Company Clerk at least six weeks before the month in which the activity is scheduled.

Timely notices follow:

THIRD DIV.—The Society of the Third Division desires to obtain the name, address and outfit of all Third Division veterans. All who send names to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive a copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

FOURTH DIV., N. Y. CHAPTER—Annual dinner and reunion, Hotel Brevoort, New York City, Nov. 7.

27TH DIV.—Reunion at Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20-22, 1932. Veterans not on roster of 27th Div. Assoc., write for copy of *The Orion Messenger*. C. P. Lenart, secy., Capitol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 9-11. John Edwards, secy-treas., 329 Stoneman bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Nebr., Oct. 15. Oscar Roesner, 1408 W. Koenig st., Grand Island.

28TH INF., Co. B—Former enlisted men, June, 1917, to July, 1918, report to Capt. Clarence R. Oliver Committee, 262 E. 13th st., Elmira Heights, N. Y.

364TH INF., Co. B—Second reunion to be held in Los Angeles, Calif., May 7, 1932. Former members report to Loren A. Butts, 416 City Hall, Los Angeles.

107TH M. G. BN., Co. B, 28TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Sunbury, Pa., Oct. 24. Clement D. Nevin, secy., Sunbury.

306TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 77TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Oct. 18 at 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 East 39th st., New York City. Ralph L. Newcome, 100-57 210 st., Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

305TH SUP. CO.—Former members who served in Madison Barracks, N. Y., and in A. E. F., interested in reunion, write Harry Feldman, 4151 W. Girard av., Philadelphia, Pa.

306TH SUP. TRN., Co. 2, 81ST DIV.—To complete roster, former members please report to August J. Krahmke, P. O. Box 156, Whiteville, N. C.

60TH ENGRS. (RY. OPERATION)—Former members interested in proposed reunion during 1932, report to Lisle H. Foord, 3318 E. Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

304TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Elks' Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 7. George F. Schuck, 5946 Germantown av., Germantown, Philadelphia.

314TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, American Annex Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 3. H. C. Woods, 409 Mission Court, University City, Mo.

200TH-201ST (LATER 496-497TH) AERO SQDRNS.—Former members are asked to send addresses to Frank D. Van Valkenburg, Oyster Bay, L. I., New York, to complete roster. Please also send names and addresses of other members whose whereabouts you know.

SECOND U. S. CAV.—Former members in Philadelphia area who are interested in proposed reunion, address J. R. Breiter, 1205 Franklin Trust bldg., Philadelphia.

FIFTH CO., FIRST REG., U. S. M. C., Fort Capois and Fort Riviere—Veterans interested in proposed association, address Ray Holland, 69 Beaufort st., Rochester, N. Y.

63D SPRUCE SQDRN.—All former members at Camp D1 interested in proposed letter reunion, address Fred D. Church, Millington, Mich.

MOBILE LAUNDRY UNITS 312-343-344 and M. T. C. 552—Men interested in proposed reunion, write to Lawrence (Dutch) Anstaett, Route 1, Hamilton, Ohio.

PLATTSBURG CAMPS ALUMNI—Ex-students interested in proposed "Society of Plattsburg" and reunion in Feb., 1932, address James N. MacLean, Civitan Club, 84 William st., New York, N. Y.

BASE HOSP. No. 116—Thirteenth annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 14. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 8—Eleventh annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Oct. 10. Herman C. Idler, secy., 1500 E. Susquehanna av., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. Bridge—Former crew interested in proposed letter reunion, address O. W. Middleton, 206 W. Park st., Butte, Mont.

U. S. S. Illinois—Proposed letter reunion. Former crew address J. F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARINE DET., U. S. S. Mississippi—Proposed reunion. W. J. Greer, ex-1st Sgt., P. O. Box 433, Warsaw, Ind.

U. S. S. Newport News and Niagara—Proposed letter reunion. Former members address H. V. Smith, P. O. Box 323, Georgetown, Tex.

U. S. S. Ryndam (Rjindam)—To complete ship's company roster, write to Frederick C. T. Jenney, 14 Collins st., New Bedford, Mass.



WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

37TH DIV., Hq. DET.—Ex-Sgt. Paul R. Williams requires affidavit from ex-Cpl. Sam Miller in support of compensation claim.

92D DIV.—Affidavit required from a former Lt. CORBIN or CORBIT (colored) by W. L. Hatfield who had been assigned to the 92d in error and later transferred to the 315th F. S. Bn., 90th Div. The lieutenant was a lawyer and from Kansas.

6TH INF., Co. M—Statements from Pvt. Nichols and other former members wanted by James A. Gravel.

39TH INF., Co. C—Samuel A. Turrentine needs statements from former members of this company. Also statement from Dr. HAGE of Base Hosp. No. 6, Bordeaux, France, where TURRENTINE was patient during Aug., 1918.

54TH INF., Co. A, 6TH DIV.—Statements from former officers and men, including Lt. Coleman, Sgt. Colcord and Pvts. Dozier, Kennedy and Peter Scott who recall various disabilities suffered by Leon F. Williamson at Camp Wadsworth, in Liverpool, England, and in France. These include trouble with his head, a fall due to misfitted service shoes, and influenza contracted in the trenches during Sept. or Oct. 1918, due to exposure and over-exertion.

72D INF., Co. H, Sept. 1918, to Jan., 1919, and 63D INF., Co. H, June to Sept., 1918.—Statements from former comrades of Arthur Lebeck, now deceased, who recall attacks of sunstroke, and ruptured blood vessel suffered by him. Lebeck died in 1923 and his mother needs assistance with claim.

110TH INF., 28TH DIV.—Jerry J. Hanks wants to contact two Red Cross workers stationed under rock near Apremont, France, during engagement of Oct. 1, 1918.

122D INF., Camp Wheeler, Ga.—Former officers and men, including Capt. Bohamer (Bohammon) and Overland, Lts. Parker, Hartstorn and Rockwell, and Sgt. Neighause, who remember Oscar B. Reese falling while on drill field and being carried to infirmary, and also remember head trouble, measles, pneumonia and mumps suffered by him.

127TH INF., Co. F—Former members, including 2d Bn. medical officer in Selters or Sayn, Germany, Jan., 1919, can assist Sam J. Parish with claim.

131ST INF., Co. B, 33D DIV.—Former members who recall Clarence W. Hall being gassed Oct. 14, 1918, during Somme offensive.

145TH INF., Co. M, 37TH DIV.—Raymond H. Grose wants statements from former comrades, and particularly from French artillery doctor who treated him for gas on battlefield along Lys and Escaut Rivers, Nov. 9, 1918. Claims was only survivor of large group of people killed by enemy shell while taking refuge in French farmhouse.

167TH INF., Co. E—Former Lt. Joseph M. Murphy can help A. W. Wedman with claim account gas on Champagne front and wounds received near Chateau-Thierry.

317TH INF., Co. A—Tidal S. Taylor wants to hear from man wounded in left leg by shell explosion, Oct. 4, 1918, Meuse-Argonne offensive. Taylor was lying next to wounded man and helped carry him to first aid station.

328TH INF., Co. D—Statements required by Odum C. Forrester from Capt. Gray C. Lewis, Sgts. Harry W. Lauder and George C. Watkins, Cpl. Edgar F. Sparks and Pvt. John L. Jones, all of Co. D, 328th Inf., and 1st Sgt. John T. C. Doonan of Hq. Co., 110th Inf., 28th Div.

349TH INF., Hq. Co., 88TH Div.—William M. STANLEY requires statements from Capt. BROWN and also medical men.

35TH INF., Hq. Co., 90TH Div.—Affidavits from former members who remember George BAYLER having been gassed during Meuse-Argonne offensive, Oct., 1918.

21ST BN., Co. D.—Statement from Capt. Emit S. SKIRVIN, C. O. on Mexican border, El Paso, Tex., 1918, required by C. F. LAYMAN.

7TH M. G. BN., Co. A.—Statements from former members, including Cpls. Thomas D. WARNER and Edward WOLLCOTT, and Pvts. Lester R. HOOVER, Francis DRAKE, Hugh Courtney and George GATES, who recall E. A. COOPER being gassed after being relieved from burial detail in the Argonne area, about Oct. 26, 1918.

15TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 5TH Div.—Charles E. TESTERMAN requires statement from 2d Lt. WRENN to support disability claim.

10TH F. A., BTRY, F. 3d Div.—J. W. COCHRAN needs statement from a man named HOLLAND from Alabama, who was fellow patient with mumps in hospital west of Verdun, France, early in Oct., 1918.

12TH F. A., BTRY, D.—Statements from Capt. John H. CARRIKER and other men who recall service disabilities of ex-Sgt. Noah DAVIS, including cinder in eye, Oct., 1917, serious case of mumps, Jan., 1918, influenza from Mar. to May, 1918, and gas on June 6, 1918.

38TH F. A., BTRY, B.—Statements from former members, especially Sgt. Harmon M. GROESBECK, formerly of Ogden, Utah, to support claim of Dana AKERS.

342ND F. A., BTRY, A, 89TH Div.—Former members with outfit in Pannes sector, 1918, and in Army of Occupation, 1919, can assist William H. McNAUL with compensation claim.

5TH ENGRS. TRNG. REGT., 11TH Co.—Former members and men of other companies in tent area, Camp Humphries, Va., July, 1918, who recall Arthur DEEL who suffered exposure while on work detail unloading camp supplies, etc., at railroad siding.

49TH ENGRS.—Ex-1st Lt. J. M. CHAFFEE, E. R. C., wants statements from 1st Lts. Jacob J. SPENCER and George J. McCoy, M. C., 2d Lt. I. D. TONER, E. R. C., and John H. CORBUS, Med. Det., to support application for Govt. insurance.

55TH AMMUN. TRN., Co. B, C. A. C.—Don A. CONKLIN requests statements from Lt. LEE, company commander, 1st Sgt. LANE, Cpl. THOMPSON, and also doctors and nurses in sick bay on transport *Manchuria*, sailing Sept. 8, 1918.

5TH U. S. CAV., TROOP C—Affidavit from Capt. Leland C. McATLEY, stationed at Ft. Bliss, Tex., and in Big Bend District during war period, to support claim of Cloral ULREY.

13TH CAV., TROOP E—Robert Nowack wants statement from former members who served on Mexican border during 1918.

M. G. T. 308, CAV.—R. H. PRYOR needs statements from men who served with this outfit during 1918.

M. T. C. 390—Statements required by Joseph E. HARMON from Capt. Bennett BROXSON, 2d Lt. Francis M. DEQUET and Sgt. Charles ("Curly") H. HOWERTON and other men, to support claim for disabilities sustained while stationed at Ft. Sam Houston and Marfa, Tex.

M. T. C. 525—Walter W. PRANGE needs statements from former members, under command of 2d Lt. A. JOHNSTON, who recall his being gassed in test at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla., Aug., 1918, due to defective gas mask, and also wrenching back and injuring spine while cranking truck at Bordeaux, Jan., 1919.

5TH U. S. CAV.—Sgt. Cloral ULREY requires statements from Capt. Leland C. McATLEY, Troop C, at Ft. Bliss, Tex., and 1st Sgt. Eric D. CLARKSON, Sgt. Julius MAHAFFEY, Cpl. Leo J. BUSHROE and other men. ULREY is suffering from tuberculosis.

MARINE CORPS, 88TH Co.—Former members who recall Samuel E. ALEXANDER at Parris Island, S. C., in 1917, and also at Cape Haitian, Haiti, in 1918, when ALEXANDER was taken to hospital under guard.

1ST PROV. WING, GROUP B, Hazelhurst Field, Mineola, L. I.—Sgt. tel. Bertram EVANS needs statements from Murray T. DONAHUE, adjt., 1st Prov. Wing, J. D. COSTELLO, 2d Lt. and supply officer, Wm. H. McCULLOUGH, 1st Lt., R. C. A. S., 352d Aero Sqdrn., Walter P. JACOBS, 1st Lt., A. S. S. C., W. H. CUCHNER, adjt., and others connected with 352d Aero Sqdrn., or 32d Co., C. O. T. S., Camp Gordon, Ga.

83d AERO SQDRN., Kelly Field, Tex., 1917—Statements from Herman L. LORENZEN, Francis BOVARN and other men in support of insurance claim of Ralph REX.

SUP. Co. 301, Q. M. C.—Statements from Capt. George S. CARPENTER (major) and other men needed by G. A. BRITTON.

BASE HOSP. No. 56—Statements from doctors and nurses to support claim of James McCARTY, 308th Inf., who was gassed in the Argonne, also received shrapnel wound. Sent to Base Hosp., Allerey, France, about Oct. 11, 1918, remaining till Feb., 1919. He is suffering from lung and throat trouble.

BASE HOSP. No. 87, Cour Cheverney, France, Dec., 1918—Affidavits required by J. C. LOOSE from former Capt. Frank Gaines GRACE of this hospital, and from ex-1st Lt. Francis H. CARTMELL, M. C., 321st F. S. Bn., Feb., 1919 at Tiffauges, Vendee, France.

1ST BASE HOSP. GROUP, Hq. Co., Camp Greenleaf, Ga.—LeRoy C. GILLESPIE requires statements from former members, particularly ex-Sgt. C. Frederick COON, Hq. Co., and ex-Sgt. Harry W. POORMAN.

1ST FIELD HOSP., Co. I, 2d Div.—Former members, particularly Lts. WILSON and AKCTON, M. C., Sgts. Virgil F. SECRET and William TAYLOR, and Pvts. Leroy M. GRESSETT and Dade W. JOHNSON who recall Sgt. James G. MARTIN who sustained paralysis of right arm at Vitry-le-Francois, and injury to head in motorcycle accident in Engers, Germany.

MEN. DET., Ft. Riley, Kas., Nov., 1918—Men, particularly Karl W. KROUSE, who recall F. M. ROBERTSON when he fell and injured back. ROBERTSON was member of Field Hosp. No. 3, Iowa N. G., when transferred to Ft. Riley.

U. S. S. *Albany*—Former crew, including Red ERTZ, chief water-tender, Mehst. Mate TALLY and Chief Mehst. Mate FOSTER, who recall injury to M. L. GOONWIN when he fell through hatch Sept. 4 or 5, 1917. Also mental disorder resulting from firing of 5-inch guns on deck just above his hammock.

U. S. S. *Artiges*—Affidavits from Lt. J. A. MONROE, U. S. N., captain of ship and members of crew on trip from South America to New York in Dec., 1918, to support claim of G. J. WIESE.

U. S. S. *Kansas*—Christy N. BLACK needs statements from George Carl FREISCH who served on this ship in 1918 or 1919.

S. S. *Kansas*—Former gun crew who remember head injury sustained by William G. J. BENNETT when ship was blown up in July, 1917, on their first trip as Armed Guard.

U. S. S. *Mississippi*, 1919-21, and *Transport Von Steuben*—Statements required from former crew members who recall Charles Lee ALEXANDER, who is now blind.

U. S. S. *Martha Washington*—Former members of the second division of this ship who remember injury sustained by Lt. Fred W. DAVIS while at sea, Jan., 1918.

BRADEN, Grover C.—Service Officer of Argonne Post, Enid, Okla., desires to locate this man in connection with some compensation.



COATES, Edgar H., ex-pvt., 6th F. A., 1st Div. Age 35, 5 ft. 7 in., blue eyes, light brown hair, fair complexion, 150 lbs., scar between eyes, occupation bookkeeper. Last heard from in 1920. Information wanted by wife and children.

DODGE, Charles E., ex-Sgt. Co. B, 39th Inf., to Dec., 1917, Aux. Remount 306 to Aug., 1918. Discharged May 21, 1919. Missing. Information wanted regarding whereabouts as his child is in need of support. If death can be established, compensation may be obtained.

FERRER, Samuel G.—Served with Co. B, 106th Engrs. 39 years old. Traveling man. Last heard from seven years ago when he bought ticket at Atlanta, Ill., to Chicago. Estate to be settled.

KAHLER, John—Demented, although appears rational at times. 5 ft. 7 in., age 38, hazel eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion. Disappeared from Osmond, Nebr., latter part of July, 1931. Wore overalls, blue shirt, brown hat and shoes.

MORGAN, Walter—Disappeared while serving as sgt. in Service Co., 28th Inf., 1st Div., at Fort Niagara, N. Y., Feby. 1, 1923. Over 6 ft. tall, light hair, blue eyes, smooth-shaven, was cattle dealer from Eastern Texas. Now listed as deserter and if can be proved dead, compensation may be obtained. Has 10-year-old son, being supported by mother.

MURPHY, Joseph W.—Ex-lieut., formerly of New York City, can assist A. W. WEBMAN with his claim.

WELLS, Arthur M.—Wounded overseas during war. Missing past five years. Mother needs him in connection with insurance adjustment.

WOODS, Edwin L., dementia praecox patient, escaped from State Hospital, Jackson, Miss., Apr. 23, 1931. Veteran has been confined in military prison and in insane hospital because of condition. Regional managers are requested to contact all institutions such as jails, hospitals, insane asylums, etc. Woods was born in Ohio.

4TH BN., Co. M, 22d ENGRS.—Statements from Cpl. Burt G. WHITLOCK and Pvts. John W. WHITLOCK, F. TAYLOR and Furman FULLER who recall John H. GILLIS being sick and marked quarters while detachment was located in Ansaerville, France.

9TH INF., Co. E—Former members who knew Harry Truman SAYLES or witnessed his death in action, June 6, 1918, can assist in establishing claim of widow.

136TH INF., Co. D, Camp Cody, New Mexico—Affidavits required from Lts. GRAHAM and JENSEN; the "lieutenant doctor" in charge of Ward 12, New Base Hosp., Camp Cody, Feb., 1918, and former comrades, in support of disability claim of Dewey FERGASON.

347TH M. G. BN., Co. A, 91st Div.—Statements required from officers and men, including Tony COSTA and HANFORD, who recall Pvt. Albert L. CLEBSKY injuring his knee while returning from hike at Camp Merritt, N. J., June-July, 1918, resulting in his being left in camp hospital when his outfit sailed for overseas. Also from former members of 38th Co., Depot Brig., Camp Lewis, Wash., Apr.-June, 1918, especially Capt. McLAUGHLIN, a 1st lt., and Cpl. Jean JEWETT who remember his disabilities.

306TH INF., Co. F, 77TH Div.—Affidavits from former officers and men who recall C. B. ROCKNE having been gassed overseas.

SERV. WATERTANK TRAIN No. 302, Co. C—Former officers, including Capt. STEGMAYER, and men can assist Daniel S. MCINTYRE with his disability claim.

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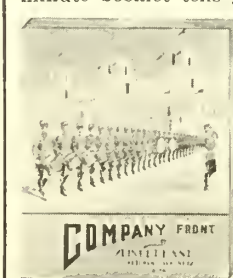
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The Number Ten Hat

(Continued from page 30)

it to fit. The argument became heated, but in the final analysis the decision was Lieutenant Maxwell's and he chose to follow the second course. He decided that on the morrow, in fact even tonight, Private Dipple's derby would be protectively covered with olive drab cloth. He set about it.

Meanwhile his letter was making its way through channels. Loaded with endorsements of battalion, brigade, division and corps, it came to Washington and there through clerks and colonels to the office of the Quartermaster General. Then back, properly stamped, to a clerk who was assigned to investigate. In three weeks of digging he found (1) that the largest campaign hat ever manufactured for the Army was size nine; (2) that a dozen of these had been made up in 1908 and six had been issued and six retained in general stores; (3) that a special contract would have to be awarded for the manufacture of one number ten hat, as requested.

The report was laid on an Assistant Quartermaster's desk. This man, a lieutenant colonel, was on sick leave. It was just at the time that Lieutenant Maxwell was preparing for the first brigade inspection.

It was now early January, and the atrocious derby, wearing its second olive drab covering, was as conspicuous as the Y. M. C. A. hut and better known to half the camp than the chief of staff. Publicity, at this formative stage of training, was most undesirable, and Dipple continually drew the spotlight. Other companies got by in their mediocrity, but not the Eighteenth.

This inspection was going to be a

snarky affair. For days it was the sole topic of the major's monologue at Officers' Call. The officers and non-coms chivvied and harassed their charges, as fluttery as a group of matrons handling debutante daughters. Fierce attention beat on such intimate items as toothbrushes, garrison tan shoes, rifle locks and haircuts. Corporals were charged, on their honor, to see that each man understood, beyond cavil of doubt, how to lay out his pack, how to recite his general orders.

The great day was cold and snappy and clear. Thousands of men deployed on the rolling stretch of prairie foot-hills, opened their ranks and spread out their equipment. General Franklin and his staff marched and counter-marched, glaring here, peeking close there, stopping ever and anon to snort in outraged amazement. Aides took notes and names. Men stood so stiff and straight that they bulged in odd places and quivered from tension like bird-dogs at the point. Platoon commanders swallowed their Adam's apples, company commanders their pride. Rifles were snatched from nerveless hands and clucks of distress arose at the condition of gun barrels.

Lieutenant Maxwell noted from afar the approach of the dread party and croaked his company to attention. Dipple's squad leader had been given desperate last instructions as to how to save the situation if the general stopped there. He was to say that Dipple had just lost all his relatives in a pestilence and was not himself.

Sure enough, the general did stop behind Private Dipple.

"What's this?"



The pistol team of Police Post of The American Legion in Los Angeles, California, won most of the marksmanship prizes in its State before journeying to Camp Perry, Ohio, in September to take part in the National Rifle Association matches

The squad leader rocked on his heels and forgot his instructions.

"Who is in command here?" Lieutenant Maxwell floated forward and moved his lips. "What is that man wearing on his head, Lieutenant?" No answer occurred. The general nodded to one of the aides who waited, poised to spring, and the aide conferred with Maxwell. The men marched back. The sun set once more.

And now, in Washington, Lieutenant Colonel Swazey was back from sick leave and found the clerk's report. Colonel Swazey issued a call for a board meeting. This took place the following Tuesday. The board decided that the call for bids was in order and notice was sent to a selected list of sixteen hat manufacturers who were found, after careful consultation of the records, to be equipped to handle this line of production. The opening of bids was set for a day in the latter part of February.

Back in camp, Lieutenant Maxwell acted with that decision and despatch said to be characteristic of great military leaders. There was no question whatsoever but that he would hear officially about Private Dipple and his appearance at inspection. Obviously, as Clausewitz would have agreed, the time was come to abandon a palpably ruinous strategy and to pursue an alternative. Maxwell, therefore, called in Dipple, took away from him the battered and disguised derby and caused to be prepared in its place a substitute head covering—a regular issue campaign hat from which a segment was removed in the rear and an olive drab strip of cloth inserted.

THE Lippert and Holman Manufacturing Company of Danbury, Connecticut, found itself embarrassed. President Marquis was wild. While he was in New York for a day a stupid subordinate had received from the Government a request for a bid on one olive drab campaign hat and had foolishly put in a bid for this ridiculous item. A number ten hat, of all things! And men were so scarce that President Marquis could not even fire the subordinate. He was given a good talking-to and everyone hoped they would lose the bid. No such luck. Early in March the Government notified Lippert and Holman that they were the successful bidders on Contract Number AJ-842,636, one special-size campaign hat, and requisition was hereby made for immediate delivery. Now President Marquis did fire the subordinate, told the girl to misfile the Quartermaster's letter and devoted himself to a real contract in hand for two hundred thousand hats, sizes six to eight.

Private Dipple was in charge of Number Two post of the guard, second watch, midnight to two in the morning. Lieutenant Maxwell was officer of the day. Private Dipple had to know both his general orders and the special orders for the post; he knew none of them. At nine in the morning the new guard marched on and Lieutenant Maxwell had his men drawn up to receive them. A pretty ceremony. Colonel

Coulter, who was entertaining his brother, a prominent Omaha attorney, stopped in pleasure to watch the guard-mount. His brother was impressed, and favorably, that the men showed so much precision, so much esprit de corps, for soldiers so short a time under arms. There need be no fear of the eventual outcome. Germany was through. Our boys—a vagrant gust of wind took the improvised hat from the head of Private Joe Dipple and laid it at the colonel's feet. Dipple broke ranks to pursue it. Lieutenant Maxwell came along. Colonel Coulter, a benevolent trust officer in civil life, was not angry at all. But he did admonish Maxwell that such a make-shift piece of headgear was hardly proper for a guard-mount. Maxwell told him the story of the hat to date. Colonel Coulter smiled tolerantly but in obvious disbelief and turned on his heel. Lieutenant Maxwell was badly shaken and took the hat away from Dipple even before they started back to their own barracks.

A rather peremptory letter, under date of March 28, 1918, came from the Quartermaster General's office to President Marquis of Lippert and Holman—subject: one number ten hat. The letter demanded to know why the order had not been filled and why two previous communications had been ignored. There was no ignoring this letter. President Marquis cursed his luck, wrote placatingly to Washington, and put a man on the job of pushing through Contract AJ-842,636. The hat was delivered in Washington on April 14th.

The special number ten olive drab campaign hat was sent to Camp Meade, Maryland. Two weeks later it was discovered. In two weeks more correspondence had cleared up the error and the hat had gone back to Washington and had been sent to Camp Mills, New York. In late June it was checked again and came home to rest in the cantonment in the middle of the Western prairies where Private Dipple still awaited it.

All was bustle at the camp. At last the division, its depleted ranks filled from its depot brigade, was actually to go overseas. The plans for the departure were elaborately worked out and rehearsed. Baggage was painted with divisional insignia and crates and boxes were scientifically made ready. When the time arrived, the first regiment to go fell out in front of barracks and marched under arms to the train. A supply detail followed with the baggage. The men marched aboard with their packs and were allotted three to a double seat in day coaches. Junior officers stood on the platform giving everything a final check and taking a surreptitious and almost moist-eyed last look at the old camp. The signal was given, the officers swung aboard and the outfit was off.

Lieutenant Maxwell and Private Joe Dipple were now members by transfer of Company F, Four Ninety-ninth Infantry. Maxwell commanded the second platoon and Dipple was a member, rear rank. His status was low but his derby had been restored. Nobody (Continued on page 72)

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33x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	30x5.00	.95	1.35
34x4 1/2	3.45	1.45	28x5.25	.95	1.35
30x5	3.60	1.75	30x5.25	.95	1.35
33x5	3.60	1.75	31x5.25	1.10	1.35
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The Number Ten Hat

(Continued from page 71)

wanted to talk about it. Tacitly it was ignored. The confusion of departure was kind to Private Dipple.

Their regiment was leaving today. Everything had been done by an exasperatingly efficient captain; the last burnt match had been picked up in the squad room, the last fly swatted in the kitchen. Unable to find a thing to do or to order done, the captain permitted the men to loaf at ease—the false ease of children dressed for a party. Joe Dipple loitered non-committally among his new comrades. They, too, had long since given up as not amusing the idea of kidding him. Private Dipple smoked a cigar and smoked it well down. It was not an expensive cigar, nor fragrant. The sun was hot and as the noon hour approached the men drew within the barracks and left Private Dipple alone. He surveyed the scene of his nine months' service to country, a scene he was about to leave, without a quiver. He wondered if there would be any interruption in meals during the trip. But this thought led to speculation that was dangerously close to cerebration, and Joe desisted. He simply stared into space and at length focussed his gaze on a mounted figure that rode closer. Even Joe could see that the man was a high-ranker, and, by the mark of his drooping gray whiskers, a rough customer. A general in ill sorts. Joe made sure that he was noticed and scrambled to his feet. But no, the general looked the other way. Joe drooped out of the attentive posture and leaned against the barracks wall. The derby shaded his eyes. The cigar sputtered. The general drew rein and looked sharply about and Joe gulped and tossed him a salute, the cheery salute of camaraderie, derby on head, back against wall, cigar in mouth. The general froze, started over, glanced impatiently at his wrist watch and changed his mind. Joe knew that he would hear from it. He didn't mind.

He decided to withdraw inside and ran into Lieutenant Maxwell. He knew the

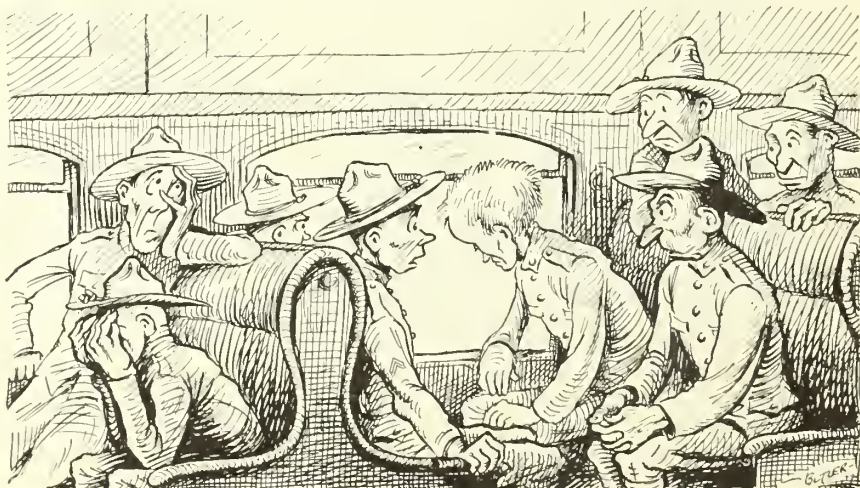
lieutenant had seen everything. The lieutenant beckoned him to follow and led Joe to the supply room. There was a package. The sergeant unwrapped it and there lay the only specimen of its kind, a number ten—the number ten—issue, olive drab, campaign hat. It had a blue infantry cord around the band and a thin shoe lace to tie under the chin. It was a trifle dusty from its travels but was jauntily dented in four places in the crown. The brim was board-stiff and uncompromising. A soldier's hat. Even Private Dipple was impressed.

Lieutenant Maxwell spoke, looking fixedly at Joe's derby:

"Give me that, Dipple." Joe handed over the derby. Lieutenant Maxwell crushed it viciously between his hands, wadded it into a compact bundle, walked into the kitchen and threw the remains into one of the ranges. The mess sergeant started to protest but got a look at Maxwell's jaw and desisted.

In the afternoon the final inspection was held and the captain was pleased to see Dipple's new hat. Joe grinned. The men were all excited at leaving. They sang as they marched to the station. Their spirits became high. The train was loaded as the evening grew cooler, and soon all was ready. The officers stood on the platform for a last look. A staff officer rode up just as the conductor called "All aboard!" Maxwell swung on with the other officers and stood on the car steps to watch the staff officer peer after them. He knew the staff officer's errand and he hoped he choked from disappointment.

The men made merry within the train. They waved at the girls who waved at them, munched doughnuts, organized quartettes. The windows were open to the evening breezes. The train rumbled over a long bridge and below there was turbulent water. A man leaned out to see and knocked Private Dipple's hat out the window. It fluttered down to the river. Joe looked idly after it. The men wondered what Lieutenant Maxwell would say.



When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 37)

Meuse to Champagne of forty miles. The following day, on the 27th, the British with our two divisions, the 27th and the 30th assisting, broke the stronghold of the famous Hindenburg (Siegfried) Line. Four days later Von Hindenburg was telling the German statesmen that a peace offer must be made immediately as the German army was breaking. Three days later, when this was unknown to Foch but when he saw the rich harvest his combinations were yielding, Baker met him at his headquarters.

Baker asked his view as to the number of American divisions he needed to assure victory in 1919.

"Forty!" Foch replied. Baker concluded that he had misunderstood the Marshal and repeated the question.

"Forty!" said Foch again.

"But we already have forty!"

"That is enough. Pershing may want a hundred. I do not."

This was six weeks after Foch had been demanding one hundred.

ONE section of the War Department, which had had little to do in the period of preparation, had become grimly active. It was transcribing cablegrams from the A. E. F. which had nothing to do with shipping, or programs, or phases, but much to do with the call for replacements. Both March and Pershing held that all casualties should be sent in cipher lest they reveal to the enemy the identity and losses of units engaged.

"Sending casualty cablegrams partly in English and partly in code make use of the same cipher table for confidential messages unsafe," March reported to Pershing, "as the publication of the casualties in the newspapers enables intercepted messages to be easily deciphered. A new code for casualties will be completed soon."

Frederick Keppel, now third assistant Secretary of War, who had conducted the noonday rounds in the Secretary's reception room in the spring and summer of 1917, was assigned to looking after the casualty section. Members of Congress acting for relatives of soldiers and relatives on their own part crowded the corridors and the offices asking that special inquiry be made about some one of the hundreds of thousands in the anonymity of "over there."

After his trip to France Baker could visualize easily the significance of the part that America was playing in the Meuse-Argonne, into which, first and last, we were to feed a million men. There has been much speculation about the results if Pershing instead of beginning a fresh battle should have thrown in all his divisions in continuing the St. Mihiel battle. To many of us who were on the scene the answer to that is mud, the autumn mud of

the Woevre, of roads to be built in the mud where guns and transport foundered in mud comparable to that of the Ypres salient. Pershing flamed at the mention of traffic congestion; it was an admission not to be considered; the word was not to be used—which was sturdy war psychology. But the congestion was a fact—now an historical fact.

Foch decided on the fresh battle west of Verdun; and accepted Haig's suggestion for the concentric in place of the eccentric attack. The part of the German armies which the British and a part of the French faced in Western France received its supplies largely from the Mezieres railroad line, which was also the line of retreat from the west. Our army was to strike for the railroad to cut off the supplies and the retreat. Such was the task, the challenge which Foch set for us.

The pioneer divisions which had been in the easier task at St. Mihiel could not be brought up in time for the "jump-off" on the first day of the greatest battle in numbers and gunpower in our history. Nor could the Third Division, which had been the "Rock of the Marne," or the 32d, which had qualified as veteran in red earnest in the Marne counter-offensive. The four pioneer divisions had averaged eight months before they entered an active battle sector.

The nine divisions in the first line of attack in the Meuse-Argonne had averaged three and one-half months in France. Only one was a Regular division, the Fourth, under a most experienced division commander, who had been with the First through all the stages of its training. The Fourth had been about four months in France. Two of the National Army divisions, the 79th and the 91st, had been only two months in France, hardly time enough to find their landlegs and to become acclimated. Neither had ever been under fire; they went in the trenches for the first time in a major offensive against these semi-permanent fortifications. Left to right the divisions were the 77th, National Army, the 28th, National Guard, 35th, National Guard, 91st, National Army, 37th, National Guard, 79th, National Army, Fourth, Regulars, 80th, National Army, and 33d, National Guard; with a regiment of the 93d (colored) operating with the French beyond the forest. One Regular division out of the nine! Since Cantigny our high command must have developed much confidence in the new American soldiers who were drawn from all classes of our citizenship.

Of course the front of attack did not go as far on that first day as the line the staff set on maps which showed the contours but were without information as to behind what bush a German would place a machine gun, or where the German infantry would dig a (Continued on page 74)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 73)

line of foxholes and wait for targets in the open, or where a barrage of gas would be laid down as the German resistance formed and grew stronger with reinforcements.

Some divisions had the breaks and some had not. There was to be bitterness between divisions as to which took this knoll, the edge of that wood, or that line of foxholes, and because the connecting division did not keep up; but the thing to me as an observer was that all were of the same warp and woof, and that I never felt quite so cocky about my country as in the Meuse-Argonne.

Reforming his battalions, reorganizing his front, and relieving exhausted divisions with rested, Pershing kept up his hammering, the veteran First, Third, and 32d now in line. He gave Liggett command of the new First Army which was fighting the Meuse-Argonne, while the Second was formed under Bullard on the St. Mihiel front. Pershing's position was now the same as Pétain's. He commanded a group of armies. Liggett attacked at once and by the middle of October had reached the Grand Pré gap and the Romagne heights. On the other side of the Meuse the 29th was fighting to conquer the Meuse crests that swept our right flanks with shell fire.

UNTIL September 14, 1918, there had been less than ten thousand deaths from disease in the army, with a death rate of less than five a year a thousand men. As if there were not deaths enough in battle and from wounds and misery enough, a new horror, baffling to medical science, was sweeping the armies at home and abroad. Day after day the number of cases increased until barrack buildings were turned into hospitals, while many of the tireless doctors and nurses who passed between the cots shut in by cotton curtains, became victims of this swift destroying "influenza-pneumonia pandemic," popularly known as Spanish influenza. In the second week of October, it caused the death of four out of every thousand men under arms in the United States. From September 14th until November 8th there were three hundred sixteen thousand cases of influenza, and fifty-nine thousand cases of pneumonia.

As the pins on the battle maps were writing the inevitable end, Foch was still switching American divisions. Now the Germans were facing two at another point in the long battle line. The Belgians were to have the encouragement of the presence of the 37th and 91st, which had been hastened by train after their withdrawal from the Meuse-Argonne battle to join the Flanders army group for the attack of October 14th under Degoutte, an old friend of the Americans from Château-Thierry days. By the 19th in their swift advance they had reoccupied Ostend, taken the old submarine nest of Zeebrugge, cleared the Germans from the Belgian

coast, and reached the Dutch frontier.

The world's eyes were on the French and British front where the pins were set forward appreciable distances every day. But Clemenceau's was on our First Army, as he glanced from its slow progress on the map toward its goal in the greed of success which would speed the finishing blow.

American lives in the American Army! And French lives in the French army! On October 21st Clemenceau wrote a letter to Foch which the marshal says "had in view nothing less than to effect a change in the Chief of Command in the American Army." The sardonic and incisive old premier said he would not waste time in reviewing the "development of General Pershing's exactions" and "his invincible obstinacy," which had won out against Foch. "You are in the midst of action, so that past events and mere words are out of place here . . . Constitutionally, I am the head of the French Army . . . I would be a criminal if I allowed the French Army to wear itself out indefinitely in battle, without doing everything in my power to ensure that an Allied army which has hurried to its aid was rendered capable of fulfilling the military role for which it is destined.

"When General Pershing refused to obey your orders you could have appealed to President Wilson. . . . I took the liberty of differing with you . . . You wished to prolong the experience. . . . If General Pershing finally resigns himself to obedience, if he accepts the advice of capable generals, whose presence at his side he has until now permitted only that he might reject their counsels, I shall be wholly delighted." Otherwise, it was "high time to tell President Wilson the truth and the whole truth concerning the situation of the American troops."

It was the gossip about the supposed contents of this letter, whose very existence was a subject of doubt in staff circles, that led to rumors that Pershing might be relieved; that the time had come for a McClellan to go and to look for a Grant.

The air-raid in Paris the night after Baker's arrival there, on his first tour of our army in France, led him to remark to Pershing that generals were mortal, and in a war where explosives were dropped so far behind the lines and he was inevitably subject to many risks in going about the front, our Commander-in-Chief might one day be on the casualty list. Baker asked Pershing if he had ever considered who was best suited to be his successor? Pershing said that he had not, but would, and would give his answer. As Pershing had not mentioned the subject again, Baker brought it up before leaving France. Pershing said he had not been able to come to a decision. Baker's choice would have been Harbord.

Meanwhile, Baker never had any

thought of relieving Pershing for any other reason than that which he had mentioned to Pershing himself. Pershing was his general; and he believed in his general and stood by him.

"Having a more comprehensive knowledge of the difficulties encountered by the American Army, I could not acquiesce in the radical solution contemplated by Monsieur Clemenceau," said Foch in his answer to Clemenceau in which he enclosed a table showing that there were now forty-three American divisions in France. Of the thirty fit for battle ten were with the British and French armies, twenty under Pershing. The other thirteen were at bases or being disembarked. He said that by manipulation he could shift more divisions from Pershing to other armies if circumstances warranted it.

"But there is no denying the magnitude of the effort made by the American Army," he assured the fighting mad Clemenceau. "After attacking at St. Mihiel on September 12th it attacked in the Argonne on the 26th. From September 26th to October 29th its losses in battle were 54,128 men—in exchange for small gains on a narrow front, it is true, but over particularly difficult terrain and in the face of seriously resistance by the enemy."

Foch now planned to broaden the American field of attack by an enlarged Franco-American maneuver which would clear its flanks, especially on the right bank of the Meuse where the German guns from the crests still had a cross fire on the right of our advance between the two rivers. When Foch saw the plans drawn up by the First American Army and the Fourth French army for the new operation, he complained that their rigidity "might conceivably hamper the rapid exploitation of any success achieved." In his directive calling for a change of instructions, he said, "Important results such as we are pursuing in the present stage of the war, when we are confronted by an enemy whose exhaustion increases every day, can only be achieved by progress as rapid and deep as possible."

Pétain, the commander-in-chief of the French army, changed his instructions to conform with the generalissimo's orders, and "urged Pershing to hasten the launching of the offensive west of the Meuse."

It was unpleasant enough for the American staff, when on short notice it was fighting its first great battle in command of a supposedly independent army, to have General Maistre, Foch's representative, at their elbow; and still more unpleasant to have the reports of Clemenceau's demand that Pershing be relieved and to have in Foch's directive an oblique reminder of their failure to carry out the offensive tactics which they had championed in criticism of the trench-defensive habits of the French. Franco-American military relations were never quite so brittle as after we had our integral army in action.

Other divisions, as inexperienced as those who broke through the trench systems on the first day, had been put into the later

stage of the Meuse-Argonne. There was the Fifth Regular, which had four months in France; the 82d, National Army, had also had four months; but the 29th, National Guard, the 78th, the 82d, the 89th, and the 90th, all National Army, had three months, or even less in France before they went into a violent sector.

The roster of our citizen army's achievements is incomplete without mention of the 36th, National Guard, another division separated from the army family. It had had no trench experience, it had never been under fire, when it took over from the veteran Second, east of Rheims, and drove on even when the German artillery, before its retreat, concluded to empty all the shells in a dump into the Americans, rather than have them captured; and after that, the 36th kept its formation against a rearguard action of a fifteen-mile stretch in a single day.

AT HOME the Fourth Liberty Loan drive was under whip and spur. As soon as this had reached its goal, a united drive by the welfare societies was to have the field. The German army was breaking along the whole front from the Argonne Forest to the Channel. Count Julius Andrassy was in Switzerland seeking peace for Austria-Hungary. The Italians were making strides in their offensive against the Austrian army; and revolution was at hand in Germany.

On November 2d our army in the Meuse-Argonne was over the summit of the whale-back and making speed that should have satisfied even Premier Clemenceau against the weakening action of the Germans. In Italy the Italians were far beyond the Piave, pursuing the broken Austrians. On that same November 2d, Pershing was calling for one hundred and forty thousand replacements by the end of the month.

On the fourth mutiny raised the red flag in the German navy. On the fifth Germany was choosing delegates to negotiate an armistice on the basis of President Wilson's terms. On the same day March reported that in October two hundred and forty-two thousand men had been shipped to France. This completed the October program except for a part of the replacements, and the prospect for these was better. "Influenza not only stopped our draft calls in October but practically stopped all training. If nothing happens" he hoped to catch up with replacements by the first of the year. The day he sent that cablegram some of our divisions had advanced five miles. On November 8th, he promised Pershing seven hundred selected captains and lieutenants immediately to replace the wastage of junior officers in battle. On that day one American division had advanced twenty-five miles. Our men were in Sedan; they had reached their goal.

Three days later all firing, all wastage of officers and men had ceased. Some of our units which had (Continued on page 76)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 75)

not reached the front, and especially those who had the order to "cease firing" just as their guns were in position, might feel that the Armistice had robbed them of the experience for which they had trained. Our Army staff, so intent on its own problems, with little time to think of the advance of the other armies, had been slow to see the general signs that the end was near. To the last they were looking forward to great battles to come in 1919, for which the Meuse-Argonne was only preparation.

AFTER silence had come to the front, and the most world-wide rejoicing of all history in the real Armistice celebration was being voiced by the peoples, the War Department sent a cable on November 11th, for the information of the A. E. F., saying that "All draft calls and special inductions into the service have been canceled." No further personnel except medical and hospital would be sent; but, of course, the shipment of subsistence and clothing would be continued. "Further Sunday work and overtime work in production for the Army, Navy, and shipping contracts have been stopped."

As the plans matured for the peace conference which was to take the place at Versailles that had been occupied by the Supreme War Council, Baker recommended to the President that General Bliss be made one of the commissioners. The President gladly accepted the nomination of Bliss.

For the residue of supplies that could not be shipped back home, the American Liquidation Commission, whose members were Edwin B. Parker, Henry H. Hollis, Homer H. Johnson and General Charles G. Dawes, accepted a flat price from the French government, which realized little on its purchase as the French peasants broke into many of the warehouses and pilfered the contents. So the S. O. S. came to an end. I know no better tribute to all who labored there and all who labored at home in order that the A. E. F. might have the sinews of war than the conclusion of Harbord's report:

"Who can measure correctly the relative excellence and justly weigh the rewards for services that covered almost every field of activity from the highest type of staff work to the humble toil of the dock stevedore—each essential to the success of the whole? Every trade and profession known to our civilization contributed its members to this enterprise.

"Officers who had spent their lives in preparing for the command of soldiers in battle, cheerfully threw over the ambitions of years and forgot the bitterness of disappointment in their enthusiasm for this Service; blackmen from the cotton-fields of our South toiled on docks and in warehouses and built roads that no soldier might be unfed; lumbermen operated in

the forests of the Vosges and the Pyrenees; millionaires contributed their great business experience and captained new industries; lawyers of eminence protected interests of the country; chiefs of the great railroad organizations of America brought their unexcelled men and methods to the success of the transportation service; tremendous engineering problems were solved by leaders in that profession; the distant markets of other countries were searched by trained buyers to save precious tonnage; men labored under earth and water, and met dangers in air and under the seas; officers and soldiers from the battle fronts restored only to partial health contributed their shattered strength and maimed bodies to this work; the best medical and surgical skill of the world organized and administered hospitals on a scale never before seen; the great welfare organizations ministered to the morale and entertainment of the Supply Army; salvage services were organized on an immense scale; leaders in the world of electricity covered France with a network of uninterrupted communications; kings of finance, diplomats, linguists, artists, artisans of all arts, experts and organizers of all phases of industrial life caught the step and marched with the Services of Supply.

"Without the excitement and glamor of combat service, often unobserved, sometimes unrecognized, and seldom adequately rewarded, these men quietly and unselfishly contributed their part to the winning of the Great War. In such numbers and in such efficiency are these men the deserving of their country that individuals cannot here be singled out by name. They worked as a great team which was only striking its stride as the war ended."

OVER there Pershing had his problems of how to occupy the soldiers now there was no more fighting. He would keep his diminishing host subject to West Point discipline until the last man had gone. The man in uniform must continue to salute his superior even when he passed him walking in the same direction. The military police still rounded an officer or man who had a button unbuttoned. The army staff, with flesh and blood soldiers still under their command, would go on with battle training to make profit from the lessons of the Meuse-Argonne.

WITH the war over, Congress came back into its own. The press was no longer restrained from publishing information lest it aid the enemy. Officers ordered home might vent their grievances, be these just or unjust. Among those whom Pershing had asked the War Department to order home in the last stages of the Meuse-Argonne was the best brigadier and others whom he had chosen

as fit for division command. The broken hearted need no longer sigh in secret. Long pent up feelings might have voice in public; and the official public forum was the Congress. Members were hearing that the losses in the Meuse-Argonne offensive were disproportionately large; that Regular officers had persistently undervalued National Guard officers, and particularly about the relief of General Edwards from the command of the 26th, and the subsequent relief of Colonel Edward L. Logan of the same division. To all officers who demanded reasons why they were sent home, Baker's answer was that he would not ask General Pershing, or hamper him in his choice of personnel.

On March 1st Pershing cabled that there were still a million and a half American soldiers in France, all waiting, waiting to get home while the welfare societies were trying to keep them happy, when the only thing that would make them happy was home. It is only necessary to add that there was no Congressional investigation of the A. E. F. It was to be confined entirely to the War Department.

IN THE coming reorganization of the Army, Pershing's was to be the voice of prestige, of the commander who had organized and led the largest army in our history to victory. March and Bliss gave up their four stars; and Pershing kept his under the title of "the General of the Armies." Congress refused to restore the grade of lieutenant general for Liggett, McAndrew, Bullard, Harbord, Crowder, or others who had done great work. There was one general, and next in rank the

major generals. He was given spacious offices in the old State, War and Navy Building; his choice of officers to aid him in writing his reports; and provided, aside from his general's pay, with every allowance within reach of the law, while he devoted himself as head of the Battle Monuments Commission to supervising the memorials to be erected on the battlefields of his army. And so he might continue to enjoy his well-earned rest to the end of his days as the nation's appreciation of his part grew with time.

ON March 4, 1921, Baker's bit in the war ended; and so was the political career of a man who had spoken so many no's in the course of being a non-partisan Secretary of War. For sixteen years he had been in public office. When he returned to Cleveland and his friends the roof to keep out the rain was a small rented apartment; for he was penniless, and would have been in debt if he had not received a small inheritance while he was in Washington which enabled him to carry on respectably as a Cabinet member.

At last he could practice his profession and strive to earn a competence for his family. As he listened to the footsteps in the hall, one after another turned into his partners' offices rather than his. But he was in a high mood over making a start in life when he wrote to Fosdick in answer to congratulations upon return to "our learned profession," that "Lawyer Baker," after the formalities of Mr. Secretary, appeals to me with a charm I should find it difficult to describe."

THE END

Here Comes the Band

(Continued from page 31)

and the lively playing of the bands there is in the Legion an enthusiasm for music not confined to national convention week.

The American Legion has a national committee which does all it can to help the newer organizations. Year by year, the national committee scrutinizes the competition regulations and from time to time revises them in obedience to the expressed wishes of the bands and corps.

Dr. Hawke says there are at least one thousand drum corps in The American Legion. He adds: "As many as seventy-five corps have taken part in a single Department convention competition. These corps work indefatigably throughout the year. Convention competition rules require a corps competing to have at least sixteen players. At the Louisville convention a South Dakota post of only sixteen members bravely marched as a drum corps—a record that can't be beaten. Another South Dakota outfit, Pierre Post, figured it cost \$3,000 to take its corps to San Antonio. This, after it had spent \$2,500 on uniforms—in the pattern of the

Scottish Highlanders—and equipment. States more populous than South Dakota have shown the same spirit."

The band and drum corps contests have been held at the last ten national conventions. Naturally, traditional rivalries have sprung up. A glance down the list of first-place drum corps during the ten years shows that Racine (Wisconsin) Post came out on top four successive years and Harvey W. Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, last convention champion, has been on top in three years. Other champion corps were Frankford Post of Philadelphia, Fort Dodge (Iowa) Post and George A. Custer Post of Battle Creek, Michigan.

Monahan Post Band of Sioux City, Iowa, has been the Legion's national championship band in five of the ten years. Electric Post of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, won the championship at Boston and at Louisville in the preceding year. Other championship bands have been Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas, Zane-Irwin Post of San Francisco, and David Wisted Post of Duluth, Minnesota.



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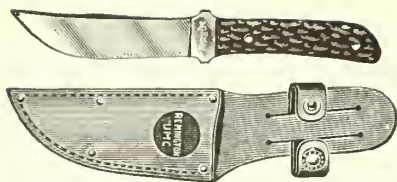
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30x5.00-21"	2.50	32x7.50-20"	4.25	32x7.50-21"	4.25
30x5.50-21"	2.55	32x8.00-20"	4.55	32x8.00-21"	4.55
30x6.00-21"	2.60	32x8.50-20"	4.85	32x8.50-21"	4.85
30x6.50-21"	2.65	32x9.00-20"	5.15	32x9.00-21"	5.15
30x7.00-21"	2.70	32x9.50-20"	5.45	32x9.50-21"	5.45
30x7.50-21"	2.75	32x10.00-20"	5.75	32x10.00-21"	5.75
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30x8.50-21"	2.85	32x11.00-20"	6.35	32x11.00-21"	6.35
30x9.00-21"	2.90	32x11.50-20"	6.65	32x11.50-21"	6.65
30x9.50-21"	2.95	32x12.00-20"	6.95	32x12.00-21"	6.95
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30x12.50-21"	3.25	32x15.00-20"	8.75	32x15.00-21"	8.75
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30x13.50-21"	3.35	32x16.00-20"	9.35	32x16.00-21"	9.35
30x14.00-21"	3.40	32x16.50-20"	9.65	32x16.50-21"	9.65
30x14.50-21"	3.45	32x17.00-20"	9.95	32x17.00-21"	9.95
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30x15.50-21"	3.55	32x18.00-20"	10.55	32x18.00-21"	10.55
30x16.00-21"	3.60	32x18.50-20"	10.85	32x18.50-21"	10.85
30x16.50-21"	3.65	32x19.00-20"	11.15	32x19.00-21"	11.15
30x17.00-21"	3.70	32x19.50-20"	11.45	32x19.50-21"	11.45
30x17.50-21"	3.75	32x20.00-20"	11.75	32x20.00-21"	11.75
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LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 10361-R Chicago

When Mr. and Mrs. Go Shopping

(Continued from page 4)

manufacturers, who altered the cases to fit the specifications. We sold them, and they stayed sold.

Twelve and nine one-hundredths percent of the merchandise that leaves our store is returned by the purchasers, and while I am familiar only in a general way with the returned article problem of other department stores, I do not think that our average is excessive. Exchanging merchandise is an expensive operation, which I am sure that the average department store customer, which is another way of saying the average American, has not seriously considered as a factor in the cost of what he buys. It is very difficult to say exactly how much it costs, because the costs vary so greatly with different articles.

A watch can be returned at less expense than a porch swing costing one-third as much. But my guess is that the average cost of returning an article is about ten percent of its retail value.

Who pays this? The customers pay for most of it.

And what is responsible for this state of affairs? I have heard many answers to this question. I have heard it said that the increased liberality of the return policy of stores, which is dictated by competition, has made shoppers hasty and frivolous. If they think an article may suit them they take it, with a mental reservation, knowing the store will always receive it back.

There is something in this view. The liberality of stores cultivates indecision on the part of the purchaser. Many women make a practice of having two or three dresses sent to their homes when they are going to buy but one of them. I say women advisedly because I have never heard of a man having two or three suits sent home.

I fully believe if the average woman, who is an instinctive bargain hunter, appreciated that every time she took home a dress that she did not buy she added ten percent to its cost the practice would diminish.

To put the burden of the blame on the customer would be an easy and convenient way for a merchant to explain this expensive and irritating problem, but I am convinced that it is not altogether the right way. Most transactions made in a store are intended by the buyer to be final, and if the goods come back it is a result of dissatisfaction the reason for which lies at the door of the merchant more often than at the door of the customer. Over-zealous salesmanship is a factor.

This is, however, a minor factor. The

main causes for dissatisfaction, I think, are just causes: the goods are not right. Too many twenty-one-gadget suit-cases are still offered.

Times could be better and undoubtedly will be before long, but eighty-five percent of the people are now at work and buying. The country is filled with potential purchasers looking for the right thing at the right time and at the right price. There is no dearth of desire—only lack of intelligent recognition of that desire, which results in poor business and unsatisfactory transactions as reflected by the amount of goods returned. People take back merchandise largely because it has been imposed on them by guess-work rather than designed to meet the needs of the individual.

If merchants and manufacturers would get out from behind the hermetically sealed doors of the offices of their sales managers and study the needs of their customers, they would do better.

Although the number of men customers is increasing, the department store is still predominantly the woman's store and women prefer style to

quality. Not long ago we wished to move a stock of handbags made to sell for five dollars. While not the last word in mode, neither were these bags conspicuously out-of-date. They were put on sale at \$1.95, which was a bargain, but they moved very slowly. We put another lot of bags on sale on an adjoining table. They were the latest thing in style, but in quality much inferior to the ones formerly priced five dollars. They also were priced at \$1.95, which was about normal. They were snapped up and the other bags went begging though they represented more than twice the value for the money.

If men had been the purchasers this would not have happened. Men want service—they will not run all over a store looking for a bargain—but their attitude toward changes in fashion is very conservative. We have our "collegiate" styles for the male, and our flashy dressers of more mature years, but on the whole most of the color we find in men's costumes is the work of wives, sisters and sweethearts.

A woman will buy an article for \$1.98 when she will not buy it for two dollars. That has been demonstrated by test. To her two dollars mean two units of a dollar each. A dollar ninety-eight means one unit of a dollar and some loose change. An article is rarely priced at \$1.02, for example, except in the wholesale market, where buyers are mostly men and selling is a professional operation. There two cents

are just two cents, whether under or over the dollar line.

In a retail store men are little influenced by a price like \$1.98. It is apt to annoy them and make the transaction look complicated. They do not care to be bothered waiting for such small change. It disturbs their vanity. Men like to think that they do things in a large way and so prefer round figures. They will buy an article without asking the price, not because they are really indifferent to money, but because somehow they associate such an in-

quiry with a loss of prestige. It is a mark of being concerned over trifles.

Men seldom return their purchases. They will keep an article that is unsatisfactory to them rather than return it, and take it out in resentment toward the store. That is not a pleasant state of affairs from the merchant's point of view, either. But here also I am disposed to criticize the seller rather than the buyer. It is a merchant's business to find out what his customers want and see that they get it before they leave the store.

The War We Lost By Pacifism

(Continued from page 27)

thousand troops, they advanced without meeting an obstacle, an ambush or a rear-guard action. A flock of our gunboats that had fled far up a creek to get out of the way of the British navy were blown up to keep them from falling into the hands of the British army!

If we should read the account of the capture of Washington in a history of Dahomey we might think it funny. In a comic opera it would be considered unconvincing. But it is indisputable history.

President Madison, armed with dueling pistols, mounted a horse and with three of the cabinet rode about in such a pother that if it had not been for the lucky warning of a scout they would have ridden right into the British army. To have had our President and half the Cabinet captured as well as the Capitol would have been something hard to conceal in history.

Two thousand men on the flank of the British advance did not fire a shot. There were 7000 men gathered about Washington and they let the British march unmolested to Bladensburg.

The soldiers were generally drunk, the sentinels could be heard giving the countersigns fifty yards away. When fifteen hundred British appeared and fired a few rockets "they scampered like errant school-boys," says Ganoe in his *History of the United States Army*.

The only resistance at Bladensburg was made by four hundred sailors from the burned gunboats. They put up a brave little fight for a while under Captain Barney, who was wounded and captured. We lost 26 killed and 51 wounded and the Capitol. It cost the British 64 killed and 185 wounded to capture Washington. They burned and looted and went away, leaving a dazed and prostrated Administration in the woods.

"During an entire month the United States Government performed few or none of its functions. The war on the frontiers was conducted without orders from Washington," says Adams.

The fall of Washington caused financial panic and suspension of specie payments by the banks. The Government could not pay the bounties that were necessary to encourage what recruiting there was, and the recruiting was a dire failure. The

militia covered itself with its usual shame. The militia was not exactly to blame, for it had no training, no equipment and only contempt for the ignorant officers who never knew what it was all about. Militiamen would have been fools not to run.

"Congress came back to Washington but found the building in ashes, and met like vagrants, without a shelter they could call their own," relates Adams. William Wirt, looking on the charred ruins of the White House, called it "a mournful monument of American imbecility and improvidence." He described President Madison as "miserably shattered and woe-begone . . . heartbroken." The Secretary of the Treasury admitted bankruptcy and could not pay the interest on the public debt, could not even obtain funds to defray the current ordinary expenses of the departments of the nation.

For nearly a year the situation at sea, except for the privateers, had been quite as dismal as on land. Adams says that "at the beginning of the year 1814, the American Navy had almost disappeared . . . After November 1, the United States Government had not a ship at sea."

Men and money were wanting. "The Government at Washington was prostrate and New England was practically independent. . . . The national Government had for practical purposes ceased. The union was already practically dissolved."

The only hope was peace, and Napoleon's frightful débacle in Russia and the defeats that sent him to Elba made England haughtier than ever.

For a long while efforts to make peace had gone on and our Commissioners abroad waged battles almost as hopeless as were waged at home.

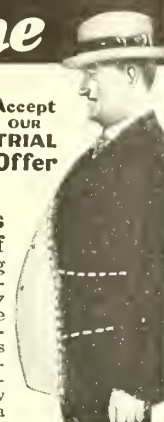
In January, 1814, Secretary of State Monroe had written to the Peace Commissioners concerning impressment: "This degrading practice must cease; our flag must protect the crew, or the United States cannot consider themselves an independent nation." Just five months later President Madison authorized the Commissioners to omit impressment from the treaty. It was not even mentioned in the final document, which was a mere cessation of hostilities gladly accepted by the Peace Commissioners. (Continued on page 80)

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The War We Lost By Pacifism

(Continued from page 79)

After the signing of the treaty Andrew Jackson won the Battle of New Orleans, a magnificent victory worthy of all praise. Yet even there a few hundred British across the river from Jackson routed the overwhelmingly superior Louisiana and Kentucky militia with such ease as to endanger Jackson's success and prevent his pursuit. The force that he drove away from New Orleans captured Fort Bowyer, commanding Mobile Bay, and Mobile without firing a shot. Another force occupied Cumberland Island on the southern coast of Georgia and captured the fort at the entrance of St. Mary's. Savannah was apparently about to fall but news of the peace arrived in time to save it. Furthermore, the greatest disaster suffered by the Navy befell it after the treaty was signed. The most popular and picturesque of our naval heroes, Stephen Decatur, tried to get to sea with a frigate, *The President*, but was chased and caught by the inferior ship, the *Endymion*, and so crippled in a two-hour battle that he surrendered to another British ship when it came up.

Certainly it is ridiculous and dishonest to speak of the War of 1812 as if it were a success. Ganoe calls it "a sound spanking."

After the War of 1812 there was a demand for a standing army of 20,000 and annual appropriations of four million dollars for its upkeep.

But, as it has always been with us and is today, in the fatigue that follows war and

the aftermath of lazy well-being, the old lethargy returned. The call for 20,000 men was ridiculed and it was declared that 6,000 men were ample. After much bickering a compromise was reached at ten thousand.

In 1821 Congress reduced the Army further, abolishing the Ordnance Department altogether. The story of the Army's efforts to do its work and keep up with progress is a pitiful one of heroisms unsung and devotion unrewarded.

We will see today in 1931 the same unceasing nibbling and hacking at the bulwarks of our safety, the same old indifference or contempt. The Army has no votes and no political influence, and it is the easiest thing on earth to ignore or denounce or starve.

Today, pacifism rules the nation in two ways: On one side are the indifferent, who will not lift a finger for preparedness and will not heed the bloody warnings of history. Collaborating with them are the ardent believers in peace at any price. Their sincerity and the high quality of their leaders as a general rule give them dominance.

The spirit that suppresses the truth and would rather tell gorgeous lies than admit that we lost the War of 1812 is working hand in hand with the forces that will deliver us all unready as usual to the opening disasters of another war—in which as usual we shall doubtless find most of the pacifists turning militarists at the thirteenth hour.

SOUND FILM OF CONVENTION

ANY post of The American Legion will be able to present to its community in months to come a living picture of the Detroit National Convention, as the result of arrangements approved by National Headquarters. There will be made at Detroit a sound film presenting in news-reel fashion the drama, the humor, the impressiveness and the magnitude of what will undoubtedly be the greatest convention the Legion has ever held. The film will be produced and directed by James E. Darst, until recently Director-in-Chief of Fox News and producer of shorts for the Fox organization and Pathé. Mr. Darst will apply in the production a thorough knowledge of the Legion gained a half dozen years ago as an executive of the Legion's national publicity department and a member of the staff of *The American Legion Weekly*. The title of the sound-picture will be "Legion on Parade."

The film will be completed in New York immediately after the convention and will be quickly available to motion picture theatres everywhere. All picture theatres in the country have already been solicited to book the Legion film, and Legion posts can make sure of bringing the picture to their own towns by seeing local theatre managers and explaining the importance of the picture. Theatre managers can use this coupon:

James F. Barton,
National Adjutant, The American Legion,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

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